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John Bell

BELL'S
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VOL. IX.

Though redolent of ev'ry flow'r
That once perfum'd Hymettus' side,
No hoarded sweets of Grecian store
Did e'er the Atticbee provide,
That could a purer flavor yield,
Than yields the comb this hive contains,
Though cull'd from no Hesperian field,
But the wild growth of Britain's plains.



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ELEGIES

*LOCAL, SYMPATHETIC AND FUNEREAL;
AND MONODIES.*

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ELEGIES
LOCAL, SYMPATHETIC, AND FUNEREAL.

ELEGY I.

THE
TOMB OF SHAKSPERE.

A
VISION.

BY JOHN GILBERT COOPER, ESQ.

WHAT time the jocund rosie-bosom'd HOURS
Led forth the train of PHOEBUS and the SPRING,
And ZEPHYR mild profusely scatter'd flowers
On earth's green mantle from his musky wing,

The MORN unbarr'd th' ambrosial gates of light,
Westward the raven-pinion'd Darkness flew,
The Landscape smil'd in vernal beauty bright,
And to their graves the sullen Ghosts withdrew.

The nightingale no longer swell'd her throat
With love-lorn plainings tremulous and slow,
And on the wings of Silence ceas'd to float
The gurgling notes of her melodious woe :

The God of sleep mysterious visions led
In gay procession 'fore the mental eye ;
And my free'd soul awhile her mansion fled,
To try her plumes for immortality.

Through fields of air, methought, I took my flight,
Through every clime, o'er every region pass'd,
No paradise or ruin 'scap'd my sight,
HESPERIAN garden, or CIMMERIAN waste.

On AVON's banks I lit, whose streams appear
To wind with eddies fond round SHAKSPERE's
tomb,
The year's first feath'ry songsters warble near,
And vi'lets breathe, and earliest roses bloom.

Here FANCY sat, (her dewy fingers cold
Decking with flow'rets fresh th' unsullied sod,)
And bath'd with tears the sad sepulchral mold,
Her fav'rite offspring's long and last abode.

Ah ! what avails, she cry'd, a Poet's name ?
Ah ! what avails th' immortalizing breath
To snatch from dumb Oblivion others fame ?
My darling child here lies a prey to Death !

Let gentle OTWAY, white-rob'd PITY's priest,
From grief domestic teach the tears to flow,
Or SOUTHERN captivate th' impassion'd breast
With heart-felt sighs and sympathy of woe.

For not to these *his* genius was confin'd,
 Nature and I each tuneful pow'r had given,
 Poetic transports of the madding mind,
 And the wing'd words that waft the soul to heaven :

The fiery glance of th' intellectual eye,
 Piercing all objects of creation's store,
 Which on this world's extended surface lie ;
 And plastic thought that still created more.

O grant, with eager rapture I reply'd,
 Grant me, great goddess of the changeful eye,
 To view each Being in poetic pride,
 To whom thy son gave immortality.

Sweet FANCY smil'd, and wav'd her mystic rod,
 When strait these visions felt her pow'rful arm,
 And one by one succeeded at her nod,
 As vassal sprites obey the wizard's charm.

First a celestial form (of azure hue
 Whose mantle, bound with brede aetherial, flow'd
 To each soft breeze its balmy breath that drew)
 Swift down the sun-beams of the noon-tide rode.

Obedient to the necromantic sway
 Of an old sage to solitude resign'd,
 With fenny vapors he obscur'd the day,
 Launch'd the long lightning, and let loose the wind.

He whirl'd the tempest through the howling air,
Rattled the dreadful thunder-clap on high,
And rais'd the roaring elemental war
Betwixt the sea-green waves and azure sky.

Then, like heaven's mild ambassador of love
To man repentant, bade the tumult cease,
Smooth'd the blue bosom of the realms above,
And hush'd the rebel elements to peace.

Unlike to this in spirit or in mien
Another form succeeded to my view ;
A two-legg'd brute which Nature made in spleen,
Or from the loathing womb unfinish'd drew.

Scarce could he syllable the curse he thought,
Prone were his eyes to earth, his mind to evil,
A carnal fiend to imperfection wrought,
The mongrel offspring of a Witch and Devil.

Next bloom'd, upon an ancient forest's bound,
The flow'ry margin of a silent stream,
O'er-arch'd by oaks with ivy mantled round,
And gilt by silver CYNTHIA's maiden beam.

On the green carpet of th' unbended grass,
A dapper train of female fairies play'd,
And ey'd their gambols in the wat'ry glass,
That smoothly stole along the shad'wy glade.

Through these the queen **TITANIA** pass'd ador'd,
 Mounted aloft in her imperial car,
 Journeying to see great **OBERON** her lord
 Wage the mock battles of a sportive war.

Arm'd cap-a-pee forth march'd the fairy king,
 A stouter warrior never took the field,
 His threat'ning lance a hornet's horrid sting,
 The sharded beetle's scale his sable shield.

Around their chief the elfin host appear'd ;
 Each little helmet sparkled like a star,
 And their sharp spears in pierceless phalanx rear'd,
 A grove of thistles, glitter'd in the air.

The scene then chang'd, from this romantic land,
 To a bleak waste by bound'ry unconfin'd,
 Where three swart sisters of the *weird* band
 Were mutt'ring curses to the troublous wind.

Pale Want had wither'd every furrow'd face,
 Bow'd was each carcase with the weight of years,
 And each sunk eye-ball from its hollow case
 Distill'd cold rheum's involuntary tears.

Hors'd on three staves they posted to the bourn
 Of a drear island, where the pendant brow
 Of a rough rock, shagg'd horribly with thorn,
 Frown'd on the boist'rous waves which rag'd below.

Deep in a gloomy grot remote from day,
Where smiling Comfort never shew'd her face,
Where light ne'er enter'd, save one rueful ray
Discovering all the terrors of the place.

They held damn'd myst'ries with infernal state,
Whilst ghastly spectres glided slowly by,
The screech-owl scream'd the dying call of fate,
And ravens croak'd their baleful augury.

No human footstep cheer'd the dread abode,
Nor sign of living creature could be seen,
Save where the reptile snake, or sullen toad,
The murky floor had soil'd with venom green.

Sudden I heard the whirlwind's hollow sound,
Each *weird* sister vanish'd into smoke,
Now a dire yell of spirits underground
Thro' troubled Earth's wide yawning surface broke

When lo! each injur'd apparition rose;
Aghast the murd'rer started from his bed;
Guilt's trembling breath his heart's red current froze
And Horror's dew-drops bath'd his frantic head.

More had I seen—but now the God of day
O'er earth's broad breast his flood of light had spread
When Morpheus call'd his fickle dreams away,
And on *their* wings each bright illusion fled.

Yet still the dear ENCHANTRESS of the brain
My waking eyes with wishful wand'rings sought,
Whose magic will controls th' ideal train,
The ever-restless progeny of THOUGHT.

Sweet power, I said, for others gild the ray
Of Wealth, or Honor's folly-feather'd crown,
Or lead the madding multitude astray
To grasp at air-blown bubbles of renown.

Me (humbler lot!) let blameless bliss engage,
Free from the noble mob's ambitious strife,
Free from the muck-worm miser's lucrous rage,
In calm Contentment's cottag'd vale of life.

If frailties there (for who from them is free ?)
Through Error's maze my devious footsteps lead,
Let them be frailties of humanity,
And my heart plead the pardon of my head.

Let not my reason impiously require
What heav'n has plac'd beyond its narrow span,
But teach it to subdue each fierce desire,
Which wars within its own small empire, man.

Teach me, what all believe, but few possess ;
That life's best science is ourselves to know,
The first of human blessings is to bless,
And happiest he who feels another's woe.

Thus cheaply wise, and innocently great,
While Time's smooth sand shall regularly pass,
Each destin'd atom's quiet course I'll wait,
Nor rashly break, nor wish to stop the glass.

And when in death my peaceful ashes lie,
If e'er some tongue congenial speaks my name,
Friendship shall never blush to breathe a sigh,
And great ones envy such an honest fame.

ELEGY II.

WOODSTOCK.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCLIX.

AH me! what is this mortal life ? (I cry'd)
What changes croud the page of flitting Time!
What dire reverse of Fate have numbers try'd!
What youth, what beauty, wither'd in the prime!

Inexorable Destiny pursues,
And levels in the chace with rapid wing :
Pity in vain, or Mirth, or Merit sues,
Equally vain the beggar and the king !

Ah ! what is Fame, the idol of the great ?
No solid Pleasure can she e'er bestow ;
If just to Worth, that justice comes too late :
Prompt is her malice, but her mercy slow !—

Thus on the winding Isis' willowed bank,
The varying scenes of Fortune I deplore ;
Wasting in fruitless sighs the evening dank,
Tears adding water to the river's store.

A gloomy mansion open to the view,
Disclosing horror heighten'd by the shade;
Where round the nodding walls the mournful yew
Points to the vault where Rosamond was laid :

Where with her birds of night, haggard and foul,
In sullen fellowship together dwell,
The bat ambiguous, and ill-omen'd owl,
Screaming to nighted swains a dreadful knell !

Intent I gaz'd, till Terror, ruling sight,
Rear'd a pale spectre from the yawning tomb,
A faint delusion of the murky night,
Begot and bred in Fancy's fruitful womb !

Semblance of virgin elegance and grace,
The mimic shape in every part adorn'd ;
But wan and languid seem'd the beauteous face,
Which Elen envy'd, and which Henry mourn'd.

Now gently gliding o'er the hallow'd ground,
Close by my side the phantom made a stand,
Piercing the night-still'd air. An awful sound !
And claim'd attention with uplifted hand.

" I once was blest with Love's deluding joy,
I also felt the worst extreme of hate !
And can no length of time (she cry'd) destroy
Remembrance of my love, and of my fate ?

-
- “ O had Oblivion in her peaceful cell,
 Shrouded from every eye my mouldering dust !
 That on the chissel'd stone no verse might tell,
 My crime how great ! my punishment how just !
- “ But Woodstock's blooming bowers still remain,
 The scenes, to me, of pleasure and of woe ;
 And Godstow's walls perpetuate the stain
 My name reproaching, whilst my grave they shew.
- “ O Woodstock, fated long to be the seat
 Of all the charms that Wit and Beauty boast,
 The hero's guerdon, and his soft retreat,
 Yielding content, in fields and senates lost.
- “ Thy glories now are levell'd low in earth ;
 No longer Beauty doth thy bowers adorn ;
 No more thy woods resound the voice of Mirth ;
 The laurel from thy victor brow is torn !
- “ But thou whose bosom foreign sorrow heaves,
 Whose eyes can stream for anguish not thine own ;
 Whose heart the white-rob'd fugitive receives,
 When forc'd by awful Rigor from her throne ;
- “ The scourge of vice, the good man's destiny,
 The wreck of fortune, and the waste of years ;
 The miseries thou mournest thou shalt see,
 Sad consolation granted to thy tears.”

Now on the summit of a cloud-built height
Methought I stood : and from an opening glade
With faltering ray gleam'd forth a magic light,
And round the plain in lambent circles play'd.

Sudden the ground with inbred motion shook,
A solemn murmur rustled thro' the trees ;
And on the pebbled shore the surging brook
Dash'd angry waves, unconscious of a breeze !

Daedalian mystery ! from the parted soil,
A labyrinth 'rose to sounds of melting note ;
A moment's labor mocking all the toil
Of nations old, and monarchs long forgot.

High over-arch'd in Summer's gayest weed,
Meandering alleys form the wonderous maze,
And puzzle most when best they seem to lead
The untaught foot, that in their precincts strays.

Deep in a vale impervious to all tread,
Save by a flower-hid path, a grotto stood !
And ancient oaks their foliage round it spread,
O'ershading with their tops the neighbouring wood

And Nature sporting, with a lavish hand
This little spot in gay profusion grac'd,
With every wanton variation plann'd,
Luxuriant Fancy yielding but to Taste.

Here on the brink of a pellucid stream,
Circling in eddies o'er its moss-grown bed,
Where ever and anon a quivering beam,
Piercing the covert, on the surface play'd :

A Beauty lay, surpassing all the train
Of virgin Delia, or Idalia's queen ;
Or what of dryads poets sweetly feign,
On Ida, or Thessalian Oeta seen.

And by her side a form imperial lay,
With roses, and with myrtle garlands crown'd ;
The wither'd laurel cast in scorn away,
The pomp of war in Lydian measures drown'd.

The little Loves that flutter'd on the boughs,
In grateful bondage did their limbs entwine,
And strove to join them closer than their vows,
With woodbine sweet, and twisted eglantine.

But weak all bonds when those of Beauty fail ;
The monarch sated left the flowery bed,
Nor griev'd to see the maid his loss bewail,
Nor mingled parting tears with those she shed.

Now swift advancing to the guilty bower,
With frantic step the injur'd queen drew nigh ;
And arm'd for vengeance seiz'd the fatal hour,
When all things slept but rage and jealousy.

Each eager hand a deadly weapon fill'd,
A pointed dagger, and a poison'd bowl ;
My ebbing blood her mad demeanor chill'd,
And anguish unallay'd possess'd my soul.

Ah stop, inhuman ! with a faltering tongue
And inarticulate voice, as in a dream,
I cry'd ; and strait the rattling thunder rung,
And livid lightnings in the welkin gleam !

No more the mazy grove, or bower appear'd,
But all around a waste and barren plain ;
The scatter'd trees of leaves and branches bar'd,
And blanch'd by frowning winds and beating rain.

And Murder shrieking hideous wander'd there :
And ruthless Envy, and relentless Hate,
With snaky locks, and shrivell'd bosoms bare,
Whilst lurking felons on their motions wait.

And soon the landscape shifting like a cloud,
To less'ning distance bore the hellish crew ;
Now twang in fainter sounds their yellings loud ;
Now vanish'd quite ; a milder scene I view.

Of chequer'd light and shade, a sober dawn,
Faint thro' a lingering vapor did disclose,
A hamlet seated on an open lawn,
And from each roof the pillar'd smoke arose.

For now with frequent challenge, had the cock
 His rivals menacing, awak'd the swain ;
 Now in the pen impatient bleats the flock,
 And ruddy streaks the horizon distain.

The crouching dog the moon no longer bays,
 But stretch'd supine upon the social hearth
 He lies, rejoicing in the crackling blaze,
 Whilst slaunting sun-beams dry the moisten'd earth.

Whilst to the strain of rural minstrelsy,
 A band forth issuing to a neighbouring hill
 Welcom'd the morn with decent jollity,
 And all the air their youthful carols fill.

With unskill'd hands a simple crown they wove
 Of vervain, and the never-fading bay ;
 And rais'd a throne within a rude alcove ;
 To grace the parent of the British lay :

Old Chaucer, who in rough, unequal verse,
 Sung quaint allusion and facetious tale ;
 And ever as his jests he would rehearse,
 Loud peals of laughter echo'd thro' the vale :

And eager gap'd the rustic listening throng,
 And still their joy and laughter they renew ;
 And warlike barons, soften'd by the song,
 From loud alarms to mute attention drew.

But short-liv'd pleasure soon to sorrow chang'd,
For melody a sigh, for mirth a tear ;
And now the swains in solemn order rang'd,
Surround the bard extended on his bier.

What tho' succeeding poets, as their sire,
Revere his memory, and approve his wit ;
Tho' Spenser's elegance and Dryden's fire
His name to ages far remote transmit ;

His tuneless numbers hardly now survive,
As ruins of a dark and Gothic age ;
And all his blithsome tales their praise derive
From Pope's immortal song, and Prior's page !

Again, quick rising thro' the tufted green,
Turrets and lofty battlements ascend ;
Trees half obscuring columns, intervene,
And real boughs with sculptur'd fruitage blend.

And arched windows shine with torches clear,
Soothing the wanderer. A delusive home !
And busy crouds of ministers appear,
Decking with jocund haste a festive room.

And now of sprightly youths and damsels gay,
A wanton bevy at the board was set,
And all intent they seem'd on amorous play,
For kindling glances, kindling glances met.

Their volant fingers o'er the chorded lyre,
With modulating touch the artists ply ;
Pursuing still to animate desire,
Strains that in thrilling undulations die.

And every cheek with deep suffusion glow'd,
Denoting thought inflam'd, and troubled breast,
And passion in seducing sighs avow'd
Mutual, yet still by decency repress.

But soon excess to madding riot led,
Ensuing meaning jest, and licence bold ;
Till comely Order from the banquet fled,
Asham'd the lustful orgies to behold.

A youth exalted high above the rest,
In bad pre-eminence conspicuous shone !
And blind submission to his lewd behest,
Unrivall'd lewdness from them all had won.

And deeply was he skill'd in wanton lore,
With fertile thought suggesting every art,
To make impurer, fires impure before,
Tainting at once the manners and the heart.

Pleasing proportion, youthful Beauty's aid,
And bland complacency and winning smile,
And wit diffusive tempting to persuade,
Maintain'd his power, and held him in the toil.

Ah ! why should Nature in an angel dress,
To lure with seeming worth unwary eyes,
Conceal rank thoughts and gross voluptuousness,
Too apt to poison without Virtue's guise ?

Pride of thy country, Wilmot, and her shame !
By every grace adorn'd, and Muse inspir'd !
Thy early fall how pitied ! and thy name,
How much detested, and how much admir'd !

Yet must unbiass'd posterity admit,
For all thou wrot'st and acted'st to atone,
Thy failings were the age's, but thy wit,
Thy parts and dying penitence, thine own.

But now prevailing o'er the hubbub wild,
The clanging trumpet kindles great acclaim ;
And all around are warlike trophies pil'd,
And crouds triumphant echo Churchill's fame.

And thronging senates in the glorious cause,
Repell'd oppression, liberty maintain'd,
Accord with gratulant vote the loud applause ;
The fairest prize by British valor gain'd.

Who erst implor'd, and soon obtain'd relief,
High-fated monarchs grateful homage pay,
And fulgent honors crown the matchless chief.
And verse harmonious, never to decay :

And humbled Gallia kneels with distant awe,
Her generals baffled, and her warriors slain;
No more to dictate but receive the law,
No longer to impose but wear the chain.

But venom'd Faction spreading o'er the land,
Too soon forgets the mighty debt to owe;
And Envy stretches out her lurid hand,
The victor's meed to blast and overthrow.

And yet unfinish'd stands the votive dome,
By all his toil and all his danger bought:
When just resentment calls him far from home,
Revisiting the fields where late he fought.

In vain auspicious Brunswick's happy reign,
Blunting the rancorous point of party strife,
Restores the hero to his friends again;
Too late to cheer the dregs of lengthen'd life!

The lofty column and the voice of praise
In vain proclaim him great, and just, and brave;
Tardy repentance merit ill repays,
Unheard, unheeded, in the silent grave!

In conquest equal, and alike in fate,
Rome's mounting genius, godlike Scipio stood;
And propp'd by worth and dignity innate,
Contemn'd the venal censure of the crowd.

Yet once again the visionary scene,
Ductile, for sorrow social beauty yields ;
A temperate sunshine and an air serene,
Fostering the upland downs and level fields.

And tepid showers bedew the frolic herd,
Bounding in gamesome measure o'er the lea,
With daisies crimson-tipt, and green parterr'd,
And shadowing fragrance drops from every tree.

The wide expanded prospect gently clos'd,
On visto'd walks leading to high arcades ;
Each waving copse in symmetry dispos'd,
Points to the terras capt with colonnades.

And more remote the cloister'd wings confine,
In architecture elegant and just,
A portall'd front where niches deep inshrine
The marble statue, and the gilded bust.

Unfolding wide the hospitable port
On ready hinges, to the searching eye
Reveals unblemish'd Childhood's harmless sport,
And placid parents stand delighted by.

For here unmindful of the call of State,
The smile of Favor, or the voice of Power ;
In tranquil pleasure, even and sedate,
Great Churchill's heir enjoy'd the wasting hour.

And beaming rapture glisten'd on his brow,
And glad dependants share their patron's joy,
No frowns their heart-bred transports disallow,
Debasing worth in Servitude's alloy.

Such charms hath Innocence ! such virtues Pride !
From starry height her sacred powers descend,
The garish pomp of Grandeur to deride,
And giddy Fortune's rash decrees amend.

A day he flourish'd in the peaceful soil,
Another saw him on the hostile strand,
Guiding the thunders of the white-cliff'd isle,
Ambition's wasteful rapine to withstand.

To match his great progenitor in war,
Elate with hope his generous bosom burns ;
But inauspicious twinkled every star,
And heaven averted all his wishes spurns.

Too high request in every sphere to shine,
In peace a pattern, and a chief in blood ;
The gods to each a separate path assign,
But he alone is great who's truly good.

ELEGY III.

WRITTEN AMONGST THE RUINS OF

PONTEFRAC'T CASTLE.

MDCCCLVI.

RIGHT sung the bard, that all-involving age,
With hand impartial deals the ruthless blow ;
That war, wide-wasting, with impetuous rage,
Lays the tall spire, and sky-crown'd turret low.

A pile stupendous, once of fair renown,
This mould'ring mass of shapeless ruin rose,
Where nodding heights of fractur'd columns frown,
And birds obscene in ivy-bow'rs repose ;

Oft the pale matron from the threatening wall,
Suspicious, bids her heedless children fly ;
Oft, as he views the meditated fall,
Full swiftly steps the frightened peasant by.

But more respectful views th' historic sage,
Musing, these awful relics of decay,
That once a refuge form'd from hostile rage,
In HENRY's and in EDWARD's dubious day.

He pensive oft reviews the mighty dead,
That erst have trod this desolated ground ;
Reflects how here unhappy SALISBURY bled,
When faction aim'd the death-dispensing wound.

Rest, gentle RIVERS ! and ill-fated GRAY !
A flow'r or tear oft strews your humble grave,
Whom Envy slew, to pave Ambition's way,
And whom a Monarch wept in vain to save.

Ah ! what avail'd th' alliance of a throne ?
The pomp of titles what, or pow'r rever'd ?
Happier ! to these the humble life unknown,
With virtue honor'd, and by peace endear'd.

Had thus the sons of bleeding Britain thought,
When hapless here inglorious RICHARD lay,
Yet many a prince, whose blood full dearly bought
The shameful triumph of the long-fought day :

Yet many a hero, whose defeated hand
In death resign'd the well contested field,
Had in his offspring sav'd a sinking land,
The Tyrant's terror, and the Nation's shield.

Ill could the Muse indignant grief forbear,
Should Mem'ry trace her bleeding Country's woes;
Ill could she count, without a bursting tear,
Th' inglorious triumphs of the vary'd Rose!

While YORK, with conquest and revenge elate,
Insulting, triumphs on St. Alban's plain,
Who views, nor pities HENRY's hapless fate,
Himself a captive, and his leaders slain?

Ah prince! unequal to the toils of war,
To stem ambition, Faction's rage to quell;
Happier! from these had Fortune plac'd thee far,
In some lone convent, or some peaceful cell.

For what avail'd that thy victorious queen
Repair'd the ruins of that dreadful day?
That vanquish'd YORK, on Wakefield's purple green,
Prostrate amidst the common slaughter lay:

In vain fair Vict'ry beam'd the gladd'ning eye,
And, waving oft her golden pinions, smil'd;
Full soon the flatt'ring goddess meant to fly,
Full rightly deem'd unsteady Fortune's child.

Let Towton's field—but cease the dismal tale;
For much its horrors would the muse appall,
In softer strains suffice it to bewail
The Patriot's exile, or the Hero's fall.

Thus silver wharf, whose crystal-sparkling urn
Reflects the brilliance of his blooming shore,
Still, melancholy-mazing, seems to mourn,
But rolls, confus'd, a crimson wave no more.

ELEGY IV.

NETLEY ABBEY.

BY GEORGE KEATE, ESQ.

A Halcyon Calm has lull'd the wat'ry plain,
Th' unmoving canvass flags beside the Mast,
The gliding Bark scarce cleaves th' unruffled main,
Tho' fond Impatience bids each Zephyr haste.—

Such stillness yields the gen'ral hour of rest ;
Such peaceful waftage to the Saint is giv'n,
When, from Life's tumults hast'ning to be blest,
He meets the smile of unoffended Heav'n !

Now light upsprings the breeze, the sails unfold,
The ready Crew the fav'ring gale improve,
The Sun-bright Current flames with waving gold,
And each broad shore and forest seems to move.

I hail at last these Shades, this well-known Wood,
That skirts with verdant slope the barren strand,
Where NETLEY's Ruins, bord'ring on the flood,
Forlorn in melancholy Greatness stand.

How chang'd, alas! from that rever'd abode
Grac'd by proud Majesty in ancient days,
When Monks recluse these sacred pavements trod,
And taught 'unletter'd World its MAKER's praise!

Now sunk, deserted, and with weeds o'ergrown,
Yon prostrate walls their harder fate bewail;
Low on the ground their topmost Spires are thrown,
Once friendly Marks to guide the wand'ring Sail.

The ivy now with rude luxuriance bends
Its tangled foliage through the cloister'd space,
O'er the green Window's mould'ring height ascends,
And fondly clasps it with a last embrace.

Where burn the gorgeous Altar's lasting fires?
Where frowns the dreadful sanctuary now?
No more Religion's awful flame aspires!
No more th' Asylum guards the fated brow!

No more shall Charity, with sparkling eyes
And smiles of Welcome, wide unfold the door,
Where Pity list'ning still to Nature's cries,
Befriends the Wretched, and relieves the Poor!

No more these hoary Wilds, these dark'ning Groves,
To vocal Bands return the note of praise,
Whose Chiefs (as slow their long procession moves)
On the rear'd Cross with adoration gaze !——

And while to neighb'ring waves, th' unwonted show,
Each parting bough, and op'ning glade reveals,
The awe-struck Sailor checks the hast'ning prow,
Suspends his oar, and wonders what he feels.——

Thus musing, oft I pace the moss-grown Isle,
Each low-brow'd Vault, each dark Recess explore,
While the bleak wind howls thro' the shatter'd Pile,
Or wave hoarse-murm'ring breaks along the Shore.

No other sounds, amid these Arches heard,
The death-like Silence of their Gloom molest,
Save, the shrill plaints of some unsocial Bird,
That seeks the house of Solitude to rest.

Save, when their tinkling leaders to the shade
Of these cool grotts, invite the fleecy Folds,
Where oft the sated Ox supinely laid
With lowing herds a distant converse holds !

Or where the Gothic pillar's slender form
(Unequal to th' incumbent quarry's weight)
Deserts its post, and reeling to the storm,
With sullen crash resigns its charge to Fate.

While the self-planted Oak, within confin'd,
 (Auxiliar to the Tempest's wild uproar)
 Its giant branches fluctuates to the Wind,
 And rends the wall whose aid it courts no more.

Here too (Belief could old Tradition claim)
 Where swells the rocky Mound in shapeless heaps,
 (His Name now lost, his Guilt divulg'd by Fame)
 Some rude Dismantler of this Abbey sleeps.

Long, long in thought the patient Earth he curs'd
 That bore the Fabric's then unbroken Spires ;
 Long wish'd the pow'r to bid Volcanos burst,
 Or call from Heav'n thought-executing fires.

“ Wide wave (he cry'd) all bright with golden Grain
 The neighb'ring vales, while this proud cumbrous
 Mass

For many a barren furlong chills the plain,
 And draws with idle zeal the Crowds that pass :

“ No more the Vot'ries of each time-shook pile,
 As Ruin's heirs, shall call these shades their own ;
 For blazon'd Arms explore the pageant Isle,
 Or search dark registers of faithless stone.”

He spoke—resolv'd.—The menac'd Arches frown'd,
 The conscious walls in sudden Conflict join'd,
 Crush'd the pale Wretch in one promiscuous wound,
 And left this Monument of Wrath behind.—

Scenes such as these, with salutary change,
O'er flatt'ring Life their melancholy cast;
Teach the free thoughts on wings of air to range,
O'erlook the present, and recall the past!—

Here pious Beadsmen, from the world retir'd,
In blissful visions wing'd their souls to Heav'n;
While future joys their sober transports fir'd,
They wept their erring days, and were forgiv'n.

Their blameless Race succeeding, in these Cells
Ere Death impos'd the lesson, learn'd to die;
Alike forgot, no rais'd memorial tells
In which lone spot their kindred Ashes lie!

Mute is the matin Bell, whose early call
Warn'd the grey Fathers from their humble
beds;
No midnight Taper gleams along the wall,
Or round the sculptur'd Saint its radiance sheds!

No Martyr's Shrine its high-wrought gold displays
To bid the wond'ring Zealot hither roam;
No Relick here the Pilgrim's toil o'erpay,
And cheers his footsteps to a distant home!—

Still Twilight now its shade advancing throws,
Faint in the West the Day's last blush is seen;
On Night's dim Front the Star of Ev'ning glows,
And gilds with distant Beams the solemn scene.

Illusion now re-peoples all the Void,
 From Death recalls the venerable Train
 (Whose thoughts no more Earth's trivial cares em-
 ploy'd)
 To tread their ancient Bounds, and weep again.

Swift as her wish th' embody'd Shades appear,
 O'er paths much chang'd with doubtful step they
 walk;
 Each eye rolls fast the visionary tear,
 And list'ning Fancy thinks she hears them talk.

" Say, rev'rend Forms, in Contemplation's hours,
 While Life serene its golden Current roll'd,
 Did no kind warning, no prophetic pow'r
 This ravag'd Mansion's future woes unfold ?

" Did ye ne'er think the page of Joy would close ?
 Ne'er dread a Royal Plund'rer's mighty hand ?
 Your exil'd Order's yet unnumber'd woes,
 Their Name extinguish'd, and their Rites pro-
 phan'd ?"

Silent they pass,—then fading like a dream,
 To seek their lone unhonor'd Graves return ;
 Yet fleeting they bequeath a sigh, and seem
 With me these violated Groves to mourn.—

Yon parted Roofs that nod aloft in air,
The threat'ning Battlement, the rifted Tow'r,
The Choir's loose fragments scatter'd round, declare,
Insulting TIME, the Triumphs of thy pow'r!

Shall Man, unwarn'd, survey with prescient smile
Of long Futurity, the plann'd Abode?——
Vain Augur, turn!——behold where sinks the Pile
A Monarch rais'd in honor of his God!

Low lies that sceptred Founder's holy head,
Whose virtues bade these friendly walls ascend;
Applauding Angels grac'd his dying bed,
And Hope's bright dawn rose cloudless on his end!

Lamented Prince!——for Mercy's task he knew,
The reins of lengthen'd Empire gently sway'd;
He rais'd the suppliant Tribe his Sire o'erthrew,
And round his Bier each grateful Convent pray'd.

Not so retir'd fell JOHN's indignant soul——
For him no vows the doom of Heav'n oppos'd;
Insulted Priesthood mix'd th' envenom'd Bowl,
And Death his eyes in howling anguish clos'd.

Unsteady Ruler of a nation's helm!
Long struggling freedom own'd thy hard Command;
Till fierce in arms thy BARONS shook the realm,
And tore THE CHARTER from thy ling'ring
hand!

Peace guard their dust!—their merits Glory
crown!—

Too far their worth transports the roving Muse,
Who kindles at the tale of old Renown,
Nor dares the Strain to Liberty refuse.

And now—farewell, ye Walls, ye Roofs sublime,
Ye lengthening Choirs, a venerable gloom!
And when, like you, your Poet bows to Time,
In yon dim Cloister yield his ashes room!

His hopes ne'er rose to emulate the Dead,
Whose dear-bought trophies crowd the venal Fane,
Where sculptur'd MARS may wreath the Coward's
head,
Or TRUTH's bright form o'er perjur'd dust complain.

Midst Life's gay Scenes your calm Retreats he lov'd,
Your wrested pomp his artless numbers mourn—
Where led, by choice, his pensive footsteps rov'd,
May Friendship place, and you protect his urn!—

Could aught yet more endear your circling Wood,
It is ARDELIA! unconstrain'd and free,
That here, reflecting on Life's sum of good,
My breast first heav'd an anxious sigh for Thee!

You too, YE FAIR of neighb'ring scenes the grace
(Whose envy'd praise the Bard advent'rous seeks
Once deign to visit this sequester'd place,
Instruction's voice amidst the Ruin speaks!

Whence claim they praise, these piles which strew
Earth
(A steril burthen) mock their former state?
'Tis from remembrance of their youthful Worth;
They once were beautiful!—they once were
great!

Those Charms alone survive that deck the Heart,
Command respect which growing years increase,
Bloom when the Roses from the Cheek depart,
And ebbing Life's tumultuous raptures cease!

Forgive the Muse, if with presumptuous love
She wooes your ears t' attend her moral Lay;
Lest faithless to themselves your pleasures prove,
And useless time steal unimprov'd away!

For know, your bosoms feed a Flame as bright
As cheers a dying CATO's latest hour;
A youthful AMMON warms to lead the fight,
Or lights a JULIUS to the goal of pow'r!

O! trust not then the force of radiant Eyes,
Those short-liv'd glories of your sportive band,—
Pleas'd with its Stars, though laughing Morn arise
A steadier beam Meridian Skies demand !

Reflect, ere (Victor of each lovely Frame)
TIME bids th' external, fleeting Graces fade,
Tis Reason's Base supports the noblest Claim,
'Tis Sense preserves the Conquests Beauty made !

ELEGY V.

WRITTEN AMONG THE TOMBS IN
WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

HAIL, hallow'd Fane! amid whose mould'ring shrine
Her vigils musing Melancholy keeps,
Upon her arm her harrow'd cheek reclines,
And o'er the spoils of human grandeur weeps.

Hail, awful edifice! thine isles along,
In contemplation wrapt, O let me stray!
And stealing from the idly busy throng,
Serenely meditate the moral lay.

Far hence be banish'd every note profane,
Where heav'n-inspir'd Devotion loves to raise
Her voice seraphic to each lofty strain,
Attun'd to celebrate Jehovah's praise.

Come, heavenly muse, awake the plaintive string,
Each vagrant motion of the mind control;
Exalt my fancy on thy soaring wing,
And with thy pathos pure possess my soul.

What pleasing sadness fills my thoughtful breast,
Whene'er my steps these vaulted mansions trace ;
Where in their silent tombs for ever rest
The honor'd ashes of the British race !

What eye can read without a starting tear,
What heart reflect without a pensive sigh,
On the same story, every marble here
Relates of wretched man's mortality ?

Here terminate Ambition's airy schemes,
The syren Pleasure here allures no more ;
Here grov'ling Av'rice drops her golden dreams,
And Life's fantastic trifles all are o'er.

No furious passions here the bosom rend,
Here the true mourner's poignant sorrows cease ;
Here hopeless love and cruel hatred end,
And the world-weary trav'ler rests in peace.

Approach, vain child of fortune, pow'r and fame,
Here learn a lesson from each speaking bust :
Lo ! on each tomb engrav'd the empty name
Of worldly greatness levell'd in the dust !

How high each pers'nage once, how honor'd ! read ;
How low ! how little now, look down and see !
Then scan thyself—and know it is decreed,
That thou as little and as low shalt be.

Behold ! above yon monumental piles,
The king of terrors reigns in awful state !
And from his throne surveys with ghastly smiles
His triumphs over all the world calls great :

Surveys of British chivalry the flow'r,
Each mighty monarch, and each champion brave;
Illustrious victims of his envious pow'r,
Sunk in the dust, and crumbling in the grave :

Surveys the wrecks of genius, beauty, birth,
Whate'er might charm the eye, or win the heart;
Dissolv'd and blended with the common earth,
Or fest'ring recent from his vengeful dart.

Ah ! what avails all sublunary state !
The transient pomp and pageant of a day ;
Since kings and peasants, fellow slaves of fate,
When the dread summons comes must all obey.

Nor Edward's piety, nor Henry's might,
Could ward the all-subduing conqu'ror's blow ;
Brave Henry fell in the unequal fight,
And Edward's pious breast soon ceas'd to glow.

Nor lists dull Death to the melodious lyre,
Nor heeds the raptur'd poet's heavenly song ;
Quench'd in the dust is Milton's muse of fire,
And mute is Dryden's once harmonious tongue.

Nor Attic elegance, nor sprightly strains,
 Could e'er the tyrant's lifted jav'lin stay ;
Lo ! here repose chaste Addison's remains,
 Here jocund Prior sleeps, and here lies Gay.

Here too, sweet Shakspeare, Fancy's fav'rite child,
 The marble emulates thy power to please ;
With graceful attitude, and aspect mild,
 Expressing native dignity and ease.

Nor thy unrivall'd magic's potent charm,
 Nor tender stories of ill-fated love ;
Nor scenes of horror could his rage disarm,
 Or the insensate spectre's pity move.

Where were ye, Graces, where ye tuneful Nine,
 When Shakspeare's active spirit soar'd away ?
Where were ye, Virtues, when the spark divine
 Forsook its trembling tenement of clay ?

Alas ! around his couch attendant all,
 Ye saw the stroke the ruthless monster gave ;
Beheld (sad scene !) your darling vot'ry fall,
 And wept your inability to save.

Vain are all notes, how high soe'er they rise,
 All numbers vain, however smooth they flow ;
Beneath this letter'd pavement Cowley lies,
 And here thy reliques rest, pathetic Rowe !

Nor sage Philosophy, that scans the spheres,
Nor soft Persuasion's soothing art avails ;
O'er Newton's tomb Urania pours her tears,
And her lov'd Campbell sad Suadela wails.

Cropt as a flow'r in blooming beauty's prime,
Lo! noble Cart'ret's urn! illustrious youth !
From age to age the hoary herald Time
Proclaims thy genius, innocence, and truth.

Alas ! nor genius, innocence, nor truth,
Can in the bosom stay the fleeting breath,
Nor all the winning charms of blooming youth
Subdue thy flinty heart, obdurate Death !

Ah me ! full many a victim yet unborn,
Relentless tyrant, at thy feet must fall,
Before the dawning of that joyful morn
When thou shalt yield, and " God be All in All."

Know, then shall come the period of thy sway,
And this reanimated dust shall rise
To hail thy victor on that glorious day,
When the shrill trump shall rend the vaulted skies.

Then from the yawning grave and op'ning tomb
Shall each reviving tenant lift his head,
And this time-honor'd temple's lab'ring womb
Resign its myriads of illustrious dead.

Ev'n now methinks, by Faith's pervading eye,
 I see his banner in the clouds display'd,
 And the world's Saviour from his throne on high
 Descend in robes of purest light array'd.

O day of gladness to the good and just!
 When they shall taste the wonders of his love,
 And springing vig'rous from the lowly dust,
 Ascend triumphant to the realms above.

Then shall the substance of this fabric fair,
 These trophied pillars, and these piles decay,
 Mix as a vapor with the empty air,
 Or like a fleeting vision fade away.

Then shall the breathing bust, the sculptur'd vase.
 And all the labors of the artist's hand,
 Dissolve ; and virtue's adamant base
 Alone amid the wreck of matter stand.

Yea, tho' creation founder in the storm,
 And whelming perish in the gen'ral doom,
 Yet shall celestial Virtue's angel form
 Survive and flourish in immortal bloom.

Then shall the brave resolve, the gen'rous deed,
 And valiant conflict in Religion's cause,
 Alone be crown'd with merit's genuine meed,
 And meet with righteous heav'n's deserv'd applause.

O ! be it then our wisdom to secure

Those radiant crowns that beam for ever bright,
Crowns that shall deck the merciful and pure,
Amid the mansions of eternal light !

ELEGY VI.

WRITTEN AMONG THE RUINS

OF A

NOBLEMAN'S SEAT IN CORNWALL.

BY MR. MOORE.

AMIDST these venerable drear remains
Of antient grandeur, musing sad I stray ;
Around a melancholy silence reigns,
That prompts me to indulge the plaintive lay.

Here liv'd Eugenio, born of noble race,
Aloft his mansion rose ; around were seen
Extensive gardens deck'd with every grace,
Ponds, walks, and groves through all the seasons
green.

Ah, where is now its boasted beauty fled !
Proud turrets that once glitter'd in the sky,
And broken columns in confusion spread,
A rude misshapen heap of ruins lie !

Of splendid rooms no traces here are found :

How are these tottering walls by time defac'd !
Shagg'd with vile thorn, with twining ivy bound,
Once hung with tapestry, with paintings grac'd !

In antient times, perhaps, where now I tread,
Licentious Riot crown'd the midnight bowl,
Her dainties Luxury pour'd, and Beauty spread
Her artful snares to captivate the soul.

Or here, attended by a chosen train
Of innocent delight, true Grandeur dwelt,
Diffusing blessings o'er the distant plain,
Health, joy, and happiness by thousands felt.

Around now Solitude unjoyous reigns,
No gay-gilt chariot hither marks the way,
No more with cheerful hopes the needy swains
At the once-bounteous gate their visits pay.

Where too is now the garden's beauty fled,
Which every clime was ransack'd to supply ?
O'er the drear spot see desolation spread,
And the dismantled walls in ruins lie !

Dead are the trees that once with nicest care
Arrang'd, from opening blossoms shed perfume,
And thick with fruitage stood, the pendent pear,
The ruddy-color'd peach, and glossy plumb.

Extinct is all the family of flowers:

In vain I seek the arbor's cool retreat,
Where antient friends in converse pass'd the hours,
Defended from the raging dog-star's heat.

Along the terrace-walks are straggling seen
The prickly bramble, and the noisome weed,
Beneath whose covert crawls the toad obscene,
And snakes and adders unmolested breed.

The groves, where Pleasure walk'd her rounds, decay,
The mead untill'd a barren aspect wears ;
And where the sprightly fawn was wont to play,
O'ergrown with heath, a dreary waste appears.

In yonder wide-extended vale below,
Where osiers spread, a pond capacious stood ;
From far, by art the stream was taught to flow,
Whose liquid stores, supplied th' unfailing flood.

Oft here the silent angler took his place,
Intent to captivate the scaly fry—
But perish'd now are all the numerous race,
Dumb is the fountain, and the channel dry.

Here then, ye Great! behold th' uncertain state
Of earthly grandeur—beauty, strength, and power,
Alike are subject to the stroke of fate,
And flourish but the glory of an hour.

Virtue alone no dissolution fears,
 Still permanent, tho' ages roll away ;
Who builds on her immortal basis, rears
 A superstructure time can ne'er decay.

ELEGY VII.

POLLIO.

WRITTEN IN THE WOOD NEAR R—— CASTLE,

MDCCLXII.

BY WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

Haec Jovem sentire, Deosque cunctos,
Spem bonam certamque domum reporto.

Hor.

THE peaceful Evening breathes her balmy store,
The playful school-boys wanton o'er the green ;
Where spreading poplars shade the cottage-door,
The villagers in rustic joy convene.

Amid the secret windings of the wood,
With solemn meditation let me stray ;
This is the hour, when, to the wise and good,
The heavenly Maid repays the toils of day.

The river murmurs, and the breathing gale
Whispers the gently waving boughs among,
The star of evening glimmers o'er the dale,
And leads the silent host of heaven along.

How bright, emerging o'er yon broom-clad height,
The silver empress of the night appears !
Yon limpid pool reflects a stream of light,
And faintly in its breast the woodland bears.

The waters tumbling o'er their rocky bed,
Solemn and constant, from yon dell resound ;
The lonely hearths blaze o'er the distant glade ;
The bat, low-wheeling, skims the dusky ground.

August and hoary, o'er the sloping dale,
The Gothic abbey rears its sculptur'd towers ;
Dull through the roofs resounds the whistling gale ;
Dark Solitude among the pillars lowers.

Where yon old trees bend o'er a place of graves,
And solemn shade a chapel's sad remains,
Where yon scath'd poplar through the window wave
And, twining round, the hoary arch sustains ;

There oft, at dawn, as one forgot behind,
Who longs to follow, yet unknowing where,
Some hoary shepherd, o'er his staff reclin'd,
Pores on the graves, and sighs a broken prayer.

High o'er the pines, that with their darkening shade
Surround yon craggy bank, the castle rears
Its crumbling turrets : still its towery head
A warlike mien, a sullen grandeur wears.

So, midst the snow of Age, a boastful air
Still on the war-worn veteran's brow attends ;
Still his big bones his youthful prime declare,
Tho', trembling o'er the feeble crutch, he bends.

Wild round the gates the dusky wall-flowers creep,
Where oft the knights the beauteous dame have led;
Gone is the bower, the grot a ruin'd heap,
Where bays and ivy o'er the fragments spread.

'Twas here our sires exulting from the fight,
Great in their bloody arms, march'd o'er the lea,
Eying their rescu'd fields with proud delight !
Now lost to them ! and, ah how chang'd to me !

This bank, the river, and the fanning breeze,
The dear idea of my POLLIO bring ;
So shone the moon through these soft nodding trees,
When here we wander'd in the eves of Spring.

When April's smiles the flowery lawn adorn,
And modest cowslips deck the streamlet's side,
When fragrant orchards to the roseate morn
Unfold their bloom, in heaven's own colors dy'd ;

So fair a blossom gentle POLLIO wore,
These were the emblems of his healthful mind ;
To him the letter'd page display'd its lore,
To him bright Fancy all her wealth resign'd :

Him, with her purest flames the Muse endow'd,
Flames never to th' illiberal thought allied ;
The sacred sisters led where Virtue glow'd
In all her charms ; he saw, he felt, and died.

Oh partner of my infant griefs and joys !
Big with the scenes now past my heart o'erflows,
Bids each endearment, fair as once, to rise,
And dwells luxurious on her melting woes.

Oft with the rising sun, when life was new,
Along the woodland have I roam'd with Thee ;
Oft by the moon have brush'd the evening dew,
When all was fearless innocence and glee.

The sainted well, where yon bleak hill declines,
Has oft been conscious of those happy hours ;
But now the hill, the river crown'd with pines,
And sainted well have lost their cheering powers.

For Thou art gone—My guide, my friend, oh where
Where hast thou fled, and left me here behind !
My tenderest wish, my heart to Thee was bare,
Oh, now cut off each passage to thy mind !

How dreary is the gulph, how dark, how void,
The trackless shores that never were repast !
Dread separation ! on the depth untry'd
Hope falters, and the soul recoils aghast.

le round she spacious heavens I cast my eyes ;
nd shall these stars glow with immortal fire,
shine the *lifeless* glories of the skies,
nd could thy bright, thy *living* soul expire ?

be the thought——The pleasures most sublime,
he glow of friendship, and the virtuous tear,
towering wish that scorns the bounds of time,
hill'd in this vale of Death, but languish here.

lant the vine on Norway's wintery land,
he languid stranger feebly buds, and dies :
there's a clime where Virtue shall expand
ith godlike strength, beneath her native skies.

lonely shepherd on the mountain's side,
ith patience waits the rosy opening day ;
mariner at midnight's darksome tide,
ith chearful hope expects the morning ray.

s I, on Life's storm-beaten ocean tost,
mental vision view the happy shore,
re POLLIO beckons to the peaceful coast,
here Fate and Death divide the friends no more.

hat some kind, some pitying kindred shade,
ho now, perhaps, frequents this solemn grove,
ld tell the awful secrets of the Dead,
nd from my eyes the mortal film remove !

Vain is the wish—yet surely not in vain
Man's bosom glows with that celestial fire,
Which scorns earth's luxuries, which smiles at pain,
And wings his spirit with sublime desire.

To fan this spark of heaven, this ray divine,
Still, oh my soul! still be thy dear employ;
Still thus to wander thro' the shades be thine,
And swell thy breast with visionary joy.

So to the dark-brow'd wood, or sacred mount,
In antient days, the holy Seers retir'd,
And, led in vision, drank at Siloe's fount,
While rising extasies their bosoms fir'd ;

Restor'd Creation bright before them rose,
The burning desarts smil'd as Eden's plains,
One friendly shade the wolf and lambkin chose,
The flowery mountain sung, " Messiah reigns!"

Tho' fainter raptures my cold breast inspire,
Yet, let me oft frequent this solemn scene,
Oft to the abbey's shatter'd walls retire,
What time the moonshine dimly gleams between.

There, where the cross in hoary ruin nods,
And weeping yews o'ersshade the letter'd stone,
While midnight silence wraps these drear abodes,
And soothes me wandering o'er my kindred bones,

kindled Fancy view the glorious morn,
When from the bursting graves the just shall rise,
Nature smiling, and by angels borne,
Messiah's cross far blazing o'er the skies.

ELEGY VIII.

THE CHELSEA PENSIONER.

BY SIR JOHN HENRY MOORE, BART.

BENEATH that mouldering turret's gloomy shade,
Where yonder pines their wide-spread branches
 wave,
A gallant Veteran rests his weary head,
And with him sleep his sorrows in the grave.

No breathing art adorns the sacred ground,
Points the tall spire, or bids the trophy rise,
A scanty turf with twisted osier bound
Scarce marks the spot where buried honor lies.

Ah, what avails him, that in youth's gay prime
Each unremitting toil of war he bore,
Each sickly change of every varying clime,
From Europe's strand to Asia's sultry shore?

How short the glory of the poor man's deeds !
How slight the fame he fondly thinks his own !
In vain he triumphs, or in vain he bleeds,
Alike unwept, unpitied, and unknown.

Yet though no plumed steeds, no sable car,
Call forth the hireling's mercenary tear,
No blazon'd banners streaming from afar
Flaunt their vain honors o'er thine humble bier ;

Yet on the margin of the path-worn green,
Near the lov'd spot where thy cold relics rest,
Fair virtue's angel-form shall oft be seen
To bid the turf lie lightly on thy breast.

The thoughtless many, the misjudging croud,
Whose glance scarce beams beyond the present
hour,
May idolize the follies of the proud,
Or bend submissive at the shrine of pow'r ;

But with the chosen band, the manly few,
Whose sober approbation far outweighs,
In reason's scale, the clamorous fickle crew,
And the vain tumult of their fleeting praise—

—(Scorning the pageantry of pomp, and place)
Their hearts shall pay the tributary sigh
To that poor virtue, from whose humble base
Tow'r'd the proud columns that insult the sky.

Though she, whose beauty's all-enchancing pow'r
 Could every sterner care of life beguile,
 Whose charms could sooth reflection's sickening ho
 Or bid the cheerless brow of sorrow smile ;

Far from these dreary scenes for ever torn,
 No more shall animate each rapturous strain,
 Now sweetly smiling, now with looks of scorn,
 Hiding her heart, that sunk at giving pain :—

Yet when emerging from the giddy throng,
 When every eye but mine is seal'd in rest,
 Pensive I walk these time-mark'd walls among,
 And kiss the hallow'd ground her footsteps press

Here while the scenes of former bliss arise,
 (Sad source from whence these tears of anguish
 flow)

Far from the sneering fool, or censuring wise,
 I nurse in solitude the seeds of woe——

——Deaf to the voice of pleasure, or of fame,
 Yet not from pity's milder influence free,
 E'en then, not unregardful of thy name,
 This aching breast shall heave one sigh for thee

ELEGY IX.

THE *DEBTOR.*

By the Same.

CHILDREN of Affluence, hear a poor man's pray'r !
O haste and free me from this dungeon's gloom ;
Let not the hand of comfortless despair
Sink my grey hairs with sorrow to the tomb !

Unus'd Compassion's tribute to demand,
With clamorous din wake Charity's dull ear,
Wring the slow aid from Pity's loitering hand,
Weave the feign'd tale, or drop the ready tear.

Far different thoughts employ'd my early hours,
To view of bliss, to scenes of affluence born ;
The hand of pleasure strew'd my path with flow'rs,
And every blessing hail'd my youthful morn.

But ah, how quick the change!—the morning gleam,
That cheer'd my fancy with her magic ray,
Fled like the gairish pageant of a dream,
And sorrow clos'd the evening of my day.

Such is the lot of human bliss below !
Fond hope awhile the trembling flow'ret rears ;
'Till unforeseen descends the blight of woe,
And withers in an hour the pride of years.

In evil hour, to specious wiles a prey,
I trusted :—(who from faults is always free ?)
And the short progress of one fatal day
Was all the space 'twixt wealth and poverty.

Where could I seek for comfort, or for aid ?
To whom the ruins of my state commend ?
Left to myself, abandon'd, and betray'd,
Too late I found the wretched have no friend !

E'en he amid the rest, the favor'd youth,
Whose vows had met the tenderest warm return,
Forgot his oaths of constancy and truth,
And left my child in solitude to mourn.

Pity in vain stretch'd forth her feeble hand
To guard the sacred wreaths that Hymen wove,
While pale-eyed Avarice, from his sordid stand,
Scowl'd o'er the ruins of neglected love.

Though deeply hurt, yet sway'd by decent pride,
She hush'd her sorrows with becoming art,
And faintly strove with sickly smiles to hide
The canker-worm that prey'd upon her heart.

Nor blam'd his cruelty—nor wish'd to hate
Whom once she lov'd—but pitied, and forgave :
Then unrepining yielded to her fate,
And sunk in silent anguish to the grave.

Children of affluence, hear a poor man's prayer !
O haste, and free me from this dungeon's gloom ;
Let not the hand of comfortless despair
Sink my grey hairs with sorrow to the tomb !

ELEGY X.

THE POOR MAN'S PRAYER.

BY THE REV. DR. ROBERTS,
OF ETON.

ADDRESSED TO THE LATE EARL OF CHATHAM.

AMIDST the more important toils of state,
The counsels labouring in thy patriot soul,
Tho' Europe from thy voice expect her fate,
And thy keen glance extend from pole to pole;

O Chatham, nurs'd in ancient Virtue's lore,
To these sad strains incline a favouring ear;
Think on the God, whom thou, and I adore,
Nor turn unpitying from the poor man's prayer.

Ah me! how blest was once a peasant's life!
No lawless passion swell'd my even breast:
Far from the stormy waves of civil strife,
Sound were my slumbers, and my heart at rest.

I ne'er for guilty, painful pleasures rov'd,
But taught by Nature, and by choice to wed,
From all the hamlet cull'd whom best I lov'd,
With her I staid my heart, with her my bed.

To gild her worth I ask'd no wealthy power,
My toil could feed her, and my arm defend ;
In youth, or age, in pain, or pleasure's hour,
The same fond husband, father, brother, friend.

And she, the faithful partner of my care,
When ruddy evening streak'd the western sky,
Look'd towards the uplands, if her mate was there,
Or thro' the beech-wood cast an anxious eye.

Then, careful matron, heap'd the maple board
With savory herbs, and pick'd the nicer part
From such plain food as Nature could afford,
Ere simple Nature was debauch'd by Art.

While I, contented with my homely cheer,
Saw round my knees my prattling children play ;
And oft with pleas'd attention sat to hear
The little history of their idle day.

But ah ! how chang'd the scene ! On the cold stones,
Where wont at night to blaze the chearful fire,
Pale Famine sits and counts her naked bones,
Still sighs for food, still pines with vain desire.

My faithful wife with ever-streaming eyes
Hangs on my bosom her dejected head :
My helpless infants raise their feeble cries,
And from their father claim their daily bread.

Dear tender pledges of my honest love,
On that bare bed behold your brother lie :
Three tedious days with pinching want he strove,
The fourth, I saw the helpless cherub die.

Nor long shall ye remain. With visage sour
Our tyrant lord commands us from our home ;
And arm'd with cruel Law's coercive power,
Bids me and mine o'er barren mountains roam.

Yet never, Chatham, have I pass'd a day
In Riot's orgies, or in idle ease ;
Ne'er have I sacrific'd to sport and play,
Or wish'd a pamper'd appetite to please.

Hard was my fare, and constant was my toil,
Still with the morning's orient light I rose,
Fell'd the stout oak, or rais'd the lofty pile,
Parch'd in the sun, in dark December froze.

Is it that Nature with a niggard hand
Withholds her gifts from these once-favor'd plains
Has God, in vengeance to a guilty land,
Sent Dearth and Famine to her labouring swains ;

Ah no; yon hill, where daily sweats my brow,
 A thousand flocks, a thousand herds adorn;
 Yon field, where late I drove the painful plough,
 Feels all her acres crown'd with wavy corn.

But what avails that o'er the furrow'd soil
 In Autumn's heat the yellow harvests rise,
 If artificial want elude my toil,
 Untasted plenty wound my craving eyes?

What profits, that at distance I behold
 My wealthy neighbour's fragrant smoke ascend;
 If still the griping cormorants withhold
 The fruits which rain and genial seasons send?

If those fell vipers of the public weal
 Yet unrelenting on our bowels prey;
 If still the curse of penury we feel,
 And in the midst of plenty pine away?

In every port the vessel rides secure,
 That wafts our harvest to a foreign shore;
 While we the pangs of pressing want endure,
 The sons of strangers riot on our store.

O generous Chatham, stop those fatal sails,
 Once more with out-stretch'd arm thy Britons save;
 The unheeding crew but wait for favouring gales,
 O stop them, ere they stem Italia's wave.

From thee alone I hope for instant aid,
 'Tis thou alone canst save my children's breath ;
O deem not little of our cruel meed,
 O haste to help us, for delay is death.

So may not Spleen, nor Envy blast thy name,
 Nor voice profane thy patriot acts deride ;
Still may'st thou stand the first in honest fame,
 Unstung by Folly, Vanity, or Pride.

So may thy languid limbs with strength be brac'd,
 And glowing Health support thy active soul ;
With fair renown thy public virtue grac'd,
 Far as thou bad'st Britannia's thunder roll.

Then joy to thee, and to thy children peace,
 The grateful hind shall drink from Plenty's horn :
And while they share the cultur'd land's increase,
 The poor shall bless the day when Pitt was born.

ELEGY XI.

THE *BEGGAR.*

Et Laris, et Fundi. inopemque paterni

Hor.

For the sorrows of a poor old man !
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your
door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span :
Oh ! give relief—and Heaven will bless your store.

These tatter'd cloaths my poverty bespeak,
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years :
Many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek,
Has been the channel to a stream of tears.

My house, erected on the rising ground,
Whose tempting aspect drew me from my road ;
Where plenty there a residence has found,
And grandeur a magnificent abode.

(Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!)

Here craving for a morsel of their bread,
A pamper'd menial forc'd me from the door,
To seek a shelter in an humbler shed.

Oh! take me to your hospitable dome,
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,
For I am poor and miserably old.

Should I reveal the source of every grief,
If soft humanity e'er touch'd your breast,
Your hands would not with-hold the kind relief,
And tears of pity could not be repress.

Heaven sends misfortunes—why should we repine?
'Tis Heaven has brought me to the state you see:
And your condition may be soon like mine,
The child of sorrow—and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot;
Then, like the lark, I sprightly hail'd the morn;
But ah! oppression forc'd me from my cot,
My cattle dy'd, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter—once the comfort of my age!
Lur'd by a villain from her native home,
Is cast abandon'd on the world's wide stage,
And doom'd in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife—sweet soother of my care !
Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
Fell—ling'ring fell a victim to despair,
And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man !
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your
door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
Oh ! give relief—and Heaven will bless your store.

ELEGY XII.

BY

DANIEL HAYES, ESQ.

Al! what avails this short sublunar sphere ?
Why wish to act in the fantastic scene,
Subject at best to many a doubt and fear,
Too oft to cold neglect, and certain pain ?

Why does vain man his fondest wishes pour ?
Why do his earliest prayers attack the sky,
To stretch the space of each contracted hour ?
Say, is it then so terrible to die ?

What joys hath life to counterpoise its cares ?
What sweets to recompence for all its woes ?
Lo ! Av'rice gnaws, and fell Ambition tears
The racking breast with hell's united throes.

Lo ! squinting Jealousy's unsettled frown !
Lo ! haggard Envy, with her bloodshot eye,
Sick'ning at noble deeds and fair renown,
And circulating still th' envenom'd lie.

And creeping Fraud, with well-dissembled leer,
Exerts her base insinuating art,
Watching the generous stripling's prone career,
To circumvent his unsuspecting heart.

For these alone embitter th' irksome way,
That leads to fleeting life's uncertain goal
Andora's ministers, a dread array,
Convulse the sense, and rack the tortur'd soul.

Who but has seen the epileptic rage,
With wild distortion rend the alter'd frame ;
The Palsy, sad concomitant of age,
And thirsty Fever's all-devouring flame !

That fell disease which o'er th' enchanting face,
The hideous veil of rugged horror throws ;
The Dropsy, ever swol'n with foul increase,
And pamper'd Gout's excruciating woes.

Did lavish Fortune from her endless store,
Vain mortal ! gratify each greedy thought ;
Did new-born pleasures court each circling hour,
Alas ! how dearly 's existence bought !

How dearer still, when nor kind Fortune's ray,
Nor vivid pleasure, nor serene delight,
Behold the sad morning of the wretch's day,
Or close his eye-lids in the stormy night !

Such are his fates, who now in plaintive lore
Pours forth the anguish of his woe-struck mind,
Swelling with tears the gentle river's store,
Beneath a weeping willow's shade reclin'd :

Or near that pile, where, mouldering in the tomb,
The frail remains of once fam'd St. John lie,
Joyless he wanders through night's murky gloom,
The hollow winds re-echoing to his sigh :

Banish'd his much-lov'd home, the blissful plains,
Where princely Shannon laves the flowery strand,
No dear associate, no kind friend remains,
To cheer his wanderings in a foreign land.

And thee, fair Limerick ! whose beleagu'rd wall
So oft the bolts of raging Britain stood ;
Before thy gates what thousands met their fall,
And with their bodies choak'd the spacious flood !

Parent of heroes ! each illustrious child
Enlarg'd thy fame through every rolling age ;
Propitious Fortune on her labour smil'd,
And with their triumphs swell'd the storied page.

Thine was Borhame, who fierce in days of yore,
'Gainst Denmark's power his hardy squadrons led ;
Loud rag'd the fight on Clontarf's sounding shore,
When by his arm the stern Turgesus bled.

Crush'd are the tyrants, pierc'd with thousand wounds,
The vanquish'd raven drops her heavy wing ;
Borhame and Liberty the beach resounds,
And freed Eblana's joyful turrets ring.

Who like Borhame could launch the deathful spear ?
Who stem the torrent of th' impetuous fray ?
Or who like him his drooping vassals cheer,
And bless a nation with the happiest sway ?

But what is he, who, by the midnight gloom,
Through yonder camp his fearless passage bends !
Sudden terrific fires the skies illumine,
And the loud burst th' affrighted welkin rends.

Fir'd is the magazine, these sulphur'd stores,
Destin'd to waste Ierne's fruitful land ;
Burst the rude guns that menac'd her fair towers,
And all by Sarsfield's unassisted hand.

Nor yet, blest city ! is that worth no more,
Which erst in fighting fields thy sons did claim ;
Lo ! Coote's strong arm controls the Indian shore,
Whilst Niagara roars thy Massy's fame.

Equal in arts, thy polish'd sons excel,
Ierne's brightest ornaments of yore ;
Who, like Fitz-Gibbon, clears Law's mystic spell,
Whilst wondering senates hang on Pery's lore !

Southwell is thine, with every power to please,
The patriot's freedom with the courtier's art,
That noble art of elegance and ease,
To win and hold the captivated heart.

With him how pleasing flew th' instructive hours,
By Castleconnel's sacred fountain laid ;
Whilst fruits and blossoms deck'd the high-arch'd
bowers,
And purple fragrance blush'd in every mead.

Propitious Naiad of that healing stream,
Inspire my grateful breast thy praise to sing ;
Thy cordial draughts restore the sickly frame,
And youthful vigour gushes from thy spring.

What though thy shore can boast no gay parade,
No circus regular, no splendid rooms,
Lovely simplicity adorns thy glade,
And lavish Nature in perfection blooms.

Serene Contentment, with unclouded brow,
Sheds her soft influence o'er thy flowery dale !
Secure delights in sweet succession flow,
And Health inspires the animating gale.

Nor baneful dice thy evening hour molest,
Nor titled courtesan's uncomely smiles
Kindle the flame in youth's too eager breast,
Nor faithless wife the sacred couch defiles.

Chaste are thy damsels as the virgin train
 Which through Thessalian groves Diana guides;
 Their hearts, their radiant eyes, untaught to feign,
 Whilst o'er each glance fair Decency presides.

Recount their names ! I might as well display
 Each flower that opens on the summer lawn,
 Each shining gem that decks yon starry way,
 Ere yet invidious morn begins to dawn.

Yet far from these did rough Misfortune's frown
 Compel the woe-bewilder'd bard to fly ;
 Hence from his bosom bursts th' incessant groan,
 Th' incessant tear that swells his aching eye.

Ah ! where is now Selinda's vivid smile,
 That wont to shed celestial gladness round ;
 Her converse sweet, that could all cares beguile,
 And pour the balm of pity in each wound.

Exil'd from her how toilsome creep the hours,
 Though friendly Chelsea yields its grateful shade ;
 Though Thames' soft waters hush the willow'd shores,
 And Nature's music quivers through the glade ?

Exil'd from her, not all that Nature boasts,
 Not all the flaming treasures of the East,
 Not all the sweets that crown Campania's coasts,
 Could soothe the slightest pang that rends my breast.

She was indeed—but hold ! my racking brain,
Canst thou the glories of that form disclose ?
As soon (vain wretch !) attempt in frantic strain,
To point each dew-drop on the vernal rose.

Her eyes were brighter than the orient beam,
Her voice far sweeter than sweet Philomel ;
Easy proportion harmoniz'd her frame,
Heaven gave a mind, and bade her to excel.

What have I done ?—Sure some infatuate sire,
Or private rage, or private discord led ;
God's sacred fane consum'd with impious fire,
Which th' angry power avenges on my head.

Welcome, Despair ! thou king of horrors, come,
Crush this loath'd being to its primal clay,
Prepar'd, I wait th' inexorable doom,
And bid adieu to Hope's remotest ray.

Forgotten be my name, my age, my birth ;
Let black oblivion all my woes conceal :
These killing woes would poison future mirth,
And happy lovers shudder at the tale.

ELEGY XIII.

THE TRIUMPH OF MELANCHOLY.

BY JAMES BEATTIE, L. L. D.

MEMORY, be still ! why throng upon the thought
These scenes so deeply stain'd with Sorrow's dye ?
Is there in all thy stores no chearful draught,
To brighten yet once more in Fancy's eye ?

Yes—from afar a landscape seems to rise,
Embellish'd by the lavish hand of Spring ;
Thin gilded clouds float lightly o'er the skies,
And laughing Loves disport on fluttering wing.

How blest the youth in yonder valley laid !
What smiles in every conscious feature play !
While to the murmurs of the breezy glade
His merry pipe attunes the rural lay.

Hail, Innocence ! whose bosom all serene
Feels not as yet th' internal tempest roll :
O ! ne'er may Care distract that placid mien !
Ne'er may the shades of Doubt o'erwhelm thy soul !

Vain wish ! for lo, in gay attire conceal'd,
Yonder she comes ! the heart-enflaming fiend !
(Will no kind power the helpless stripling shield ?)
Swift to her destin'd prey see Passion bend !

O smile accurst, to hide the worst designs !
Now with blithe eye she woos him to be blest ;
While round her arm unseen a serpent twines—
And lo, she hurls it hissing at his breast !

And instant, lo, his dizzy eye-ball swims
Ghastly, and reddening darts a frantic glare ;
Pain with strong grasp distorts his writhing limbs,
And Fear's cold hand erects his frozen hair.

Is this, O Life, is this thy boasted prime !
And does thy spring no happier prospect yield !
Why should the sun-beam paint thy glittering clime,
When the keen mildew desolates the field !

How memory pains ! let some gay theme beguile
The musing mind, and sooth to soft delight :
Ye images of Woe, no more recoil :
Be Life's past scenes wrapt in oblivious night.

Now, when fierce Winter arm'd with wasteful power,
Heaves the wild deep that thunders from afar ;
How sweet to sit in the sequester'd bower,
To hear, and but to hear the mingling war !

Ambition here displays no gilded toy,
That tempts on desperate wing the soul to rise ;
Nor Pleasure's paths to wilds of Woe decoy,
Nor Anguish lurks in Grandeur's proud disguise.

Oft has Contentment chear'd this lone abode
With the mild languish of her smiling eye ;
Here Health in rosy bloom has often glow'd,
While loose-rob'd Quiet stood enamour'd by.

E'en the storm lulls to more profound repose ;
The storm these humble walls assails in vain ;
The shrub is shelter'd, when the whirlwind blows,
While the oak's mighty ruin strows the plain.

Blow on, ye winds ! thine, Winter, be the skies,
And toss th' infuriate surge, and vales lay waste ;
Nature thy temporary rage defies ;
To her relief the gentler Seasons haste.

Thron'd in her emerald car, see Spring appear !
(As Fancy wills the landscape starts to view)
Her emerald car the youthful Zephyrs bear,
Fanning her bosom with their pinions blue.

Around the jocund Hours are fluttering seen,
And lo, her rod the rose-lipp'd Power extends !
And lo, the lawns are deck'd in living green,
And Beauty's bright-cy'd train from Heaven descends !

Haste, happy days, and make all Nature glad—
But will all Nature joy at your return ?
O can ye cheer pale Sickness' gloomy bed,
Or dry the tears that bathe th' untimely urn ?

Will ye one transient ray of gladness dart,
Where groans the dungeon to the captive's wail ?
To ease tir'd Disappointment's bleeding heart,
Will all your stores of softening balm avail ?

When stern Oppression, in his harpy fangs,
From Want's weak grasp the last sad morsel bears,
Can ye allay the dying parent's pangs,
Whose infant craves relief with fruitless tears ?

For ah ! thy reign, Oppression, is not past,
Who from the shivering limbs the vestment rends ?
Who lays the once rejoicing village waste,
Bursting the ties of lovers and of friends ?

But hope not, Muse, vain-glorious as thou art,
With the weak impulse of thy humble strain,
Hope not to soften Pride's obdurate heart,
When ERROLL's bright example shines in vain.

Then cease the theme. Turn, Fancy, turn thine eye,
Thy weeping eye, nor further urge thy flight ;
Thy haunts, alas ! no gleams of joy supply,
Of transient gleams that flash in sinking night.

Yet fain the mind its anguish would forego,
 Spread then, historic Muse, thy pictur'd scroll ;
 Bid thy great scenes in all their splendor glow,
 And rouse to thought sublime th' exulting soul.

What mingling pomps rush on th' enraptur'd gaze !
 Lo, where the gallant navy rides the deep !
 Here glittering towns their spiry turrets raise,
 There bulwarks overhang the shaggy steep.

Bristling with spears, and bright with burnish'd shields
 Th' embattled legions stretch their long array ;
 Discord's red torch, as fierce she scours the fields,
 With bloody tincture stains the face of day.

And now the hosts in silence wait the sign :
 Keen are their looks whom Liberty inspires :
 Quick as the Goddess darts along the line,
 Each breast impatient burns with noble fires.

Her form how graceful ! in her lofty mien
 The smiles of Love stern Wisdom's frown control ;
 Her fearless eye, determin'd, though serene,
 Speaks the great purpose, and th' unconquer'd soul.

Mark, where Ambition leads the adverse band,
 Each feature fierce and haggard, as with pain !
 With menace loud he cries, while from his hand
 He vainly strives to wipe the crimson stain.

Lo, at his call, impetuous as the storms,
Headlong to deeds of death the hosts are driven;
Hatred to madness wrought each face deforms,
Mounts the black whirlwind, and involves the
heaven.

Now, Virtue, now thy powerful succour lend,
Shield them for Liberty who dare to die—
Ah! Liberty, will none thy cause befriend!
Are those thy sons, thy generous sons, that fly!

Not Virtue's self, when Heaven its aid denies,
Can brace the loosen'd nerves, or warm the heart;
Not Virtue's self can still the bursts of sighs,
When festers in the soul Misfortune's dart.

See, where by Terror and Despair dismay'd
The scattering legions pour along the plain!
Ambition's car, in bloody spoils array'd,
Hews its broad way, as Vengeance guides the rein.

But who is he, that, by yon lonely brook,
With woods o'erhung, and precipices rude,
Lies all abandon'd, yet with dauntless look
Sees streaming from his breast the purple flood?

Ah, Brutus! ever thine be virtue's tear!
Lo, his dim eyes to Liberty he turns,
As scarce supported on her broken spear
O'er her expiring son the Goddess mourns.

Loose to the wind her azure mantle flies,
From her dishevell'd locks she rends the plume ;
No lustre lightens in her weeping eyes,
And on her tear-stain'd cheek no roses bloom.

Meanwhile the world, Ambition, owns thy sway,
Fame's loudest trumpet labors with thy name ;
For thee, the Muse awakes her sweetest lay ;
And Flattery bids for thee her altars flame.

Nor in life's lofty bustling sphere alone,
The sphere where monarchs and where heroes toil,
Sink Virtue's sons beneath Misfortune's frown,
While Guilt's thrill'd bosom leaps at Pleasure's smile.

Full oft where Solitude and Silence dwell,
Far, far remote amid the lowly plain,
Resounds the voice of Woe from Virtue's cell,
Such is Man's doom ; and Pity weeps in vain.

Still Grief recoils—How vainly have I strove
Thy power, O Melancholy, to withstand !
Tir'd, I submit ; but yet, O yet remove,
Or ease the pressure of thy heavy hand !

Yet for a while let the bewilder'd soul
Find in society relief from woe ;
O yield a while to Friendship's soft control !
Some respite, Friendship, wilt thou not bestow !

Come then, Philander, whose exalted mind
Looks down from far on all that charms the great;
For thou canst bear, unshaken and resign'd,
The brightest smiles, the blackest frowns of Fate.

Come thou, whose love unlimited, sincere,
Nor Faction cools, nor Injury destroys;
Who lend'st to Misery's moan a pitying ear,
And feel'st with ecstasy another's joys :

Who know'st man's frailty, with a favouring eye,
And melting heart, behold'st a brother's fall!
Who, unenslav'd by Fashion's narrow tye,
With manly freedom follow'st Nature's call.

And bring thy Delia, sweetly-smiling fair,
Whose spotless soul no rankling thoughts deform;
Her gentle accents calm each throbbing care,
And harmonize the thunder of the storm.

Though blest with wisdom, and with wit refin'd,
She courts no homage, nor desires to shine ;
In her each sentiment sublime is join'd
To female softness and a form divine.

Come, and disperse th' involving shadows drear;
Let chasten'd Mirth the social hours employ:
O catch the swift-wing'd moment while 'tis near,
On swiftest wing the moment flies of joy.

Ev'n while the careless disencumber'd soul
Sinks all dissolving into Pleasure's dream,
Even then to time's tremendous verge we roll
With headlong haste along life's surgy stream.

Can Gaiety the vanish'd years restore,
Or on the withering limbs fresh beauty shed,
Or soothe the sad inevitable hour,
Or cheer the dark, dark mansions of the Dead ?

Still sounds the solemn knell in Fancy's ear,
That call'd Eliza to the silent tomb :
With her how jocund roll'd the sprightly year !
How shone the nymph in Beauty's brightest bloom ?

Ah ! Beauty's bloom avails not in the grave,
Youth's lofty mien, nor Age's awful grace :
Moulder alike unknown the Prince and Slave,
Whelm'd in th' enormous wreck of human race.

The thought-fix'd portraiture, the breathing bust,
The arch with proud memorials array'd,
The long-liv'd pyramid shall sink in dust,
To dumb Oblivion's ever-desart shade.

Fancy from Joy still wanders far astray ;
Ah ! Melancholy, how I feel thy power !
Long have I labor'd to elude thy sway—
But 'tis enough ; for I resist no more.

The traveller thus, that o'er the midnight waste
Through many a lonesome path is doom'd to roam,
'Wilder'd and weary sits him down at last
For the long night, and distant far his home.

ELEGY XIV.

MARY,
QUEEN OF SCOTS.

BY WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

Quod tibi vitæ sors detraxit,
Fama adjiciet posthuma laudi ;
Nostris longum tu dolor et honor.

Euch.

THE balmy Zephyrs o'er the woodland stray,
And gently stir the bosom of the lake :
The fawns, that panting in the covert lay,
Now thro' the bloomy park their revels take.

Pale rise the rugged hills that skirt the North,
The wood glows yellow'd by the evening rays ;
Silent and beauteous flows the silver Forth,
And Aman murmuring thro' the willows strays.

But ah ! what means this silence in the grove,
Where oft the wild-notes sooth'd the love-sick boy ?
Why cease in Mary's bower the songs of Love,
The songs of Love, of Innocence, and Joy ?

When bright the lake reflects the setting ray,
The sportive virgins tread the flowery green;
Here by the moon, full oft in chearful May,
The merry bride-maids at the dance are seen.

But who these Nymphs that thro' the copse appear
In robes of white adorn'd with violet blue ?
Fondly with purple flowers they deck yon bier,
And wave in solemn pomp the boughs of yew.

Supreme in grief, her eye confus'd with woe,
Appears the Lady of th' aerial train,
Tall as the sylvan Goddess of the bow,
And fair as she who wept Adonis slain.

Such was the pomp when Gilead's virgin band,
Wandering by Judah's flowery mountains, wept,
And with fair Iphis by the hallowed strand
Of Siloe's brook a mournful sabbath kept.

By the resplendent cross with thistles twin'd,
'Tis Mary's Guardian Genius lost in woe :
" Ah say, what deepest wrongs have thus combin'
To heave with restless sighs thy breast of snow !

" Oh stay, ye Dryads, nor unfinish'd fly
Your solemn rites ; here comes no foot profane :
The Muses' son, and hallowed is his eye,
Implores your stay, implores to join the strain.

“ See, from her cheek the glowing life-blush flies ;
Alas, what faltering sounds of woe be these !
Ye Nymphs, who fondly watch her languid eyes,
Oh say, what music will her soul appease !”

“ Resound the solemn dirge, the Nymphs reply,
And let the turtles moan in Mary’s bower,
Let Grief indulge her grand sublimity,
And Melancholy wake her melting power :

“ For Art has triumph’d ; Art, that never stood
On Honor’s side, or generous transport knew,
Has dy’d its haggard hands in Mary’s blood,
And o’er her fame has breath’d its blighting dew.

“ But come, ye Nymphs, ye woodland Spirits, come,
And with funereal flowers your tresses braid,
While in this hallow’d grove we raise the tomb,
And consecrate the song to Mary’s shade.

“ O sing what smiles her youthful morning wore,
Her’s every charm, and every loveliest grace ;
When Nature’s happiest touch could add no more,
Heaven lent an angel’s beauty to her face.

“ O ! whether by the moss-grown bushy dell,
Where from the oak depends the mistletoe,
Where creeping ivy shades the Druid’s cell,
Where from the rock the gurgling waters flow ;

“ Or whether sportive o’er the cowslip beds,
You thro’ the fairy dales of Teviot glide,
Or brush the primrose banks while Cynthia sheds
Her silvery light o’er Esk’s translucent tide ;

“ Hither, ye gentle Guardians of the Fair,
By Virtue’s tears, by weeping Beauty, come ;
Unbind the festive robes, unbind the hair,
And wave the cypress bough at Mary’s tomb.

“ And come, ye fleet Magicians of the air,
The mournful Lady of the chorus cry’d,
Your airy tints of baleful hue prepare,
And thro’ this grove bid Mary’s fortunes glide :

“ And let the solemn song with harping join’d,
And wailing notes, unfold the tale of woe.”
She spake, and waking thro’ the breathing wind
From lyres unseen the solemn harpings flow.

The song began, “ How bright her early morn !
What lasting joys her smiling fate portends !
To wield the awful British sceptres born,
And Gaul’s young heir her bridal-bed ascends.

“ See, round her bed, light-floating on the air,
The little Loves their purple wings display ;
When sudden, shrieking at the dismal glare
Of funeral torches, far they speed away.

" Far with the Loves each blissful omen speeds,
 Her eighteenth April hears her widow'd moan;
 The bridal bed the sable hearse succeeds,
 And struggling Factions shake her native throne.

" No more a Goddess in the swimming dance
 May'st thou, O Queen, thy lovely form display;
 No more thy beauty reign the charm of France,
 Nor in Versailles' proud bowers outshine the day.

" For the cold North the trembling sails are spread;
 Ah, what drear horrors gliding through thy breast,
 While from thy weeping eyes fair Gallia fled,
 Thy future woes in boding sighs confest!

" A nation stern and stubborn to command,
 And now convuls'd with Faction's fiercest rage,
 Commits its sceptre to thy gentle hand,
 And asks a bridle from thy tender age."

As weeping thus they sung, the omens rose,
 Her native shore receives the mournful Queen;
 November wind o'er the bare landscape blows,
 In hazy gloom the sea-wave skirts the scene:

The House of Holy Rood in sullen state,
 Bleak in the shade of rude pil'd rocks appears;
 Cold on the mountain's side, type of her fate,
 Its shatter'd walls a Romish chapel rears:

No nodding grove here waves the sheltering bough ;
O'er the dank vale, prophetic of her reign,
Beneath the curving mountain's craggy brow
The dreary echoes to the gales complain :

Amid the gloomy clouds of rolling smoke
The high pil'd city rears her Gothic towers ;
The stern-brow'd castle, from his lofty rock,
Looks scornful down, and fixt defiance lowers.

Domestic bliss, that dear, that sovereign joy,
Far from her hearth was seen to speed away ;
Strait dark-brow'd Factions entering in destroy
The seeds of peace, and mark her for their prey.

No more by moonshine to the nuptial bower
Her Francis comes, by Love's soft fetters led ;
Far other spouse now wakes her midnight hour,
Enrag'd, and reeking from the harlot's bed.

" Ah ! draw the veil," shrill trembles thro' the air :
The veil was drawn, but darker scenes arose,
Another nuptial couch the Fates prepare,
The baleful teeming source of deeper woes.

The bridal torch her Evil Angel wav'd,
Far from the couch offended Prudence fled ;
Of deepest crimes deceitful Faction rav'd,
And rous'd her trembling from the fatal bed.

The hinds are seen in arms, and glittering spears
Instead of crooks the Grampian shepherds wield ;
Fanatic rage the ploughman's visage wears,
And red with slaughter lies the harvest field.

From Borthwick field, deserted and forlorn,
The beauteous Queen all tears is seen to fly ;
Now thro' the streets a weeping captive borne,
Her woes the triumph of the vulgar eye.

Again the vision shifts the woeful scene ;
Again forlorn from rebel arms she flies,
And unsuspecting on a Sister Queen,
The lovely injur'd Fugitive relies.

When Wisdom baffled owns th' attempt in vain,
Heaven oft delights to set the virtuous free :
Some friend appears, and breaks Affliction's chain,
But ah, no generous friend appears for thee !

A prison's ghastly walls and grated cells
Deform'd the airy scenery as it past ;
The haunt where listless Melancholy dwells,
Where every genial feeling shrinks aghast.

No female eye her sickly bed to tend !
“ Ah cease to tell it in the female ear !
A woman's stern command ! a proffer'd friend !
Oh generous passion, peace, forbear, forbear !

“ And could, oh Tudor, could thy breast retain
No softening thought of what thy woes had been,
When thou, the heir of England's crown, in vain
Didst sue the mercy of a tyrant Queen ?

“ And could no pang from tender memory wake,
And feel those woes that once had been thine own ;
No pleading tear to drop for Mary's sake,
For Mary's sake, the heir of England's throne ?

“ Alas ! no pleading touch thy memory knew,
Dry'd were the tears which for thyself had flow'd ;
Dark politics alone engag'd thy view ;
With female jealousy thy bosom glow'd.

“ And say, did Wisdom own thy stern command ?
Did Honor wave his banner o'er the deed ?
Ah !—Mary's fate thy name shall ever brand,
And ever o'er her woes shall pity bleed.

“ The babe that prattled on his nurse's knee,
When first thy woeful captive hours began,
Ere heaven, ah hapless Mary, set thee free,
That babe to battle march'd in arms a man.”

An awful pause ensues—With speaking eyes,
And hands half rais'd, the guardian Wood Nymphs
wait,
While slow and sad the airy scenes arise,
Stain'd with the last deep woes of Mary's fate.

With dreary black hung round the hall appears,
 The thirsty saw-dust strews the marble floor,
 Blue gleams the ax, the block its shoulders rears,
 And pikes and halberts guard the iron door.

The clouded moon her dreary glimpses shed,
 And Mary's maids, a mournful train, pass by;
 Languid they walk, and listless hang the head,
 And silent tears pace down from every eye.

Sérene and nobly mild appears the Queen,
 She smiles on heaven, and bows the injur'd head;
 The ax is lifted—from the deathful scene
 The Guardians turn'd, and all the picture fled :

It fled : the Wood Nymphs o'er the distant lawn,
 As rapt in vision, dart their earnest eyes;
 So when the huntsman hears the rustling fawn,
 He stands impatient of the starting prize.

The sovereign Dame her awful eye-balls roll'd,
 As Cuma's maid when by the God inspir'd;
 "The depths of ages to my sight unfold,"
 She cries, "and Mary's meed my breast has fir'd.

"Of Tudor's throne her Sons shall ever reign,
 Age after age shall see their flag unfurl'd,
 With sovereign pride, where-ever roars the main,
 Stream to the wind, and awe the trembling world.

“ Nor Britain’s sceptre shall they wield alone,
 Age after age through lengthening time shall see
 Her branching race on Europe’s every throne,
 And either India bend to them the knee.

“ But Tudor as a fruitless gourd shall die ;
 I see her death-scene—On the lowly floor
 Dreary she sits, cold Grief has glass’d her eye,
 And Anguish gnaws her till she breathes no more.”

But hark—loud howling thro’ the midnight gloom,
 Faction is rous’d, and sends the baleful yell !
 Oh save, ye generous few, your Mary’s tomb,
 Oh save her ashes from the blasting spell ;

“ And lo, where Time with brighten’d face serene,
 Points to yon far, but glorious opening sky ;
 See Truth walk forth, majestic awful Queen,
 And Party’s blackening mists before her fly.

“ Falshood unmask’d withdraws her ugly train,
 And Mary’s virtues all illustrious shine—
 Yes, thou hast friends, the godlike and humane
 Of latest ages, injur’d Queen, are thine.”

The milky splendors of the dawning ray
 Now thro’ the grove a trembling radiance shed,
 With sprightly note the sky-lark hail’d the day,
 And with the moon-shine all the vision fled.

ELEGY XV.

ON THE DEATH OF
MARIA GUNNING,

Countess of Coventry.

WRITTEN IN MDCCCLX.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM MASON, M. A.

THE midnight clock has toll'd ; and hark, the bell
Of Death beats slow ! heard ye the note profound ?
It pauses now ; and now, with rising knell,
Flings to the hollow gale its sullen sound.

Yes, COVENTRY is dead. Attend the strain,
Daughters of Albion ! Ye that, light as air,
So oft have tript in her fantastic train,
With hearts as gay, and faces half as fair :

For she was fair beyond your brightest bloom :
(This Envy owns, since now her bloom is fled)
Fair as the Forms that, wove in Fancy's loom,
Float in light vision round the Poet's head.

Whene'er with soft serenity she smil'd,
Or caught the orient blush of quick surprize,
How sweetly mutable, how brightly wild,
The liquid lustre darted from her eyes ?

Each look, each motion wak'd a new-born grace,
That o'er her form its transient glory cast :
Some lovelier wonder soon usurp'd the place,
Chas'd by a charm still lovelier than the last.

That bell again ! It tells us what she is :
On what she was no more the strain prolong :
Luxuriant Fancy pause : an hour like this
Demands the tribute of a serious Song.

MARIA claims it from that sable bier,
Where cold and wan the slumberer rests her head ;
In still small whispers to reflection's ear,
She breathes the solemn dictates of the Dead.

O catch the awful notes, and lift them loud !
Proclaim the theme, by Sage, by Fool rever'd ;
Hear it, ye Young, ye Vain, ye Great, ye Proud !
'Tis Nature speaks, and Nature will be heard.

Yes, ye shall hear, and tremble as you hear,
While, high with health, your hearts exulting leap :
Ev'n in the midst of pleasure's mad career,
The mental Monitor shall wake and weep.

For say, than COVENTRY'S propitious star,
 What brighter planet on your births arose ;
 Or gave of Fortune's gifts an ampler share,
 In life to lavish, or by death to lose !

Early to lose ; while, born on busy wing,
 Ye sip the nectar of each varying bloom :
 Nor fear, while basking in the beams of spring,
 The wintry storm that sweeps you to the tomb.

Think of her Fate ! revere the heav'nly hand
 That led her hence, though soon, by steps so slow ;
 Long at her couch Death took his patient stand,
 And menac'd oft, and oft withheld the blow :

To give Reflection time, with lenient art,
 Each fond delusion from her soul to steal ;
 Teach her from Folly peaceably to part,
 And wean her from a world she lov'd so well.

Say, are ye sure his Mercy shall extend
 To you so long a span ? Alas, ye sigh :
 Make then, while yet ye may, your God your friend,
 And learn with equal ease to sleep or die !

Nor think the Muse, whose sober voice ye hear,
 Contracts with bigot frown her sullen brow ;
 Casts round Religion's orb the mists of fear,
 Or shades with horrors, what with smiles should
 glow.

No ; she would warm you with seraphic fire,
Heirs as ye are of heav'n's eternal day ;
Would bid you boldly to that heav'n aspire,
Not sink and slumber in your cells of clay.

Know, ye were form'd to range yon azure field,
In yon aethereal founts of bliss to lave ;
Force then, secure in Faith's protecting shield,
The Sting from Death, the Vict'ry from the Grave.

Is this the bigot's rant ? Away, ye Vain,
Your hopes, your fears in doubt, in dulness steep :
Go sooth your souls in sickness, grief, or pain,
With the sad solace of eternal sleep.

Yet will I praise you, triflers as ye are,
More than those preachers of your fav'rite creed,
Who proudly swell the brazen throat of War,
Who form the phalanx, bid the battle bleed :

Nor wish for more : who conquer, but to die.
Hear, Folly, hear ; and triumph in the tale :
Like you, they reason : not, like you, enjoy
The breeze of bliss, that fills your silken sail :

On Pleasure's glitt'ring stream ye gayly steer
Your little course to cold oblivion's shore :
They dare the storm, and, through th' inclement year,
Stem the rough surge, and brave the torrent's
roar.

Is it for Glory ? that just Fate denies.

**Long must the warrior moulder in his shroud,
E'er from her trump the heav'n-breath'd accents rise,
That lift the Hero from the fighting crowd.**

Is it his grasp of Empire to extend ?

**To curb the fury of insulting foes ?
Ambition, cease : the idle contest end :
'Tis but a Kingdom thou canst win or lose.**

**And why must murder'd myriads lose their all,
(If life be all) why desolation lour,
With famish'd frown, on this affrighted ball,
That thou may'st flame the meteor of an hour ?**

**Go, wiser ye, that flutter Life away,
Crown with the mantling juice the goblet high ;
Weave the light dance, with festive freedom gay,
And live your moment, since the next ye die.**

**Yet know, vain Sceptics, know, th' Almighty mind,
Who breath'd on Man a portion of his fire,
Bad his free Soul, by earth nor time confin'd,
To Heav'n, to Immortality aspire.**

**Nor shall the pile of Hope, his Mercy rear'd,
By vain Philosophy be e'er destroy'd :
Eternity, by all or wish'd or fear'd,
Shall be by all or suffer'd or enjoy'd.**

ELEGY XVI.

WRITTEN AT
AMWELL, IN HERTFORDSHIRE,

MD CCLXVIII.

BY JOHN SCOTT, ESQ.

—THOUGH kindly silent thus my friend remains,
I read enquiry in his anxious eye ;
Why my pale cheek the frequent tear distains,
Why from my bosom bursts the frequent sigh.—

Foe to the world's pursuit of wealth and fame,
Thy THERON early from the world retir'd,
Left to the busy throng each boasted aim,
Nor aught, save peace in solitude, desir'd ;

A few choice volumes there could oft engage,
A few choice friends there oft amuse the day ;
There his lov'd Parents' slow-declining age
Life's calm unvary'd evening wore away.

Foe to the futile manners of the proud,
He chose an humble Virgin for his own ;
A mind with Nature's fairest gifts endow'd :
And pure as vernal blossoms newly blown ;

Her hand she gave, and with it gave her heart,
Her fond, fond faithful sympathizing breast ;
Free without folly, prudent without art ;
With wit accomplish'd, and with virtue blest.

Swift pass the hours ; alas, to pass no more !
Flown like the light clouds of a summer's day !
One beauteous pledge the beauteous consort bore,
The fatal gift forbade the giver's stay.

Ere twice the sun perform'd his annual round,
In one sad spot where kindred ashes lie,
O'er Wife, and Child, and Parents clos'd the ground ;
The final home of man ordain'd to die.

O cease at length, obtrusive Mem'ry ! cease,
Nor in my view the wretched hours retain
That saw disease on HER dear life increase,
And Med'cine's lenient arts essay'd in vain.

O the dread scene ! (in misery how sublime !)
Of love's vain prayers to stay her fleeting breath !
Suspense that restless watch'd the flight of Time,
And helpless dumb Despair, awaiting Death.

O the dread scene !—'Tis agony to tell,
 How o'er the couch of pain declin'd my head ;
And took from dying lips the long farewell,
 The last, last parting, ere her spirits fled.

Restore her, Heaven, as from the grave retrieve—
 In each calm moment all things else resign'd,
Her looks, her language, show how hard to leave
 The lov'd companion she must leave behind.

Restore her, Heaven ! for once in mercy spare—
 Thus Love's vain prayer in anguish interpos'd ;
And from Suspence gave place to dumb despair,
 And o'er the past, Death's sable curtain clos'd.

In silence clos'd—My thoughts rov'd frantic round
 No hope, no wish, beneath the sun remain'd ;
Earth, air, and skies, one dismal prospect frown'd
 One pale, dead, dreary blank with horror stain'd

O lovely flower, too fair for this rude clime !
 O lovely morn, too prodigal of light !
O transient beauties, blasted in their prime !
 O transient glories, sunk in sudden night !

Sweet Excellence ! by all who knew thee mourn'd
 Where is that blooming form my soul admir'd
With native artless modesty adorn'd :
 With pity, meekness, charity, inspir'd ?

The face with rapture view'd, I view no more,
The voice with rapture heard, no more I hear :
Yet the lov'd features Mem'ry's eyes explore ;
Yet the lov'd accents fall on Mem'ry's ear.

Ah sad, sad changel the source of daily pain
That sense of loss ineffable renews :
While my rack'd bosom heaves the sigh in vain,
While my pale cheek the tear in vain bedews.

While o'er the grave that holds the dear remains,
The mould'ring veil her spirit left below ;
Fond Fancy dwells, and pours funeral strains,
The soul-dissolving melody of woe.

Nor mine alone to bear this mournful doom,
Nor she alone the tear of Song obtains ;
The Muse of **BLAGDON**, o'er **CONSTANTIA**'s tomb,
In all the eloquence of grief complains.

My friend's fair hope, like mine so lately gain'd,
His heart like mine, in its true partner blest ;
Both from one cause the same distress sustain'd,
The same sad hours beheld us both distress'd.

O Human Life ! how mutable, how vain !
How thy wide sorrows circumscribe thy joy
A sunny island in a stormy main,
A spot of azure in a cloudy sky.

Yet love divine! since man, infatuate man,
Rests in thy works, too negligent of thee,
Lays for himself on earth his little plan ;
Dreads not, or distant views mortality.

'Tis but to wake to nobler thought the soul,
To urge us ling'ring from earth's fav'rite plain,
To Virtue's path our vague steps to control,
Affliction frowning comes, thy minister of pain !

ELEGY XVII.

AMINTA.

BY THE REV. MR. GERRARD.

An o'ergrown wood my wandering steps invade,
With surface mantled in untrodden snow ;
Dire haunt, for none but savage monsters made,
Where frosts descend, and howling tempests blow.

Here, from the search of busy mortals stray'd,
My woe-worn soul shall hug her galling chain :
For sure, no forest boasts too deep a shade,
No haunt too wild for misery to remain.

O my Aminta ! dear distracting name !
Late all my comfort, all my fond delight ;
Still writhes my soul beneath its torturing flame,
Still thy pale image fills my aching sight !

When shall vain memory slumber o'er her woes ?
When to oblivion be her tale resign'd ?
When shall this fatal form in death repose,
Like thine, fair victim, to the dust consign'd ?

Again the accents falter on my tongue ;
Again to tear the conscious tear succeeds ;
From sharp reflection is the dagger sprung,
And Nature, wounded to the centre, bleeds.

Ye bitter skies ! upon the tale descend—
Ye blasts, though rude your visits, lend an ear—
Around, ye gentler oaks, your branches bend,
And, as ye listen, drop an icy tear.

'Twas when the step with conscious pleasure roves,
Where round the shades the circling woodbines
throng ;
When Flora wantons o'er th' enamel'd groves,
And feather'd choirs indulge the amorous song ;

Inspir'd by duteous love, I fondly stray'd,
Two milk-white doves officious to ensnare ;
Beneath a silent thicket as they play'd,
A grateful present for my softer fair.

But, ah ! in smiles no more they met my sight,
Their ruffled heads lay gasping on the ground :
Where (my dire emblem) a rapacious Kite [around.
Tore their soft limbs, and strew'd their plumes

The tear of pity stole into my eye ;
While ruder passions in their turn succeed :
Forbid the victims unreveng'd to die,
And doom the author of their wrongs to bleed.

With hasty step, enrag'd, I homewards ran,
(Curse on my speed !) th' unerring tube I brought :
That fatal hour my date of woe began,
Too sharp to tell—too horrible for thought—

Disast'rous deed !—irrevocable ill !—
How shall I tell the anguish of my Fate !
Teach me, remorseless monsters, not to feel,
Instruct me, fiends and furies, to relate !

Wrathful behind the guilty shade I stole,
I rais'd the tube—the clamorous woods resound—
Too late I saw the idol of my soul,
Struck by my aim, fall shrieking to the ground !

No other bliss her soul allow'd but me ;
(Hapless the pair that thus indulgent prove)
She sought concealment from a shady tree,
In amorous silence to observe her love.

I ran—but O ! too soon I found it true !— [apace—
From her stain'd breast life's crimson stream'd
From her wan eyes the sparkling lustres flew—
The short-liv'd roses faded from her face !

Gods !—could I bear that fond reproachful look,
That strove her peerless innocence to plead !—
But partial death awhile her tongue forsook,
To save a wretch that doom'd himself to bleed.

While I distracted press'd her in my arms,
And fondly strove t' imbibe her latest breath ;
" O spare, rash love, she cry'd, thy fatal charms,
Nor seek cold shelter in the arms of death.

" Content beneath thy erring hand I die.
Our fates grew envious of a bliss so true ;
Then urge not thy distress when low I lie,
But in this breath receive my last adieu !"—

No more she spake, but droop'd her lily head !
In death she sicken'd—breathless—haggard—pale—
While all my inmost soul with horror bled,
And ask'd kind vengeance from the passing gale.

Where slept your bolts, ye lingering lightnings, say ?
Why riv'd ye not this self-condemned breast ?
Or why, too passive Earth, didst thou delay,
To stretch thy jaws, and crush me into rest ?——

Low in the dust the beauteous corse I plac'd,
Bedew'd and soft with many a falling tear ;
With sable yew the rising turf I grac'd,
And bade the cypress mourn in silence near.

Oft as bright morn's all-searching eye returns,
Full to my view the fatal spot is brought ;
Through sleepless night my haunted spirit mourns,
No gloom can hide me from distracting thought.

When, spotless victim, shall my form decay ?
This guilty load, say, when shall I resign ?
When shall my spirit wing her cheerless way,
And my cold corse lie treasur'd up with thine ?

ELEGY XVIII.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

BY SIR JAMES MARRIOT.

YES, it is past ; the fatal stroke is given.
Our pious sorrows own the hand of heaven.
How short our joys ! incumber'd life how vain !
Still vex'd with evil's never-ceasing train ;
While roll the hours which lead each fleeting year,
Each asks a sigh, and each demands a tear.
O'er pleasing scenes the mind with rapture roves,
Grasps in idea all its hopes or loves :
Snatch'd from its view the pleasing scenes decay,
And the fair vision melts in shades away.

Of youth, of beauty, and of wit the boast,
O lov'd for ever, and too early lost,
Sweet maid, for thee now mingling with the dead,
Her sacred griefs the tuneful Muse shall shed ;
The soft remembrance of thy charms to save
She plants with all her bays thy hallow'd grave.

Ye too, companions of her happier days,
Heirs of her charms, and rivals of her praise,
Amid the circles of the young and gay
Your years unheeded urge their stealing way,
While, mixt with pleasure's ever-smiling train,
Ye know no sorrows, and ye feel no pain ;
Yet, when no more the pulse tumultuous beats,
Nor the pleas'd sense each flattering tale repeats,
Let calm reflection the sad moral teach,
That bliss below evades our eager reach ;
That virtue only grants the real charm,
Gives wit to win, and beauty power to warm ;
And though, like hers whose recent fate we mourn,
And ask your pity for a sister's urn,
Your beauties shine in all their bloom confest,
'Mid gazing slaves contending to be blest,
Yet think like hers may soon these beauties fade :
Like hers your glories in the dust be laid.
Time's hardy steps in silence swift advance,
Dim the bright ray that darts the fiery glance,
And age, dread herald of Death's awful reign,
Blasts every grace, and freezes every vein.

When with a mother's joy, a mother's fear,
The thoughtful parent dropt a silent tear,
Gaz'd on her child, and saw new beauties rise,
Glow in her cheeks, and sparkle in her eyes,
In expectation plann'd each hope of life,
The sister, daughter, mother, friend, and wife ;

Ah! fleeting joys! how soon those hopes were o'er!
We doom'd to mourn, and she to charm no more.
The waning moon shall fill her wasted horn,
And Nature's radiance gild the orient-morn,
The smiling spring with charms renew'd appear,
The sleeping blossoms haste to deck the year,
But bloom no more this fair departed flower,
Nor wak'd by genial sun, nor vernal shower.

How vain alas! was all thy father's art,
Vain were the sighs which swell'd thy mother's heart.
Again I see thee just expiring lie,
Pale thy cold lip, half clos'd thy languid eye,
Thy guardian innocence beside thee stands,
And patient Faith uplifts her holy hands,
Teach thee with smiles to meet the stroke of Death,
Calm all thy pangs, and ease thy struggling breath.

Resign'd, dear maid, to earth's maternal breast,
May sister Seraphs chaunt thy soul to rest!
There shall the constant Amaranthus bloom,
And wings of Zephyrs shed the morn's perfume.
O'er thy sad hearse, fair emblems of the dead,
By virgin hands are dying lilies shed.
The weeping Graces shall thy tomb surround;
The Loves with broken darts shall strew the ground;
In vain for thee they wak'd the fond desires,
Wove myrtle wreaths, and fann'd their purer fires.

The youthful God, who joins the nuptial bands,
In vain expecting, near his altar stands ;
Fate spread the cloud : his torch extinct, he flies,
And veils with saffron robe his streaming eyes.

Yet O, while crown'd with never-fading flowers,
Thy spirit wanders through Elysian bowers,
If plaintive sounds of mortal grief below
Reach the blest seats, and waft our tender woe,
Hear, happy shade ; while thus her mortal lays
This monument of soft affection raise.
By gentle ties of kindred birth ally'd,
The Muse, that sports on Camus' willow'd side,
In Memory's lofty dome inscribes thy name,
And with thy beauties strives to mix her fame.

ELEGY XIX.

•
WRITTEN IN MDCCLVIII.

BY

JAMES BEATTIE, L. L. D.

STILL shall unthinking man substantial deem
The forms that fleet through life's deceitful dream?
Till at some stroke of Fate the vision flies,
And sad realities in prospect rise;
And, from Elysian slumbers rudely torn,
The startled soul awakes, to think, and mourn.

O ye, whose hours in jocund train advance,
Whose spirits to the song of gladness dance,
Who flowery plains in endless pomp survey
Glittering in beams of visionary day;
O, yet while Fate delays th' impending woe,
Be roused to thought, anticipate the blow;
Lest, like the lightning's glance, the sudden ill
Flash to confound, and penetrate to kill;

Lest, thus encompass'd with funereal gloom,
Like me, ye bend o'er some untimely tomb,
Pour your wild ravings in Night's frightened ear,
And half pronounce Heaven's sacred doom severe.

Wise, Beauteous, Good ! 'O every grace combin'd,
That charms the eye, or captivates the mind !
Fresh, as the floweret opening on the morn,
Whose leaves bright drops of liquid pearl adorn !
Sweet, as the downy-pinion'd gale, that roves
To gather fragrance in Arabian groves !
Mild, as the melodies at close of day,
That heard remote along the vale decay !
Yet, why with these compared ? What tints so fine,
What sweetness, mildness, can be match'd with thine ?
Why roam abroad, since recollection true
Restores the lovely form to Fancy's view ?
Still let me gaze, and every care beguile,
Gaze on that cheek, where all the graces smile ;
That soul-expressing eye, benignly bright,
Where meekness beams ineffable delight ;
That brow, where Wisdom sits enthroned serene,
Each feature forms, and dignifies the mien :
Still let me listen, while her words impart
The sweet effusions of the blameless heart,

Till all my soul, each tumult charm'd away,
Yields, gently led, to Virtue's easy sway.

By thee inspired, O Virtue, Age is young,
And music warbles from the faltering tongue :
Thy ray creative cheers the clouded brow,
And decks the faded cheek with rosy glow,
Brightens the joyless aspect, and supplies
Pure heavenly lustre to the languid eyes :
But when Youth's living bloom reflects thy beams,
Resistless on the view the glory streams,
Love, Wonder, Joy, alternately alarm,
And Beauty dazzles with angelic charm.

Ah whither fled ! ye dear illusions stay !
Lo, pale and silent lies the lovely clay.
How are the roses on that cheek decay'd,
Which late the purple light of youth display'd !
Health on her form each sprightly grace bestow'd ;
With life and thought each speaking feature glow'd.
Fair was the blossom, soft the vernal sky ;
Elate with hope we deem'd no tempest nigh ;
When lo, a whirlwind's instantaneous gust
Left all its beauties withering in the dust.

Cold the soft hand, that soothed Woe's weary
head !
And quench'd the eye, the pitying tear that shed !

And mute the voice, whose pleasing accents stole,
Infusing balm, into the rankled soul !
O Death, why arm with cruelty thy power,
And spare the idle weed, yet lop the flower !
Why fly thy shafts in lawless error driven !
Is Virtue then no more the care of Heaven !
But peace, bold thought ! be still, my bursting
heart !

We, not ELIZA, felt the fatal dart.
Escaped the dungeon does the slave complain,
Nor bless the friendly hand that broke the chain ?
Say, pines not Virtue for the lingering morn,
On this dark wild condemn'd to roam forlorn ?
Where Reason's meteor-rays, with sickly glow, 'l
O'er the dun gloom a dreadful glimmering throw ;
Disclosing dubious to th' affrighted eye
O'erwhelming mountains tottering from on high,
Black billowy deeps in storm perpetual toss'd,
And weary ways in wildering labyrinths lost.
O happy stroke, that bursts the bonds of clay,
Darts through the rending gloom the blaze of day,
And wings the soul with boundless flight to soar,
Where dangers threat, and fears alarm no more.

Transporting thought ! here let me wipe away
The tear of grief, and wake a bolder lay.
But ah ! the swimming eye o'erflows anew,
Nor check the sacred drops to pity due ;

Lo, where in speechless, hopeless anguish, bend
O'er her loved dust, the Parent, Brother, Friend !
How vain the hope of man ! But cease thy strain,
Nor Sorrow's dread solemnity profane ;
Mix'd with yon drooping Mourners, on her bier
In silence shed the sympathetic tear.

MONODIES.



MONODY I.

MUSÆUS :

TO THE

MEMORY OF MR. POPE.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM MASON, M. A.

SORROWING I catch the reed, and call the Muse ;
If yet a Muse on Britain's plain abide,
Since rapt MUSÆUS tun'd his parting strain :
With him they liv'd, with him perchance they dy'd.
For who e'er since their virgin train espy'd,
Or on the banks of Thames, or that mild plain,
Where Isis sparkles to the sunny ray ?
Or have they deign'd to play,
Where Camus winds along his broider'd vale,
Feeding each white pink, and each daisy pied,
That mingling paint his rushy-fringed side ?

Yet ah ! celestial maids, ye are not dead ;
Immortal as ye are, ye may not die :
And well I ween, ye cannot quite be fled,
Ere ye entune his mournful elegy.

So my sely rhimes, whoso may them note,
Thou maken everichone to ren right sote ;
And in my verse entuneth so fetisely,
That men sayen I make trewe melody,
And spoken every dele to mine honoure.
Mich wele, grete clerk, betide thy parting houre !”

He ceas'd his homely rhyme.
When COLIN CLOUT, Eliza's shepherd swain,
The blithest lad that ever pip'd on plain,
Came with his reed soft-warbling on the way.
And thrice he bow'd his head with motion mild,
And thus his gliding numbers 'gan essay :

I.

“ Ah ! luckless swain, alas ! how art thou lorn,
Who once like me couldst frame thy pipe to play
Shepherds devise, and chear the ling'ring morn :
Ne bush, ne breere, but learnt thy roundelay.
Ah plight too sore such worth to equal right !
Ah worth too high to meet such piteous plight !

II.

“ But I nought strive, poor Colin, to compare
My Hobbin's, or my Thenot's rustic skill
To thy deft Swains, whose dapper ditties rare
Surpass ought else of quaintish shepherd's quill.
Ev'n Roman Tytyrus, that peerless wight,
Mote yield to thee for dainties of delight.

How, 'midst yon grot, each silver-trickling spring
 Wander'd the shelly channels all among;
 While as the coral roof did softly ring
 Responsive to their sweetly doleful song?
 Meanwhile all pale th' expiring poet laid,
 And sunk his awful head,
 While vocal shadows pleasing dreams prolong:
 For so, his sick'ning spirits to release,
 They pour'd the balm of visionary peace.

First, sent from Cam's fair banks, like Palmer old,
 Came TITYRUS slow, with head all silver'd o'er,
 And in his hand an oaken crook he bore,
 And thus in antique guise short talk did hold.
 "Grete clerk of Fame' is house, whose excellence
 Maie wele befitt thilk place of eminence,
 Mickle of wele betide thy houres last,
 For mich gode wirkè to me don and past.
 For syn the daies whereas my lyre ben strongen,
 And deftly many a mery laie I songen,
 Old Time, which alle things don maliciously,
 Gnawen with rusty tooth continually,
 Gnattrid my lines, that they all cancrid ben,
 'Till at the last thou smoothen 'hem hast again;
 Sithence full semely gliden my rhymes rude,
 As (if fitteth thilk similitude)
 Whannè shallow brooke yrenneth hobling on,
 Ovir rough stones it maken full rough song:
 But, them stones removen, this lite rivere
 Stolen forth by, making pleasant murmere:

So may I greet thee with a nobler strain,
When soon we meet for aye, in yon star-sprinkled
plain."

Last came a bard of more exalted tread,
And THYRSIS hight by Dryad, Fawn, or Swain,
Whene'er he mingled with the sylvan train;
But seldom that; for higher thoughts he fed;
For him full oft the heav'nly Muses led
To clear Euphrates, and the secret mount,
To Araby, and Eden, fragrant climes;
All which the sacred bard would oft recount:
And thus in strain, unus'd in grove or shade,
To sad MUSÆUS rightful homage paid.

"Thrice hail, thou heav'n-taught warbler, last and
best

Of all the train! Poet, in whom conjoin'd
All that to ear, or heart, or head, could yield
Rapture; harmonious, manly, clear, sublime!
Accept this gratulation: may it cheer
Thy sinking soul; nor these corporeal ills
Ought daunt thee, or appall. Know, in high heav'n
Fame blooms eternal o'er that spirit divine,
Who builds immortal verse. There thy bold Muse,
Which while on earth could breathe Maconian fire,
Shall soar seraphic heights; while to her voice
Ten thousand Hierarchies of angels harp
Symphonious, and with dulcet harmonies
Usher the song rejoicing. I meanwhile,

To sooth thee in these irksome hours of pain,
Approach thy visitant, with mortal laud
To praise thee mortal. First, (as first beseems)
For rhyme subdu'd ; rhyme, erst the minstrel rude
Of Chaos, Anarch old : she near his throne
Oft taught the rattling elements to chime
With tenfold din ; 'till late to earth upborn
On strident wing, what time fair poesie
Emerg'd from Gothic cloud, and faintly shot
Rekindling gleams of lustre. Her the fiend
Oppress'd ; forcing to utter uncouth dirge,
Runic, or Leonine ; and with dire chains
Fetter'd her scarce-fledg'd pinion. I such bonds
Aim'd to destroy, mistaking : bonds like these
'Twere greater art t' ennoble, and refine.
For this superior part *MUSÆUS* came:
Thou cam'st, and at thy magic touch the chains
Off dropt, and (passing strange !) soft-wreathed bands
Of flow'rs their place supply'd ! which well the Muse
Might wear for choice, not force ; obstruction none,
But loveliest ornament. Wondrous this, yet here
The wonder rests not ; various argument
Remains for me, all doubting, where to cull
The primal grace, where countless graces charm.
Various this peaceful scene, this mineral roof ;
This 'semblance meet of coral, ore, and shell ;
These pointed crystals fair, 'mid each obscure
Bright glist'ring ; all these slowly dripping rills,
That tinkling stray amid the cool cave.

Yet not this various peaceful scene ; with this
Its mineral roof ; nor this assemblage meet
Of coral, ore, and shell ; nor 'mid th' obscure
These pointed crystals, glist'ring fair ; nor rills,
That straying tinkle through the coolly cave ;
Deal charms more various to each raptur'd sense,
Than thy mellifluous lay.——”

“ Cease, friendly swain ;”

(MUSÆUS cry'd, and rais'd his aching head)
“ All praise is foreign, but of true desert ;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart.
Ah ! why recall the toys of thoughtless youth ?
When flow'ry fiction held the place of truth :
When fancy rul'd ; when trill'd each trivial strain,
But idly sweet, and elegantly vain.
Oh ! in that strain, if all of wit had flow'd,
All music warbled, and all beauty glow'd ;
Had liveliest nature, happiest art combin'd,
That lent each grace ; and this each grace refin'd :
Alas ! how little were my proudest boast !
The sweetest trifier of my tribe at most.

“ To sway the judgment, while he charms the ear ;
To curb mad passion in its wild career :
To blend with skill, as loftiest themes inspire,
All reason's rigour, and all fancy's fire ;
Be this the poet's praise ; with this uncrown'd,
Wit dies a jest, and poetry a sound.

“ Come then that honest fame ; whose sober ray
Or gilds the satire, or the moral lay,
Which dawns, tho’ thou, rough **DONNE**! hew out the
line,

But beams, sage **HORACE**, from each strain of thine.
O! if, like these, one poet more could brave
The venal statesman, or the titled slave ;
Brand frontless Vice, strip all her stars and strings,
Nor spare her basking in the smile of kings :
Yet stoop to Virtue, though the prostrate maid
Lay sadly pale in bleak misfortune’s shade :
If grave, yet lively ; rational, yet warm ;
Clear to convince, and eloquent to charm ;
He pour’d, for her lov’d cause, serene along
The purest precept, in the sweetest song :
For her lov’d cause, he trac’d his moral plan,
Yon various region of bewild’ring man :
Explor’d alike each scene, that frown’d or smil’d,
The flow’ry garden, or the weedy wild ;
Unmov’d by sophistry, unaw’d by name,
No dupe to doctrines, and no fool to fame :
Led by no system’s devious glare astray,
As earth-born meteors glitter to betray :
But all his soul to reason’s rule resign’d,
And heav’n’s own views fair op’ning on his mind,
Catch’d from bright nature’s flame the living ray,
Through passion’s cloud pour’d in resistless day ;
And this great truth in all its lustre shew’d,
That **GOD IS WISE, and ALL CREATION GOOD ;**

Yet not this various peaceful scene ; with this
Its mineral roof ; nor this assemblage meet
Of coral, ore, and shell ; nor 'mid th' obscure
These pointed crystals, glist'ring fair ; nor rills,
That straying tinkle through the cool cave ;
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And heav’n’s own views fair op’ning on his mind,
Catch’d from bright nature’s flame the living ray,
Through passion’s cloud pour’d in resistless day ;
And this great truth in all its lustre shew’d,
That GOD IS WISE, and ALL CREATION GOOD ;

If this his boast, pour here the welcome lays :
Praise less than this, is impotence of praise."

" To pour that praise be mine," fair VIRTUE
cry'd,
And shot all radiant, through an op'ning cloud.
But ah ! my Muse, how will thy voice express
Th' immortal strain, harmonious, as it flow'd ?
Ill suits immortal strain a Doric dress :
And far too high already hast thou soar'd.
Enough for thee, that, when the lay was o'er,
The goddess clasp'd him to her throbbing breast,
But what might that avail ? Blind Fate before
Had op'd her shears, to slit his vital thread ;
And who may hope gainsay her stern behest ?
Then thrice he wav'd the hand, thrice bow'd the
head,
And sigh'd his soul to rest.

Then wept the Nymphs ; witness, ye waving
shades !
Witness, ye winding streams ! the Nymphs did weep ;
The heav'nly goddess too with tears did steep
Her plaintive voice, that echo'd through the glades ;
And, " cruel gods," and " cruel stars," she cry'd :
Nor did the shepherds, through the woodlands wide,
On that sad day, or to the pensive brook,
Or stagnant river, drive their thirsty flocks ;
Nor did the wild-goat brouze the steepy rocks ;

And Philomel her custom'd oak forsook ;
And roses wan were wav'd by zephyrs weak,
As nature's self was sick ;
And every lily droop'd its velvet head ;
And groan'd each faded lawn, and leafless grove ;
Sad sympathy ! yet sure his rightful meed,
Who charm'd all nature ; well might Nature mourn
Through all her sweets ; and flow'r, and lawn, and
shade,
All vocal grown, all weep MUSÆUS dead.

Here end we, Goddess : this your shepherd sang,
All as his hands an ivy chaplet wove.
O ! make it worthy of the sacred bard,
And make it equal to the shepherd's love.
Nor thou, MUSÆUS, from thine ear discard,
For well I ween thou hear'st my doleful song ;
Whether 'mid angel troops, the stars among,
From golden harps thou call'st seraphic lays ;
Or, anxious for thy dearest Virtue's fare,
Thou still art hov'ring o'er her tuneless sphere,
And mov'st some hidden spring her weal to raise.

Thus the fond swain on Doric oar essay'd,
Manhood's prime honors downing on his cheek :
Trembling he strove to court the tuneful maid
With stripling arts, and dalliance all too weak ;

Unseen, unheard, beneath an hawthorn shade.
But now dun clouds the welkin 'gan to streak ;
And now down-dropt the larks, and ceas'd their
 strain :
They ceas'd, and with them ceas'd the shepherd
 swain.

MONODY II.

TO THE MEMORY OF
MRS. MARGARET WOFFINGTON.

BY MR. JOHN HOOLE.

*Flebilis indignos Elegia solve capillos,
Ah ! nimis ex vero nunc tibi nomen erit.*

Ovid.

THERE fled the fair, that all beholders charm'd,
Whose beauty fir'd us, and whose spirit warm'd !
In that sad sigh th' unwilling breath retir'd;
The grace, the glory of our scene expir'd !
And shall she die, the muse's rites unpaid,
No grateful lays to deck her parting shade ?
While on her bier the sister graces mourn,
And weeping tragedy bedews her urn ?
While comedy her chearful vein foregoes,
And learns to melt with unaccustom'd woes ?

Accept (O once admir'd !) these artless lays ;
Accept this mite of tributary praise.
O ! could I paint thee with a master's hand,
And give thee all thy merits could demand ;

These lines should glow with true poetic flame,
Bright as thy eyes, and faultless as thy frame !

We mourn'd thy absence, from our scene retir'd,
Each longing heart again thy charms desir'd.
Yet, still, alas ! we hop'd again to view
Our wish, our pleasure, ev'ry joy in you !
Again thy looks might grace the tragic rage ;
Again thy spirit fill the comic stage.
But lo ! disease hangs hov'ring o'er thy head ;
Dire danger stalks around thy frightened bed !
Those starry eyes have lost each beamy ray,
And ghastly sickness makes the fair her prey !
Death shuts the scene !—and all our hopes are o'er !
Those beauties now must glad the sight no more !

Say ye, whose features youthful lustre bloom,
Whose lips exhale Arabia's soft perfume,
Must ev'ry gift in silent dust be lost,
No more the wish of man, or female boast ?
Ah me ! with time must ev'ry grace be fled !
She, once the pride of all our stage, is dead !
Clos'd are those eyes that ev'ry bosom fir'd ;
Pale are those charms that ev'ry heart inspir'd !
Where now the mien with majesty endu'd,
Which oft surpriz'd a ravish'd audience view'd ?

What forms too oft the tragic scene disgrace ;
What tasteless airs the comic scene deface ?

Tho' tuneful Cibber still the muse sustains,
By nature fram'd to pour the moving strains,
Tho' from her eye each heart-felt passion breaks,
And more than music warbles when she speaks ;
When shall we view again, like thine, conjoin'd,
A form angelic and a piercing mind ;
Alike in ev'ry mimic scene to steer,
The gay, the grave, the lively, and severe.
Thy judgment saw, thy taste each beauty caught,
No senseless parrot of the poet's thought !
Thy bosom well cou'd heave with fancy'd woe,
And, from thy own, our tears were taught to flow.
Whene'er we view'd the Roman's sullied fame,
Thy beauty justify'd the hero's shame.
What heart but then must Antony approve,
And own the world was nobly lost for love ?
What ears cou'd hear in vain thy cause implor'd,
When soothing arts appeas'd thy angry lord ?
Each tender breast the rough Ventidius blam'd,
And Egypt gain'd the sigh Oëtavia claim'd.
Thy eloquence each hush'd attention drew,
While love usurp'd the tears to virtue due.

See ! Phaedra rise majestic o'er the scene,
What raging pangs distract the hapless queen !
How does thy sense the poet's thought refine,
Beam thro' each word, and brighten ev'ry line !
What nerve, what vigor glows in ev'ry part,
While classic lays appear with classic art !

Who now can bid the proud Roxana rise,
With love and anger sparkling in her eyes ?
Who now shall bid her breast in fury glow,
With all the semblance of imperial woe ?
While the big passion, raging in her veins,
Would hold the master of the world in chains :
But Alexander now forsakes her coast :—
And, ah ! Roxana is for ever lost !

Nor less thy pow'r when rigid virtue fir'd
The chaster bard, and purer thoughts inspir'd :
What kneeling form appears with stedfast eyes,
Her bosom heaving with devotion's sighs !
'Tis she ! in thee we own the mournful scene,
The fair resemblance of a martyr queen !
Here Guido's skill might mark thy speaking frame,
And catch from thee the painter's magic flame !

Blest in each art ! by nature form'd to please,
With beauty, sense, with elegance and ease !
Whose piercing genius study'd all mankind,
All Shakspeare op'ning to thy vig'rous mind.
In ev'ry scene of comic humour known ;
In sprightly sallies wit was all thy own.
Whether you seem'd the cit's more humble wife ;
Or shone in Townley's higher sphere of life :
Alike thy spirit knew each turn of wit ;
And gave new force to all the poet writ.

Nor was thy worth to public scenes confin'd,
Thou knew'st the noblest feelings of the mind :

Thy ears were ever open to distress ;
Thy ready hand was ever stretch'd to bless.
Thy breast humane for each unhappy felt ;
Thy heart for other's sorrows prone to melt.
In vain did envy point her scorpion sting ;
In vain did malice shake her blasting wing :
Each gen'rous breast disdain'd th' unpleasing tale,
And cast o'er ev'ry fault oblivion's veil :
Confess'd thro' ev'ry cloud, thy deeds to shine,
And own'd the virtues of compassion thine !
Saw mild benevolence her wand disclose,
And touch thy heart at ev'ry suff'rer's woes :
Saw meek-ey'd charity thy steps attend,
And guide thy hand the wretched to befriend :
Go, ask the breast that teems with mournful sighs,
Who wip'd the sorrows from affliction's eyes :
Go, ask the wretch, in want and sickness laid,
Whose goodness brighten'd once misfortune's shade.

O! snatch me hence to lone sequester'd scenes,
To arching grottos and enbow'ring greens !
Where scarce a ray can pierce the dusky shade,
Where scarce a footstep marks the dewy glade ;
Where pale-hu'd grief her secret dwelling keeps ;
Where the chill blood with lazy horror creeps :
Where awful silence spreads her noiseless wing :
And sorrow's harp may tune the dismal string.—
Or rather lead my steps to distant plains,
Where closing earth enfolds her last remains :

What time the moon displays her silver beam,
And groves and floods reflect the milder gleam :
When contemplation broods with thought profound,
And fairy visions haunt the sylvan ground.

Lo ! fancy now, on airy pinions spread,
With scenes ideal hovers o'er my head.
I see ! I see ! more pleasing themes arise :
What mystic shadows flit before my eyes !
Imagination paints the sacred grove,
The place devote to poesy and love.
Here grateful poets hail the actor's name,
And pay the rightful tribute to their fame :
Around their tomb, in gen'rous sorrow, mourn,
And twine the laurels o'er the favor'd urn.

Methinks I view the last sepulchral frame,
That bears inscrib'd her much-lamented name.
See ! to my view the drama's sons display'd :
What laurell'd phantoms croud the awful shade !
First of the choir immortal Shakspeare stands,
Whose searching eye all nature's scene commands :
Bright in his look celestial spirit blooms,
And genius o'er him waves his eagle plumes !
Next tender Southern, skill'd the soul to move ;
And gentle Rowe, who tunes the breast to love.
The witty Congreve near with sprightly mien :
And easy Farquhar with his lighter scene.
A num'rous train of bards the shrine surround,
In tragic strains and comic lore renown'd.

See ! on the tomb yon pensive form appear,
Heave the full sigh, and drop the frequent tear :
The garments loose her throbbing bosom show ;
Dispers'd in air her careless tresses flow :
Round her pale brows a myrtle wreath is spread,
A gloomy cypress nods above her head,
See ! while her hand a solemn lyre sustains,
Her trembling fingers wake the languid strains :
Soft to the touch the vocal strings reply,
And tune the notes to answer ev'ry sigh,
She (child of grief !) at human mis'ry weeps ;
At ev'ry death her dismal vigil keeps.
But chief she mourns, when fate's relentless doom
Gives wit and beauty victims to the tomb.
Her lays their merits and their loss proclaim,
(A mournful task !) and elegy her name !
Now bending o'er the pile she vents her moan,
And pours these sorrows o'er the senseless stone.

Ah ! lost, for ever lost ! the breath that warm'd,
The wit that ravish'd, and the mien that charm'd !
Here sleeps, beneath, the fairest of the fair,
The graces' darling, and the muses' care !
Who once could fix a thousand gazers eyes,
Now cold and lifeless unregarded lies !
Who once the soul in bonds of love detain'd,
Now lies, alas ! in stronger bonds restrain'd.
Pale death has rifled all her pleasing store,
And Nature loaths a form so lov'd before !

Is there a fair whose features point the dart,
Charm the fix'd eye, and fascinate the heart ?
Behold what soon disarms the childish sting,
And plucks the wanton plume from Cupid's wing :
Then boast no longer wit's fallacious store ;
The sweets of sprightly converse boast no more :
Those lips so fram'd to each persuasive art,
No more shall touch the ear, and win the heart !
Let beauty here her transient blessing weigh ;
Let humble wit her pitying tribute pay ;
Let female grace vouchsafe the kindly tear ;
Wit, grace, and beauty, once were center'd here !
Ye sacred bards, who tun'd the drama's lays,
Here pay your incense of distinguish'd praise !
She gave your scenes with ev'ry grace to shine ;
She gave new feeling to the nervous line :
Her beauties well supply'd each tragic lore,
And shew'd those charms your muse but feign'd be-
fore !

Here round her shrine your votive wreaths bestow,
Around her shrine eternal greens shall grow.
The list'ning groves shall learn her name to sing,
And zephyrs waft it on their downy wing ;
Till ev'ry shade these doleful sounds return,
And ev'ry gale in sullen dirges mourn !

The mourner ends with sighs ; her hand she rears,
And with her vesture dries the gushing tears.
Behold each bard the soft contagion feels ;
From ev'ry eye the trickling sorrow steals.

See ! Nature's son lament her hapless doom,
See ! Shakspeare bending o'er his fav'rite's tomb.
Each shadowy form declines his awful head,
And scatters roses on the fun'ral bed.
In slow procession round the shrine they move,
And chant her praises thro' the tuneful grove.

Farewell the glory of a wondring age,
The second Oldfield of a sinking stage !
Farewell the boast and envy of thy kind,
A female softness, and a manly mind !
Long as the muses can record thy praise,
Thy fame shall last to far succeeding days :
While wit survives, thy name shall ever bloom,
And wreaths unfading flourish round thy tomb !

While thus I tune the plaintive notes in vain,
For her, whose worth demands a nobler strain ;
Lo ! to my thought some warning genius cries :
Attempt not, swain, beyond thy flight to rise.
Shall thy weak skill attempt to raise our woes,
Or paint a loss that ev'ry bosom knows ?
'Tis not thy lays can teach us tears to shed ;
What eye refrains ?—for Woffington is dead !

MONODY III.

TO THE MEMORY OF

GARRICK.

BY RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, ESQ.

Spoken at the Theatre in Drury-Lane.

If dying excellence deserve a tear,
If fond remembrance still be cherish'd here,
Can we persist to bid your sorrows flow
For fabl'd suff'ers, and delusive woe ?
Or with quaint smiles dismiss the plaintive strain,
Point the quick jest—indulge the comic vein—
Ere yet to buried Roscius we assign—
One kind regret—one tributary line !

His fame requires we act a tenderer part :
His memory claims the tear you gave his art !

The general voice, the meed of mournful verse,
The splendid sorrows that adorn'd his hearse,
The throng that mourn'd as their dead favorite
pass'd,

The grac'd respect that claim'd him to the last,
While Shakspeare's image from its hallow'd base,
Seem'd to prescribe the grave, and point the place—
Nor these—nor all the sad regrets that flow
From fond Fidelity's domestic woe—
So much are Garrick's praise—so much his due—
As on this spot—one tear bestow'd by you.

Amid the arts which seek ingenious fame,
Our toil attempts the most precarious claim!
To him, whose mimic pencil wins the prize,
Obedient Fame immortal wreathes supplies :
Whate'er of wonder Reynolds now may raise,
Raphael still boasts contemporary praise :
Each dazzling light, and gaudier bloom subdu'd,
With undiminish'd awe his works are view'd :
E'en Beauty's portrait wears a softer prime,
Touch'd by the tender hand of mellowing time.

The patient sculptor owns an humbler part,
A ruder toil, and more mechanic art ;
Content with slow and timorous stroke to trace
The lingering line, and mould the tardy grace :
But once achiev'd—tho' barbarous wreck o'erthrow
The sacred fame, and lay its glories low,
Yet shall the sculptur'd ruin rise to-day,
Grac'd by defect, and worship'd in decay ;
Th' enduring record bears the artist's name,
Demands his honors, and asserts his fame.

Superior hopes the poet's bosom fire—
O, proud distinction of the sacred lyre !—
Wide as th' inspiring Phoebus darts his ray,
Diffusive splendor gilds his votary's lay.
Whether the song heroic woes rehearse,
With epic grandeur, and the pomp of verse ;
Or, fondly gay, with unambitious guile
Attempt no prize but favouring Beauty's smile ;
Or bear dejected to the lonely grove
The soft despair of unprevailing love—
Whate'er the theme—thro' every age and clime
Congenial passions meet th' according rhyme :
The pride of Glory—Pity's sigh sincere—
Youth's earliest blush—and Beauty's virgin tear.

Such is their meed—their honors thus secure,
Whose arts yield objects, and whose works endure.
The actor only, shrinks from time's award ;
Feeble tradition is his memory's guard ;
By whose faint breath it must abide,
Unvouch'd by proof—to substance unallied !
Even matchless Garrick's heart to heav'n resign'd,
No fix'd effect, no model leaves behind !

The grace of action—the adapted mien
Faithful as nature to the varied scene :
Th' expressive glance—whose subtle comment draws
Entranc'd attention, and a mute applause ;
Gesture that marks, with force and feeling fraught,

A sense in silence, and a will in thought ;
Harmonious speech, whose pure and liquid tone
Gives verse a music, scarce confess'd its own ;
As light from gems assumes a brighter ray ;
And cloathed with orient hues, transcends the day !—
Passion's wild break—and frown that awes the sense,
And every charm of gentler eloquence—
All perishable !—like th' electric fire,
But strike the frame—and as they strike expire ;
Incense too pure a bodied flame to bear,
Its fragrance charms the sense, and blends with air.

Where then—while sunk in cold decay he lies,
And pale eclipse for ever veils those eyes ;—
Where is the blest memorial than ensures
Our Garrick's fame ?—whose is the trust ?—'tis
yours.

And O ! by every charm his art essay'd
To sooth your cares !—by every grief allay'd !
By the hush'd wonder which his accents drew !
By his last parting tear, repaid by you !
By all those thoughts, which many a distant night,
Shall mark his memory with a sad delight !—
Still in your heart's dear record bear his name ;
Cherish the keen regret that lifts his fame ;
To you it is bequeath'd, assert the trust,
And to his worth—'tis all you can—be just.

What more is due from sanctifying time,
To cheerful wit, and many a favor'd rhyme,
O'er his grac'd urn shall bloom, a deathless wreath,
Whose blossom'd sweets shall deck the mask beneath,
For these—when Sculpture's votive toil shall rear
The due memorial of a loss so dear!—
O loveliest mourner, gentle Muse! be thine
The pleasing woe to guard the laurell'd shrine.
As, Fancy, oft by Superstition led
To roam the mansions of the sainted dead
Has view'd, by shadowy eve's unfaithful gloom,
A weeping cherub on a martyr's tomb—
So thou, sweet Muse! hang o'er his sculptur'd bier,
With patient woe, that loves the lingering tear;
With thoughts that mourn—nor yet desire relief,
With meek regret, and fond enduring grief;
With looks that speak—he never shall return!—
Chilling thy tender bosom clasp his urn;
And with soft sighs disperse th' irreverend dust,
Which Time may strew upon his sacred bust.

MONODY IV.

THE *VANITY OF HUMAN LIFE.*

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THE MOST HON.

FRANCIS RUSSEL,

Marquis of Tavistock.

BY JAMES SCOTT, D. D.

O nostra vita, ch' e si bella in vista
Com' perde agevolmente in un matino
Quel, che 'n molt' anni a gran pena s'acquista.

Petrarch.

Be gone, delusion vain !
Leave me, ye smiling meretricious joys,
That false as Delilah the soul enchain,
While hostile cares and rancorous passions rise,
And quench the mental sight !
Be gone !—and while the still funereal Night
Her awful pall, compact of thickest clouds,
Spreads o'er the world, and all its glories shrouds,
Give me to muse on sublunary bliss,
How frail, how transient ! like a vernal flower,
That the rude breath of Boreas means to kiss,

And kills; or like an air-blown bubble, born
To dance and glitter for a short, short hour
While all is calm, but soon the sport and scorn
Of envious winds, it bursts, and is no more !

Ah me, how gay, how beautiful, how sweet
Is Life's fair prospect to th' enchanted eye
Of unexperienc'd youth !—Not Arno's Vale,
Where all the mingled charms of Nature meet,
Is more profuse of joy ;
There wing'd with fragrance ev'ry whisp'ring gale
Delights the soul ; flowers of a thousand dyes,
The Muskrose, Hyacinth, and Asphodel,
Purple the ground ; fresh breathing Myrtles rise ;
And in the frequent grove, the feather'd choir
Trill their soft notes of amorous desire.
With ling'ring feet the raptur'd stranger strays,
And, O sweet vale, dear region of delight,
He cries, where Eden's beauties charm the sight,
Here let me live, here end my blissful days !
Fond wretch, revoke the prayer !—
For swift as lightning through the desert air
A noontide, pestilential vapor flies,
And blasts the fairy scene :
Each herb, plant, flower, shrinks up its leaves, and
dies !

Ye sons of Fortune, ye who madly dote
On this vile world, and hug her to your arms ;

Who now luxuriate in her golden charms,
 And ever vacant fondly hope she'll prove,
 Amiable ever ;—learn, O timely learn
 To wean your hearts from such destructive love,
 And fly to Wisdom's school !
 Not to that Wisdom, crabbed, harsh, and dull,
 That Stoics preach'd along the murmuring stream
 Of fam'd ILLISSUS ; nor to that less stern,
 Which Plato taught in studious ACADEME :
 Such Wisdom is rank Folly in disguise !
 Go, fly to that sepulchral gloom,
 Where the pale corpse of gentle RUSSEL lies ;
 There Wisdom, bending o'er her fav'rite's tomb,
 Unwearied vigils keeps ;
 And ever and anon the Goddess weeps,
 While thus she mocks all human vanities :

“ Wealth, Grandeur, Power, and Fame,—ye idol-
 train,
 At whose throng'd altars prostrate millions bow,
 Where is your boasting now ?
 Where your pre-eminence so proud, and vain ?
 Go, great Magicians, on the hollow base
 Of empty Hope, bid dazzling fabrics rise
 Of sublunary joys :
 But ah ! how soon shall Death the structures rase,
 Burst your vain spells, and disenchant the scene !
 Thou breathless corse, that there in manhood green
 Art sepulcher'd, to crawling worms a prey,
 Oh what a change was wrought in one short day !

At morn with riches crown'd, in virtues great;
Dear to his friends, and to his country dear;
The blooming hope, and "rose of the fair state;"
Whose opening leaves with pride Britannia saw,
And thought, how vainly, rich perfumes to draw
From flower so sweet and fair!
At night—ah me, I fondly err,—
Or ere the sun with hot meridian ray
Had pierc'd the earth—he fainted, sicken'd, dy'd!—
No more his friends' delight, his country's pride,
But oh, a poor pale piece of lifeless clay!—

"Ye hapless few, whom nearer converse gave
His various worth to know, and hourly trace
Each nicer, softer, more domestick grace,
That, like the touches exquisitely fine
Of Titian's hand, are at a distance lost,
Weep, weep no more—no more, fond souls, repine
That all your wishes, all your hopes are crost.
Though there with livid cheeks, and ghastly eyes,
Your dear, departed friend, your RUSSEL lies,
'Tis but his semblance, but his shade;
A frail and perishable casket, made
To hold a jewel of stupendous price;
A jewel, that is now exalted high,
And flames and sparkles in Heaven's treasury!"

Thus Wisdom speaks—Yet, O thou matchless
youth,
That dost immortal, boundless joys inherit,

Still will we weep, and melt with Ruth,
Though not for thee, thou happy, happy spirit,
Yet for ourselves !—Oh, that remorseless Death
Had spar'd thee, RUSSEL, and with ranc'rous tooth
Devour'd the scum of Britain's bastard brood,
Who, lost to all that's noble, all that's good,
Enlist in Faction's cause ;
And when Ambition calls, or Av'rice draws,
Grow fat, and wanton in their country's blood !
Vile parricides !—Why leave the righteous Gods
Such wretches to consume the fruits of earth,
And snatch thee, RUSSEL, to their blest abodes ?
Thou flower of true nobility, whose worth
Promis'd so fair, and might in future age
Have prov'd a burning, shining light, to guide
Our young patricians from the fatal rage
Of lurking rocks, that in life's boist'rous tide
Have shipwreck'd many a great and noble name,
And spread the ruins of an honest fame !

Yes, we will weep—weep for our country's loss,
That, in these dregs of Britain, ill could spare
Thy virtues great, and rare ;
Thy public spirit, that contemn'd as dross
The golden baits, which Mammon throws to lure
Our wand'ring feet from Virtue's distant goal ;
Thy moderation, that the stream impure
Of party never could control ;
Thy mildness, greatness, gentleness of soul ;
Thy bounty, ne'er implor'd in vain,

That on the meagre sons of Want and Toil
In showers spontaneous flow'd,
And like the morning dew, or gracious rain,
Distilling gently from a vernal cloud,
Bad the bleak desert smile !——
Excellent youth, whose bosom was the soil
Where ev'ry grace, and ev'ry virtue throve ;
But chiefly those, the gentlest, sweetest, best,
That humanise and dignify the breast,
The filial, conjugal, paternal Love !
Yes, we will weep—and why, thou widow'd Muse,
That wander'st, all disconsolate and pale,
Through GRANTA's fav'rite vale,
Ah why the tributary tear refuse ?
Hence with ungrateful Silence, partial maid ;
And bid thy choicest streams of music flow,
In all the artless negligence of woe,
To grace the tomb where TAVISTOCK is laid !
Canst thou forget, how in thy learned shade
The dear ingenuous youth
Model'd his soul to honor, virtue, truth ?
Oh, if thy torpid spirits still require
Some nearer force to strike the latent fire,
Think, how in future time
He would have smooth'd Preferment's arduous way,
And taught thy best deserving sons to climb
Those heights, where wealth and honors bloom, which
now
Like fruits, that on rough precipices grow,
Are only to be pluck'd by birds of prey.

Think,——but ah! whither do I fondly stray,
And why recount his matchless virtues o'er?
O——you who wear, “in your heart’s core,”
His image deep engrav’d, accept this lay,
That, rich in zeal, in wit and learning poor,
A rural Muse presents at RUSSEL’s shrine:
Worthless I own the gift,—yet shepherds bring
The frail and short-liv’d beauties of the Spring,
To deck the altars of their powers divine.

MONODY V.

TO THE MEMORY OF A YOUNG LADY.

BY CUTHBERT SHAW.

YET do I live! O how shall I sustain
This vast unutterable weight of woe?
This worse than hunger, poverty, or pain,
Or all the complicated ills below—
She, in whose life my hopes were treasur'd all,
Is gone—for ever fled—
My dearest EMMA's dead;
These eyes, these tear-swol'n eyes beheld her fall:
Ah no—she lives on some far happier shore,
She lives—but (cruel thought!) she lives for me no
more.

I, who the tedious absence of a day
Remov'd, would languish for my charmer's sight,
Would chide the lingering moments for delay,
And fondly blame the slow return of night;
How, how shall I endure
(O misery past a cure!)

Hours, days, and years, successively to roll,
Nor ever more behold the comfort of my soul ?

Was she not all my fondest wish could frame ?
Did ever mind so much of heaven partake ?
Did she not love me with the purest flame,
And give up friends and fortune for my sake ?
 Though mild as evening skies,
 With downcast streaming eyes,
Stood the stern frown of supercilious brows,
Deaf to their brutal threats, and faithful to her
 vows.

Come then, some Muse, the saddest of the train,
 (No more your bard shall dwell on idle lays)
Teach me each moving melancholy strain,
And O discard the pageantry of phrase :
Ill suit the flowers of speech with woes like mine !
 Thus, haply, as I paint
 The source of my complaint,
My soul may own the impassion'd line ;
A flood of tears may gush to my relief,
And from my swelling heart discharge this load of
 grief.

Forbear, my fond officious friends, forbear
To wound my ears with the sad tales you tell ;
“ How good she was, how gentle, and how fair ! ”
In pity cease—alas ! I know too well :

How, in her sweet expressive face,
Beam'd forth the beauties of her mind,
Yet heighten'd by exterior grace
Of manners most engaging, most refin'd.

No piteous object could she see,
But her soft bosom shar'd the woe,
While smiles of affability
Endear'd whatever boon she might bestow.
Whate'er th' emotions of her heart,
Still shone conspicuous in her eyes,
Stranger to every female art,
Alike to feign, or to disguise:
And O the boast how rare !
The secret in her faithful breast repos'd,
She ne'er with lawless tongue disclos'd,
In sacred silence lodg'd inviolate there.
O feeble words—unable to express
Her matchless virtues, or my own distress !

Relentless Death ! that, steel'd to human woe,
With murderous hands deals havock on mankind,
Why (cruel !) strike this deprecated blow,
And leave such wretched multitudes behind ?
Hark ! Groans come wing'd on every breeze !
The sons of Grief prefer their ardent vow ;
Oppress'd with sorrow, want, or dire disease,
And supplicate thy aid, as I do now :

In vain—Perverse, still on the unweeting head
'Tis thine thy vengeful darts to shed ;
Hope's infant blossoms to destroy,
And drench in tears the face of joy.

But oh ! fell tyrant ! yet expect the hour
When Virtue shall renounce thy power ;
When thou no more shall blot the face of day,
Nor mortals tremble at thy rigid sway.
Alas ! the day—where-e'er I turn my eyes,
Some sad memento of my loss appears ;
I fly the fatal house—suppress my sighs,
Resolv'd to dry my unavailing tears :
But, ah ! in vain—no change of time or
place
The memory can efface
Of all that sweetness, that enchanting air,
Now lost ; and nought remains but anguish and de-
spair.

Where were the delegates of Heaven, oh where !
Appointed Virtue's children safe to keep !
Had Innocence or Virtue been their care,
She had not dy'd, nor had I liv'd to weep :
Mov'd by my tears, and by her patience mov'd,
To see her force th' endearingsmile,
My sorrows to beguile,
When Torture's keenest rage she prov'd ;
Sure they had ward'd that untimely dart,

Which broke her thread of life, and rent a husband's heart.

How shall I e'er forget that dreadful hour,
When, feeling Death's resistless power,
My hand she press'd, wet with her falling tears,
And thus, in faltering accents, spoke her fears!

" Ah, my lov'd lord, the transient scene is o'er,
And we must part (alas!) to meet no more!
But oh! if e'er thy EMMA's name was dear,
If e'er thy vows have charm'd my ravish'd ear;
If, from thy lov'd embrace my heart to gain,
Proud friends have frown'd, and Fortune smil'd in
vain;

If it has been my sole endeavour, still
To act in all obsequious to thy will;
To watch thy very smiles, thy wish to know,
Then only truly blest when thou wert so;
If I have doated with that fond excess,
Nor Love could add, nor Fortune make it less;
If this I've done, and more—oh then be kind
To the dear lovely babe I leave behind.
When time my once-lov'd memory shall efface,
Some happier maid may take thy EMMA's place,
With envious eyes thy partial fondness see,
And hate it for the love thou bore to me:
My dearest SHAW, forgive a woman's fears,
But one word more (I cannot bear thy tears)
Promise—and I will trust thy faithful vow,

(Oft have I try'd, and ever found thee true)
That to some distant spot thou wilt remove
This fatal pledge of hapless EMMA's love,
Where safe, thy blandishments it may partake,
And oh! be tender for its mother's sake.
Wilt thou?——
I know thou wilt——sad silence speaks assent,
And in that pleasing hope thy EMMA dies content.

I, who with more than manly strength have bore
The various ills impos'd by cruel Fate,
Sustain the firmness of my soul no more,
But sink beneath the weight :
Just Heaven! (I cry'd) from Memory's earliest day
No comfort has thy wretched suppliant known,
Misfortune still with unrelenting sway
Has claim'd me for her own.
But O!—in pity to my grief restore
This only source of bliss; I ask—I ask no more—
Vain hope—th' irrevocable doom is past,
Ev'n now she looks—she sighs her last——
Vainly I strive to stay her fleeting breath,
And, with rebellious heart, protest against her death.
When the stern tyrant clos'd her lovely eyes,
How did I rave, untaught to bear the blow!
With impious wish to tear her from the skies;
How curse my fate in bitterness of woe!
But whither would this dreadful frenzy lead?

Pond man, forbear,
Thy fruitless sorrow spare,
Dare not to task what Heaven's high will decreed ;
In humble reverence kiss th' afflictive rod,
And prostrate bow to an offended God.

Perhaps kind Heaven in mercy dealt the blow,
Some saving truth thy roving soul to teach ;
'T' wean thy heart from groveling views below,
And point out bliss beyond Misfortune's reach :
'T' shew that all the flattering schemes of joy,
Which towering Hope so fondly builds in air,
One fatal moment can destroy,
And plunge th' exulting Maniac in despair.
Then O! with pious fortitude sustain
Thy present loss—haply, thy future gain ;
Nor let thy EMMA die in vain ;
Time shall administer its wonted balm,
And hush this storm of grief to no displeasing calm.

'Twas the poor bird, by some disast'rous fate,
Caught and imprison'd in a lonely cage,
Torn from its native fields, and dearer mate,
Flutters awhile, and spends its little rage :
But, finding all its efforts weak and vain,
No more it pants and rages for the plain ;
Moping awhile in sullen mood
Droops the sweet mourner—but, ere long,

Prunes its light wings, and pecks its food,
And meditates the song :
Serenely sorrowing, breathes its piteous case,
And with its plaintive warblings saddens all the
place.

Forgive me, Heaven !—yet—yet the tears will flow,
To think how soon my scene of bliss is past !
My budding joys just promising to blow,
All nipt and wither'd by one envious blast !
My hours, that laughing wont to fleet away,
Move heavily along ;
Where's now the sprightly jest, the jocund
song ?

Time creeps unconscious of delight :
How shall I cheat the tedious day ?
And O—the joyless night !
Where shall I rest my weary head ?
How shall I find repose on a sad widow'd bed ?

Come, Theban drug, the wretch's only aid,
To my torn heart its former peace restore ;
Thy votary wrapp'd in thy Lethean shade,
Awhile shall cease his sorrows to deplore :
Haply, when lock'd in Sleep's embrace,
Again I shall behold my EMMA's face ;
Again with transport hear
Her voice soft whispering in my ear ;
May steal once more a balmy kiss,
And taste at least of visionary bliss.

But, ah ! th' unwelcome morn's obtruding light
Will all my shadowy schemes of bliss depose,
Will tear the dear illusion from my sight,
And wake me to the sense of all my woes :
If to the verdant fields I stray,
Alas ! what pleasures now can these convey ?
Her lovely form pursues where-e'er I go,
And darkens all the scene with woe.
By Nature's lavish bounties chear'd no more,
Sorrowing I rove
Through valley, grot, and grove :
Nought can their beauties or my loss restore ;
No herb, no plant, can med'cine my disease,
And my sad sighs are borne on every passing breeze.

Sickness and sorrow hovering round my bed,
Who now with anxious haste shall bring relief,
With lenient hand support my drooping head,
Assuage my pains, and mitigate my grief ?
Should worldly business call away,
Who now shall in my absence fondly mourn,
Count every minute of the loitering day,
Impatient for my quick return ?
Should aught my bosom discompose,
Who now, with sweet complacent air,
Shall smooth the rugged brow of Care,
And soften all my woes ?
Too faithful Memory—Cease, O cease—
How shall I e'er regain my peace ?

(O to forget her!)—but how vain each art,
Whilst every virtue lives imprinted on my heart!

And thou, my little cherub, left behind,
To hear a father's plaints, to share his woes,
When Reason's dawn informs thy infant mind,
And thy sweet-lipping tongue shall ask the cause,
How oft with sorrow shall mine eyes run o'er,

When, twining round my knees, I trace
Thy mother's smile upon thy face?
How oft to my full heart shalt thou restore
Sad memory of my joys—ah, now no more!
By blessings once enjoy'd now more distressed,
More beggar by the riches once possessed.
My little darling!—dearer to me grown
By all the tears thou'st caus'd—(O strange to hear!)
Bought with a life yet dearer than thy own,

Thy cradle purchas'd with thy mother's bier:
Who now shall seek with fond delight
Thy infant steps to guide aright?
She, who with doating eyes would gaze
On all thy little artless ways,
By all thy soft endearments blest,
And clasp thee oft with transport to her breast,
Alas! is gone—Yet shalt thou prove
A father's dearest, tenderest love;
And, O sweet senseless smiler (envied state!),
As yet unconscious of thy hapless fate,
When years thy judgment shall mature,
And Reason shews those ills it cannot cure,

Wilt thou, a father's grief to assuage,
For virtue prove the Phoenix of the earth,
(Like her, thy mother dy'd to give thee birth)
And be the comfort of my age ?

When sick and languishing I lie,
Wilt thou my EMMA's wonted care supply ?
And, oft as to thy listening ear,
Thy mother's virtues and her fate I tell,
Say, wilt thou drop the tender tear,
Whilst on the mournful theme I dwell ?
Then, fondly stealing to thy father's side,
Whene'er thou seest the soft distress,
Which I would vainly seek to hide,
Say, wilt thou strive to make it less ?
To sooth my sorrows all thy cares employ,
And in my cup of grief infuse one drop of joy ?

MONODY VI.

AN

EVENING ADDRESS TO A NIGHTINGALE.

By the Same.

SWEET bird ! that, kindly perching near,
Pourest thy plaints melodious in mine ear,
Not, like base worldlings, tutor'd to forego
The melancholy haunts of Woe ;

Thanks for thy sorrow-soothing strain :——
For, surely, thou hast known to prove,
Like me, the pangs of hapless love ;
Else why so feelingly complain,
And with thy piteous notes thus sadden all the grove ?

Say, dost thou mourn thy ravish'd mate,
That oft enamour'd on thy strains has hung ?
Or has the cruel hand of Fate
Bereft thee of thy darling young ?

Alas, for BOTH, I weep——
In all the pride of youthful charms,
A beauteous bride torn from my circling arms !

A lovely babe that should have liv'd to bless,
And fill my doating eyes with frequent tears,
At once the source of rapture and distress,
The flattering prop of my declining years !
In vain from death to rescue I essay'd,
By every art that Science could devise,
Alas ! it languish'd for a mother's aid,
And wing'd its flight to seek her in the skies.—
Then O our comforts be the same,
At evening's peaceful hour,
To shun the noisy paths of wealth and fame,
And breathe our sorrows in this lonely bower.

But why, alas ! to thee complain !
To thee—unconscious of my pain !
Soon shalt THOU cease to mourn thy lot severe,
And hail the dawning of a happier year :
The genial warmth of joy-renewing spring
Again shall plume thy shatter'd wing ;
Again thy little heart shall transport prove,
Again shall flow thy notes responsive to thy
love.

But O for ME in vain may seasons roll,
Nought can dry up the fountain of my tears,
Deploring still the COMFORT OF MY SOUL,
I court my sorrows by encreasing years.

Tell me, thou Syren Hope, deceiver, say,
Where is the promis'd period of my woes ?

Full three long, lingering years have roll'd away,
And yet I weep, a stranger to repose :
O what delusion did thy tongue employ !
“ That EMMA's fatal pledge of love,
Her last bequest—with all a mother's care,
The bitterness of sorrow should remove,
Soften the horrors of despair,
And chear a heart long lost to joy !”
How oft, when fondling in mine arms,
Gazing enraptur'd on its angel-face,
My soul the maze of Fate would vainly trace,
And burn with all a father's fond alarms !
And O what flattering scenes had Fancy feign'd !
How did I rave of blessings yet in store !
Till every aching sense was sweetly pain'd,
And my full heart could bear, nor tongue could
utter more.—◆◆◆

“ Just Heaven,” I cry'd—with recent hopes elate,
“ Yet I will live—will live, though EMMA's dead—
So long bow'd down beneath the storms of Fate,
Yet will I raise my woe-dejected head !
My little EMMA, now my ALL,
Will want a father's care,
Her looks, her wants, my rash resolves recall,
And for her sake the ills of life I'll bear :
And oft together we'll complain,
Complaint, the only bliss my soul can know,
From me my child shall learn the mournful strain,
And prattle tales of woe.

And O in that auspicious hour,
When Fate resigns her persecuting power,
With duteous zeal her hand shall close,
No more to weep—my sorrow-streaming eyes,
When death gives misery repose,
And opes a glorious passage to the skies.”
Vain thought! it must not be.—She too is dead——
The flattering scene is o’er,——
My hopes for ever—ever fled——
And vengeance can no more——
Crush’d by misfortune—blasted by disease——
And none—none left to bear a friendly part!
To meditate my welfare, health, or ease,
Or sooth the anguish of an aching heart!
Now all one gloomy scene, till welcome death,
With lenient hand (O falsely deem’d severe),
Shall kindly stop my grief-exhausted breath,
And dry up every tear,
Perhaps, obsequious to my will,
But ah! from my affections far remov’d!
The last sad office strangers may fulfil,
As if I ne’er had been belov’d;
As if, unconscious of poetic fire,
I ne’er had touch’d the trembling lyre;
As if my niggard hand ne’er dealt relief,
Nor my heart melted at another’s grief.

Yet——while this weary life shall last,
While yet my tongue can form th’ impassion’d
strain,

In piteous accents shall the Muse complain,
And dwell with fond delay on blessings past :
For O how grateful to a wounded heart,
The tale of misery to impart !
From other's eyes bid artless sorrows flow,
And raise esteem upon the base of woe !
Even HE, the noblest of the tuneful throng,
Shall deign my love-lorn tale to hear,
Shall catch the soft contagion of my song,
And pay my pensive Muse the tribute of a tear.

MONODY VII.

IMMORTALITY :

OR, THE

CONSOLATION OF HUMAN LIFE.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DENTON, M. A.

-----Animi natura videtur
Atque animae clarae melis jam versibus esse :
Et metus ille foras praeceps Acheruntis agendus
Funditus, humanam qui vitam turbat ab imo,
Omnia suffundens mortis nigrore.

Lucr.

WHEN black-brow'd Night her dusky mantle spread,
And wrapt in solemn gloom the sable sky ;
When soothing Sleep her opiate dews had shed,
And seal'd in silken slumbers every eye :
My wakeful thoughts admit no balmy rest,
Nor the sweet bliss of soft oblivion share ;
But watchful woe distracts my aching breast,
My heart the subject of corroding care :
From haunts of men with wand'ring steps, and slow,
I solitary steal, and sooth my pensive woe.

Yet no fell passion's rough discordant rage
Untun'd the music of my tranquil mind :
Ambition's tinsel'd charms could ne'er engage,
No harbour there could sordid av'rice find :
From lust's foul spring my grief disdains to flow,
No sighs of envy from my bosom break ;
But soft compassion melts my soul to woe,
And social tears fast trickle down my cheek.
Ah me ! when Nature gives one general groan,
Each heart must beat with woe, each voice responsive
moan.

Where'er I cast my moist'ned eyes around,
Or stretch my prospect o'er the distant land,
There foul *Corruption's* tainted steps are found,
And *Death* grim-visag'd waves his iron hand.
Though now soft *Pleasure* gild the smiling scene,
And sportive *Joy* call forth her festive train,
Sinking in night each vital form is seen,
Like air-blown bubbles on the wat'ry plain ;
Fell *Death*, like brooding *Harpy*, the repast
Will snatch with talons foul, or sour its grateful
taste.

Ye smiling glories of the youthful year,
That ope your fragrant bosoms to the day,
That clad in all the pride of spring appear,

And steep'd in dew your silken leaves display :
In *Nature's* richest robes though thus bedight,
Though her soft pencil trace your various dye,
Though lures your roseate hue the charmed sight,
Though odors sweet your nect'rous breath supply,
Soon on your leaves *Time's* cank'rous tooth shall prey,
Your dulcet dews exhale, your beauteous bloom
decay.

Ye hedge-row elms, beneath whose spreading shade
The grazing herds defy the rattling shower ;
Ye lofty oaks, in whose wide arms display'd
The clam'rous rook builds high his airy bower ;
Stript by hoar Winter's rough inclement rage,
In mournful heaps your leafy honours lie,
Ev'n your hard ribs shall feel the force of age,
And your bare trunks the friendly shade deny ;
No more by cheerful vegetation green,
Your sapless boles shall sink, and quit th' evanid
scene.

Ye feather'd warblers of the vernal year
That careless sing, nor fear the frowns of fate,
Tune your sad notes to death and winter drear ;
Ill suit these mirthful strains your transient state.
No more with cheerful song nor sprightly air
Salute the blushes of the rising day

With doleful ditties, drooping wings repair
To the lone covert of the nightly spray,
Where love-lorn *Philomela* strains her throat
Surround the budding thorn, and swell the mournful
note.

Come, sighing *Elegy*, with sweetest airs
Of melting music teach my grief to flow ;
I too must mix my sad complaint with theirs,
Our fates are equal, equal be our woe.
Come, *Melancholy*, spread thy raven wing,
And in thy ebon car, by Fancy led,
To the dark charnel vault thy vot'ry bring,
The murky mansions of the mould'ring dead,
Where dank dews breathe, and taint the sickly skies,
Where in sad loathsome heaps all human glory lies.

Wrapt in the gloom of uncreated night,
Secure we slept in senseless matter's arms,
Nor pain could vex, nor pallid fear affright,
Our quiet fancy felt no dream's alarms.
Soon as to life our animated clay
Awakes, and conscious being opens our eyes,
Care's fretful family at once dismay,
With ghastly air a thousand phantoms rise,
Sad *Horror* hangs o'er all the deep'ning gloom,
Grief prompts the labor'd sigh, *Death* opens the marble
tomb.

Yet life's strong love intoxicates the soul,
And thirst of bliss inflames the fev'rous mind,
With eager draughts we drain the pois'nous bowl,
And in the drops the cordial hope to find.
O heav'n ! for this light end were mortals made,
And plac'd on earth, with happiness in view,
To catch with cheated grasp the flitting shade,
And with vain toil the fancied form pursue ;
Then give their short-liv'd being to the wind,
As the wing'd arrow flies, and leaves no track behind !

Thus lonely wand'ring through the nightly shade
Against the stern decrees of stubborn Fate,
To mockful Echo my complaints I made,
Of life's short period, or its toilsome state.
'Tis death-like silence all, no sound I hear,
Save the hoarse raven croaking from the sky,
Or scaly beetle murm'ring through the air,
Or screech-owl screaming with ill-omen'd cry ;
Save when with brazen tongue from yon high tow'r
The clock deep-sounding speaks, and counts the passing hour.

Pale Cynthia, mounted on her silver car,
O'er heav'n's blue concave drives her nightly round :
See a torn abbey, wrapt in gloom, appear

Scatter'd in wild confusion o'er the ground.
Here rav'nous *Ruin* lifts her wasteful hands
O'er briar-grown grotts and bramble-shaded graves;
Safe from her wrath one weeping marble stands,
O'er which the mournful yew its umbrage waves;
Ope, ope thy pond'rous jaws, thou friendly tomb,
Close the sad deathful scene, and shroud me in thy
womb!

Forth issuing lovely from the gloomy shade,
Which stately pines in phalanx deep compose,
Fair above mortals, comes a smiling maid
To sooth my sighs, and cheer my heart-felt woes.
Here nurs'd by *Contemplation*, matron sage,
Where with mute *Solitude* she loves to dwell,
In truth's fair lore she form'd her early age,
And trimm'd the midnight lamp in lonely cell;
Here learn'd clear reason's heav'n-sprung light to
raise
O'er passion's low-born mists, or pleasure's spurious
blaze.

Her azure mantle flows with easy grace,
Nor fashion's folds constrain, nor custom's tie;
An optic tube she bears, each sphere to trace
That rolls its rapid orbit round the sky:
Yet not to heav'n alone her view's confin'd;

A clear reflecting plane she holds, to show
The various movements of the reas'ning mind,
How strange ideas link, and habits grow,
Passion's fierce impulse, will's free power to scan,
To paint the featur'd soul, and mark th' internal man.

Whence these sad strains, said she, of plaintive grief,
Which pierce the sleep-clos'd ear of peaceful rest ?
Oft has the sick'ning mind here found relief,
Here quell'd the throbbing tumults of the breast :
Lift up thy loaden eyes to yon fair cloud,
Where moon-sprung *Iris* blends her beauteous dyes :
I lift them soon, and, as I gazing stood,
The fleeting phantom in a moment flies ;
Where beam'd the gilded arch of gaudy hue,
Frowns the dark low'ring cloud all gloomy to the view.

Life's emblem fit, said I, that roscid bow !
The gay illusive pageant of an hour
To real semblance tricks her airy shew,
Then sinks in night's dull arms, and is no more !
Ah ! fool, said she, though now to fancy's sight
The violet pale, the blushing red decays,
Though now no painted cloud reflect the light,
Nor drops prismatic break the falling rays,
Yet still the colors live, though none appear,
Glow in the darting beam that gilds yon crystal
sphere.

Then let not *Fancy* with her vagrant blaze
Mislead in trackless paths of wild deceit ;
On Reason's steady lamp still ardent gaze,
Led by her sober light to Truth's retreat.
Though wand'ring Ign'rance sees each form decay,
The breathless bird, bare trunk, and shrivel'd
flow'r :

New forms successive catch the vital ray,
Sing their wild notes, or smile th' allotted hour,
And search creation's ample circuit round,
Though modes of being change, all life's immortal
found.

See the slow reptile grov'ling o'er the green,
That trails through slimy paths its cumbrous load,
Start in new beauty from the lowly scene,
And wing with flutt'ring pride th' aetherial road ;
Burst their shell-prisons, see the feather'd kind,
Where in dark durance pent awhile they lie,
Dispread their painted plumage to the wind,
Brush the brisk air, swift shooting through the sky,
Hail with their choral hymns the new-born day,
Distend their joy-swoln breasts, and carol the sweet
lay.

See man, by varied periods fixt by fate,
Ascend perfection's scale by slow degree :
The plant-like foetus quits its senseless state,

And helpless hangs sweet-smiling on the knee ;
Soon outward objects steal into the brain,
Next prattling childhood lisps with mimic air,
Then mem'ry links her fleet ideal train,
And sober reason rises to compare,
The full-grown breast some manly passion warms,
It pants for glory's meed, or beats to love's alarms.

Then say, since nature's high behest appears
That living forms should change of being prove,
In which new joy the novel scene endears,
New objects rise to please, new wings to move ;
Since man too, taught by sage experience, knows
His frame revolving treads life's varying stage,
That the man-plant first vegetating grows,
Then sense directs, then reason rules in age ;
Say, is it strange, should death's all-dreaded hour
Waft to some unknown scenes, or wake some untried
power ?

The wise Creator wrapt in fleshly veil
The ray divine, the pure aetherial mate ;
Though worn by age the brittle fabric fail,
The smiling soul survives the frowns of fate :
Each circling year, each quick-revolving day
Touches with mould'ring tooth thy flitting frame,
With furtive slight repairs th' unseen decay ;

For ever changing, yet in change the same,
Oft hast thou dropt unhurt thy mortal part,
Dare the grim terror then, or dread his guiltless dart.

The twinkling eye, whose various-humor'd round
Takes in soft net th' inverted form behind,
The list'ning ears, that catch the waving sound,
Are but mere organs of the feeling mind :
External matter thus can lend its aid,
And distant shapes with foreign pow'r supply ;
Thus the long tube by *Galileo* made
Brings home the wonders of the peopled sky :
The power percipient then feels no decay,
Though blind the tube, and darkness blot the visual
ray.

When, lock'd in short suspense by sleep's soft power,
In temporary death the senses lie,
When solemn silence reigns at midnight hour,
Deaf the dull ear, and clos'd the curtain'd eye ;
Objects of sense, each conscious sense asleep,
With lively image strike the wakeful soul,
Some frowning rock that threatens the foaming deep,
Or wood-hung vale, where streams meand'ring
roll,
Some long-lost friend's returning voice you hear,
Clasp the life-pictur'd shade, and drop the pleasing
tear.

Each outward organ, as ideas rise,
Gives easy entrance to the motley train ;
Reflection calm, with retrospective eyes,
Surveys her treasures in the formful brain ;
Though Death relentless shed his baleful dew,
In Lethe dip each form-conveying power,
Unhurt *Reflection* may her themes pursue,
Smile at the ruin, safe amidst her store ;
Without one sense's aid in life's low vale,
Fancy can furnish joys, and reason lift her scale.

Thus the lone lover in the pensive shade
In day-dreams rapt of soft ecstatic bliss,
Pursues in thought the visionary maid,
Feasts on the fancy'd smile, and favor'd kiss :
Thus the young poet at the close of day,
Led by the magic of some fairy song,
Through the dun umbrage winds his heedless way,
Nor hears the babbling brook that brawls along :
Thus deathless *Newton*, deaf to nature's cries,
Would measure *Time* and *Space*, and travel 'round the
skies.

When just expiring hangs life's trembling light,
And fell disease strikes deep the deadly dart,
Reason and mem'ry burn with ardor bright,
And gen'rous passions warm the throbbing heart ;
Oft will the vig'rous soul in life's last stage

With keenest relish taste pure mental joys :
Since the fierce efforts of distemper's rage
Nor 'bates her vigour, nor her pow'rs destroys,
Say, shall her lustre death itself impair,
When in high noon she rides, then sets in dark despair?

Though through the heart no purple tide should flow,
No quiv'ring nerve should vibrate to the brain,
The mental pow'rs no mean dependence know ;
Thought may survive, and each fair passion reign ?
As when *Lucina* ends the pangful strife,
Lifts the young babe, and lights her lambent flame,
Some powers new-waking hail the dawning life,
Some unsuspended live, unchang'd, the same ;
So from our dust fresh faculties may bloom,
Some posthumous survive, and triumph o'er the tomb.

This fibrous frame by nature's kindly law,
Which gives each joy to keen sensation here,
O'er purer scenes of bliss the veil may draw,
And cloud reflection's more exalted sphere.
When Death's cold hand with all dissolving power
Shall the close tie with friendly stroke unbind,
Alike our mortal as our natal hour
May to new being raise the waking mind :
On death's new genial day the soul may rise,
Born to some higher life, and hail some brighter
skies.

The moss-grown tree, that shrinks with rolling years.
The drooping flowers that die so soon away,
Let not thy heart alarm with boding fears,
Nor thy own ruin date from their decay :
The blushing rose, that breathes the balmy dew,
No pleasing transports of perception knows ;
The reverend oak, that circling springs renew,
Thinks not, nor by long age experienc'd grows :
Thy fate and theirs confess no kindred tie :
Though their frail forms may fade, shall sense and
reason die ?

Nor let life's ills, that in dire circle rage,
Steal from thy heaving breast those labor'd sighs ;
These, the kind tutors of thy infant age,
Train the young pupil for the future skies :
Unschool'd in early prime, in riper years
Wretched and scorn'd still struts the bearded boy :
The tingling rod bedew'd with briny tears
Shoots forth in graceful fruits of manly joy :
The painful cares that vex the toilsome spring
Shall plenteous crops of bliss in life's last harvest
bring.

She ceas'd, and vanish'd into sightless wind—
O'er my torn breast alternate passions sway,
Now Doubt desponding damps the wav'ring mind,
Now Hope reviving sheds her cheerful ray.

Soon from the skies in heav'nly white array'd,
Faith to my sight reveal'd, fair Cherub! stood,
With life replete the volume she display'd,
Seal'd with the ruddy stains of crimson blood;
Each fear now starts away, as spectres fly
When the sun's orient beam first gilds the purple sky.

Mean while the faithful herald of the day,
The village cock, crows loud with trumpet shrill,
The warbling lark soars high, and, morning grey,
Lifts her glad forehead o'er the cloud-wrapt hill:
Nature's wild music fills the vocal vale;
The bleating flocks that bite the dewy ground,
The lowing herds that graze the woodland dale,
And cavern'd echo, swell the cheerful sound;
Homeward I bend with clear unclouded mind,
Mix with the busy world, and leave each care behind.

NOTES

ON

ELEGIES

LOCAL, SYMPATHETIC, AND FUNEREAL ;
AND MONODIES.

ELEGY I.

Page 3. *FIRST* a celestial form——] Ariel in the Tempest.

4. *Another form succeeded to my view ;
A two-legg'd brute which Nature made in spleen,*

Caliban in the Tempest.

- ib. *The flow'ry margin of a silent stream,
O'er-arch'd by oaks with ivy mantled round,
And gilt by silver CYNTHIA's maiden beam.]*

Fairy-land from the Midsummer Night's Dream.

5. *Where three swart sisters of the weird band
Were mutt'ring curses to the troublous wind.]*

The witches in Macbeth.

6. *Now a dire yell of spirits underground]* Ghosts in Macbeth, Richard III. &c.

ELEGY III.

Page 25. Thus silver wharf,——] A river near the scene of battle, in which were slain 35,000 men.

ELEGY IV.

Page 26. The remains of Netley, or rather *Letteley Abbey*, the subject of this elegy, are situated in the parish of Hound, on the eastern side of the Southampton river, between the town and Calshot Castle. In the year 1329 king Henry III. founded it as a monastery for Cistercian monks from Beaulieu, and commended it to the patronage of St. Mary and St. Edward. The spot where it stands is almost surrounded with beautiful woods, and its prospects both by land and water, are extensive and delightful.

ELEGY V.

*Page 38. Nor Edward's piety, nor Henry's might,
Could ward the all-subduing conqu'ror's
blow ;]* Edward VI. and Henry V. both buried in Westminster Abbey.

40. And her lov'd Campbell sad Snadela wails.]
Duke of Argyle.

ib. Lo! noble Cart'ret's urn! illustrious youth!]
The monument of this young nobleman is distinguished by a fine figure of Time, standing on an altar, with a scroll in his hand, containing an elegant copy of sapphic verses, well known and greatly admired.

ELEGY VII.

Page 47. It has been often said, that Fiction is the most proper field for poetry. If it is always so, the Writer of Pollio acknowledges it is a circumstance against him. This Ode was first suggested, and the ideas contained in it raised, on revisiting the ruins and woods that had been the scene of his early amusements with a deserving brother, who died in his twenty-first year.

ELEGY XII.

Page 68. The Author of this Elegy was son of a gentleman in the county of Limerick, and possessed a competent estate. Having been freed from restraint by the death of his father, and being improperly indulged by his mother, he became guilty of excesses, which were the source of much unhappiness towards the close of his life. His classical education he acquired in the Diocesan School of Limerick, and was in 1751 admitted Fellow Commoner in Trinity College, Dublin. From that university he came over to the Middle Temple for the purpose of studying the law, and died on the 20th of July 1767.

69. *That fell disease, —————*] Small Pox.

70. *Or near that pile, where, mouldering in the tomb,*

The frail remains of once fam'd St. John lie,]

Battersea, where lord Bolingbroke lies buried.

70. *Thine was Borhame,——*] Borhame, king of all Ireland, totally overthrew the Danes many years before the English entered that kingdom. His family reigned in Munster for some centuries. When Ireland was reduced they accepted the dignity of earls of Thomond. By the death of Henry O'Brien, the last earl, this family became extinct.

71. *And freed Eblana's joyful turrets ring.*] Eblana was the ancient name of Dublin.

ELEGY XIII.

*Page 80. But who is he that by yon lonely brook,
With woods o'erhung, and precipices rude,
Lies all abandon'd, yet with dauntless look
Sees streaming from his breast the purple
flood ?]* Such, according to Plutarch, was the scene of Brutus's death.

ELEGY XIV.

Page 85. The Author of this little Poem to the memory of an unhappy Princess, is unwilling to enter into the controversy respecting her guilt or her innocence. Suffice it only to observe, that the following facts may be proved to demonstration: The Letters, which have always been esteemed as the principal proof of Queen Mary's guilt, are forged. Buchanan, on whose authority Thuanus and other historians have condemned her, has falsified several circumstances of her history, and has cited against her public records which never existed, as has been lately proved to demon-

stration. And, to add no more, the treatment she received from her illustrious Cousin was dictated by a policy truly Machiavelian, a policy which trampled on the obligations of Honor, of Humanity, and Morality. Whence it may be inferred, that to express the indignation at the cruel treatment of Mary which history must ever inspire, and to drop a tear over her sufferings, is not unworthy of a Writer who would appear in the cause of Virtue.

89. *“While from thy weeping eyes fair Gallia fled,
Thy future woes in boding sighs confess !”* The unhappy Mary in her infancy was sent to France, to the care of her mother’s family, the House of Guise. The French Court was at that time the gayest and most gallant of Europe. Here the Princess of Scotland was educated, with all the distinctions due to her high rank ; and, as soon as years would allow, she was married to the Dauphin, afterwards Francis II. On the death of this monarch, which closed a short reign, the politics of the House of Guise required the return of the young Queen to Scotland. She left France with tears and the utmost reluctance ! and on her landing in her native kingdom, it was in the month of November, the different appearance of the country awakened all her regret, and affected her with a melancholy, which seemed to forebode her future misfortunes.

90. *Amid the gloomy clouds of rolling smoke,
The high pil’d city rears her Gothic towers ;*

*The stern-brow'd castle, from his lofty rock,
Looks scornful down, and fixt defiance lowers.]*

These circumstances, descriptive of the environs of Holy Rood House, are local. Yet, however dreary the unimproved November view may appear, the connoisseur in gardening will perceive, that plantation, and the other efforts of art, could easily convert the prospect into an agreeable and most romantic summer landscape.

90. *Far other spouse now wakes her midnight hour,]*
Lord Darnly; the handsomest man of his age, but a worthless debauchee of no abilities.

ib. Another nuptial couch the Fates prepare,] Her marriage with the Earl of Bothwell; an unprincipled politician of great address.

91. *Now thro' the streets a weeping captive borne,]*
When she was brought prisoner through the streets of Edinburgh, she suffered almost every indignity which an enraged mob could offer. Her person was bedaubed with mire, and her ear insulted with every term of vulgar abuse. Even Buchanan, when he relates these circumstances, seems to drop a tear over them.

ib. No female eye her sickly bed to tend!] A fact.

ELEGY XV.

98. *Yet will I praise you, triflers as ye are,
More than those preachers of your fav'rite creed,*

*Who proudly swell the brazen throat of War,
Who form the phalanx, bid the battle bleed;]*

In a book of *French verses*, written by the late King of Prussia, entitled *Oeuvres du Philosophe de sans Souci*, and reprinted at *Berlin* by authority, under the title of *Poesies Diverses*, may be found an epistle to Marshal KEITH, written professedly against the immortality of the Soul.

ELEGY XVI.

Page 103. *The Muse of* **BLAGDON**, *o'er* **CONSTANTIA's tomb,] See verses written at Sandgate Castle in memory of a Lady, by Dr. Langhorne.**

ELEGY XVIII.

Page 110. Miss Mary Dod, eldest daughter of Pierce Dod, M. D. died of a malignant sore throat, at a time when that malady was remarkably fatal to many families in this kingdom, and particularly to the Pelham.

MONODIES.

MONODY I.

Page 123. *Came* **TYTYRUS** *slow, with head all silver'd
o'er,*] i. e. **CHAUCER**, a name frequently given him by Spenser.

124. *When* **COLIN CLOUT**, *Eliza's shepherd swain,*] i. e. **SPENSER**, which name he gives himself throughout his works.

124. "*Ah! luckless swain, alas! how art thou lorn,*] The two first stanzas of this speech, as they relate to Pastoral, are written in the measure which Spenser uses in the first eclogue of the *Shepherd's Calendar*; the rest, where he speaks of Fable, are in the stanza of the Faery Queen.

126. *And THYRSIS hight by Dryad, Fawn, or Swain,*] That is, MILTON. Lycidias, and the Epitaphium Damonis, are the only Pastorals we have of Milton's; in the latter of which, where he laments *Car. Deodatus* under the name of Damon, he calls himself Thyrsis.

MONODY II.

Page 136. The fair resemblance of a martyr queen!] Lady Jane Grey, Aët V.

MONODY V.

Page 154. The Author of this Monody was born in the county of Durham, and educated at the free-school in Darlington, of which he became usher in 1756. He soon, however, quitted that situation, and joined a strolling company of comedians. In 1760 he performed with Mr. Foote, and the next winter at Covent-Garden; but with little success. Finding the profession he had adopted incompetent to his support, he applied to his pen for subsistence, and married the lady whose death gave occasion to this composition. He had some concern in the education of the present Earl of Chesterfield. He died Sept. 1, 1771.

THE END.

BELL'S
CLASSICAL ARRANGEMENT
OF *65787*
FUGITIVE POETRY.

VOL. X.

Though redolent of ev'ry flow'r
That once perfum'd Hymettus' side,
No hoarded sweets of Grecian store
Did e'er the Attic bee provide,
That could a purer flavor yield,
Than yields the comb this hive contains,
Though cull'd from no Hesperian field,
But the wild growth of Britain's plains.



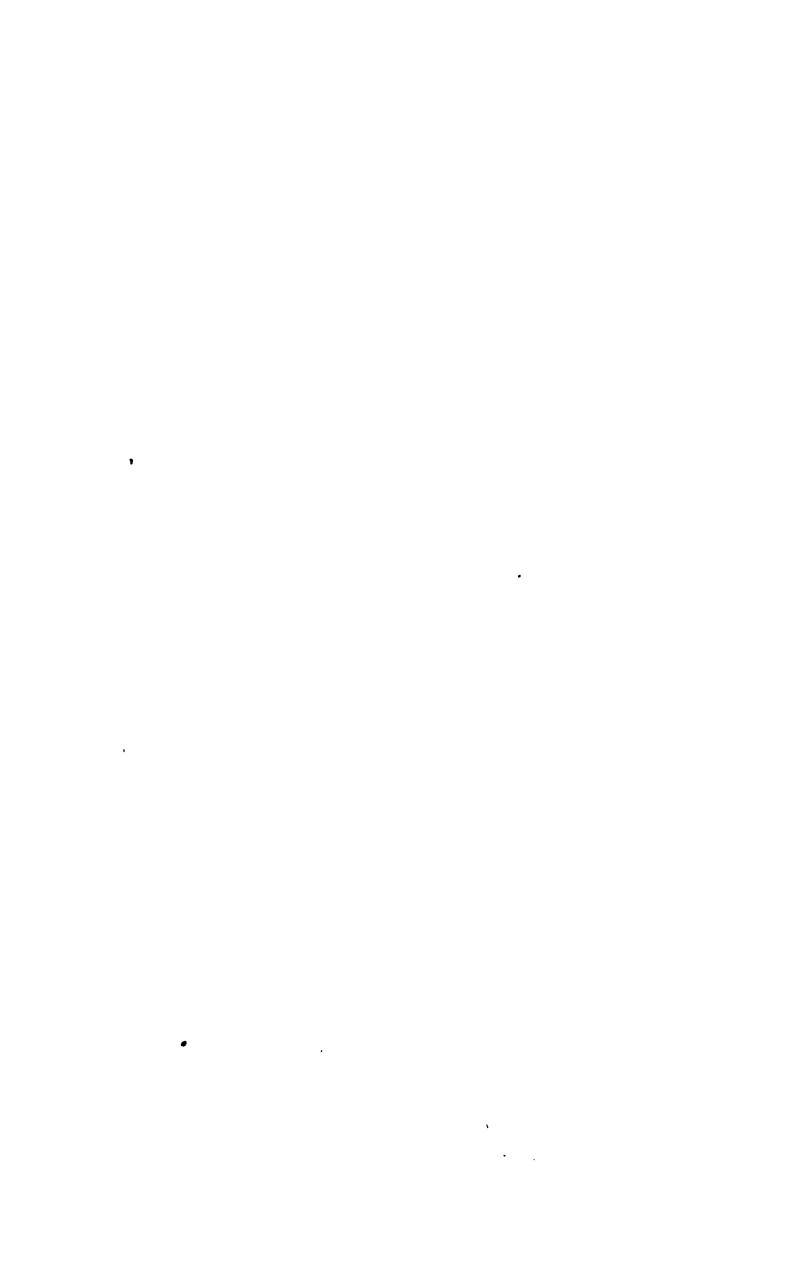
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M DCC LXXXIX.

POEMS
IN THE STANZA OF SPENSER.



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POEMS
IN THE STANZA OF SPENSER.

POEM I.

PSYCHE;

OR,

THE GREAT METAMORPHOSIS.

BY

GLOSTER RIDLEY, D. D.

I.

WHERE early Phoebus sheds his milder beams,
The happy gardens of Adonis lay :
There Time, well pleas'd to wonne, a youth be-
seems.
Ne yet his wings were fledg'd, ne locks were
grey ;
Round him in sweet accord the Seasons play
With fruites and blossoms meint, in goodly gree ;
And dancing hand in hand rejoice the lea.
Sick gardens now no mortal wight can see,
Ne mote they in my simple verse describen be.

II.

The temper'd clime full many a tree affords :
Those many trees blush forth with ripen'd fruite ;
The blushing fruite to feast invites the birds ;
The birds with plenteous feasts their strength recruit :
And warble songs more sweet than shepherd's flute.
The gentle stream that roll'd the stones among,
Charm'd with the place, almost forgot its suite ;
But list'ning and responding to the song,
Loit'ring, and winding often, murmured along.

III.

Here Panacea, here Nepenthe grew,
Here Polygon, and each ambrosial weed ;
Whose vertues could decayed health renew,
And, answering exhausted nature's need,
Mote eath a mortal to immortal feed.
Here lives Adonis in unfading youth ;
Celestial Venus grants him that rich meed,
And him successive evermore renew'th,
In recompence for all his faithful love and truth.

IV.

Not she, I ween the wanton Queen of love,
All buxom as the waves from whence she rose,
With her twin sons, who idly round her rove,
One Eros hight, the other Anteros ;

Albeit brothers, different as foes :
This sated, sullen, apt for bickermēt ;
That hungry, eager, fit for derring-does.
That flies before, with scorching flames ybrent ;
This foll'wing douts those flames with peevish discontent.

V.

Celestial Venus does such ribaulds shun,
Ne dare they in her purlues to be seen ;
But Cupid's torch, fair mother's fairest son,
Shines with a steady unconsuming sheen ;
Not fierce, yet bright, coldness and rage between.
The backs of lyons fellowest he strod ;
And lyons tamely did themselves amene ;
On nature's wild full sov'reignly he rod ;
Wild natures, chang'd, confess'd the mild puissant
God.

VI.

A beauteous Fay, or heav'n descended Spright,
Sprung from her sire, withouten female's aid,
(As erst Minerva did) and Psyche hight,
In that inclosure happy sojourn made.
No art some heel'd uncomelyness betray'd,
But Nature wrought her many-color'd stole ;
Ne tarnish'd like an Aethiopian maid,
Scorch'd with the suns that ore her beauties roll ;
Ne faded like the dames who bleach beneath the
pole.

VII.

Nor shame, nor pride of borrow'd substance
wrought
Her gay embroidery and ornament :
But she who gave the gilded insect's coat
Spun the soft silk, and spread the various teint :
The gilded insect's colors yet were feint
To those which nature for this fairy wove.
Our Grannams thus with diff'rent dies besprent,
Adorn'd in naked majesty the grove,
Charm'd our great Sires, and warm'd our frozen
clime to love.

VIII.

On either side, and all adown her back,
With many a ring at equal distance plac'd,
Contrary to the rest, was heben black,
With shades of green, quick changing as she pass'd ;
All were on ground-work of bright gold ore-cast.
The black gave livelood to the greenish hue,
The green still deep'd the heben ore it lac'd ;
The gold, that peep'd atween and then withdrew,
Gave lustre to them both, and charm'd the wond'ring
view.

IX.

It seem'd like arras, wrought with cunning skill,
Where kindly meddle colors, light, and shade :

Here flows the flood ; there rising wood or hill
Breaks off its course ; gay verdure dies the mead.
The stream, depeinten by the glitt'rand braid,
Emong the hills now winding seems to hide ;
Now shines unlook'd for through the op'ning
glade,
Now in full torrent pours its golden tyde ;
Hills, woods, and meads refresh'd, rejoicing by its
side.

X.

Her Cupid lov'd, whom Psyche lov'd again.
He, like her parent and her belamour,
Sought how she mote in sickness remain,
From all malengine safe, and evil stour.
“ Go, tender cosset, said he, forray ore
These walks and lawnds ; thine all these baskets
are ;
Thine every shrub, thine every fruite and flower :
But oh ! I charge thee, love, the rose forbear ;
For prickles sharp do arm the dang'rous rosiere.

XI.

“ Prickles will pain, and pain will banish love :
I charge thee, Psyche, then the rose forbear.
When faint and sick, thy languors to remove,
To yon ambrosial shrubs and plants repair ;
Thou weetest not what med'cines in them are ;
What wonders follow their repeated use

N'ote thy weak sense conceive, should I declare ;
Their labor'd balm, and well-concocted juice,
New life, new forms, new thews, new joys, new
worlds produce.

XII.

“ Thy term of tryal past with constancy,
That wimpling slough shall fall like filth away ;
On pinions broad, uplifted to the skie,
Thou shalt astert, thy stranger self survey.
Together, Psyche, will we climb and play ;
Together wander through the fields of air,
Beyond where suns and moons mete night and day.
I charge thee, O my Love, the rose forbear,
If thou wouldst scathe avoid, Psyche, forewarn'd,
beware !

XIII.

“ How sweet thy words to my enchanted ear !”
(With grateful, modest confidence she said)
“ If Cupid speak, I could for ever hear ;
Trust me, my love, thou shalt be well obey'd.
What rich purveyance for me hast thou made,
The prickly rose alone denied ! the rest
In full indulgence giv'n ! 'twere to upbraid
To doubt compliance with this one request :
How small, and yet how kind, Cupid, is thy be-
heast !

XIV.

“ And is that kindness made an argument
To raise me still to higher scenes of bliss ?
Is the acceptance of thy goodness meant
Merit in me for farther happiness ?
No merit and no argument, I wiss,
Is there besides in me unworthy maid :
Thy gift the very love I bear thee is.
Trust me, my love, thou shalt be well obey’d :
To doubt compliance here, Cupid, were to upbraid.”

XV.

Withouten counterfesaunce thus she spoke :
Unweeting of her frailty. Light uprose
Cupid on easy wing : yet tender look,
And oft reverted eye on her bestows ;
Fearful, but not distrustful of her vows.
And mild regards she back reflects on him :
With aching eye pursues him as he goes :
With aching heart marks each diminish’d limb ;
‘Till indistinct, diffus’d, and lost in air he seem.

XVI.

He went to set the watches of the east,
That none mote rush in with the tyde of wind :
He went to Venus to make fond request
From fleshly ferm to loosen Psyche’s mind,

And her eftsoons transmew. She forlore pin'd;
And mov'd for solace to the glassy lake,
To view the charms that had his heart entwin'd.
She saw, and blush'd, and smil'd; then inly spake:
"These charms I cannot chuse but love, for Cupid's
sake."

XVII.

But sea-born Venus 'gan with envy stir
At brute of their great happiness; and sought
How she mote wreak her spight: then call'd to her
Her sons, and op'd what rankled in her thought;
Asking who'd venture ore the mounds to vau't
To breed them scathe unwares; to damp the joy
Of blissful Venus, or to bring to nought
The liefest purpose of her darling Boy,
Or urge them both their minion Psyche to destroy.

XVIII.

Eros recul'd, and noul'd the work atchieve.
"Bold is th' attempt, said he, averse from love:
If love inspires I could derreign to reave
His spear from Mars, his levin-brond from Jove."
Him Anteros, sneb'd surly. "Galless dove!
Than Love's, Spight's mightier prowess under-
stond:
If Spight inspires I dare all dangers prove:
And if successful, stand the levin-brond,
When hurlen angry forth from Jove's avenging hond."

XIX.

He said, and deffly t'towards the gardens flew ;
Horribly smiling at his foul emprise.
When, nearer still and nearer as he drew,
Unsufferable brightness wounds his eyes
Forth beaming from the crystal walls ; he tries
Arrear to move, averted from the blaze.
But now no longer the pure aether buoys
His grosser body's disproportion'd peaze ;
Down drops, plumb from his tow'ring path, the
treachor base.

XX

So ore Avernus, or the Lucrine lake,
The wistless bird pursues his purpos'd flight :
Whether by vapors noy'd that thenceforth break,
Or else deserted by an air too light,
Down tumbles the fowl headlong from his height.
So Anteros astonied fell to ground,
Provok'd, but not accoid at his straunge plight.
He rose, and wending coasts it round and round
To find unguarded pass, hopeless to leap the mound.

XXI.

As on the margin of a stream he stood,
Slow rolling from that paradise within,
A snake's out-case untenanted he view'd :
Seizing the spoil, albe it worthless been,

He darts himself into the vacant skin.
 In borrow'd gear, th' exulting losel glides,
 Whose faded hues with joy flush bright again ;
 Triumphant ore the buoyant flood he rides ;
 And shoots th' important gulph, born on the gentle
 tydes.

XXII.

So shone the brazen gates of Babylon ;
 Armies in vain her muniments assail :
 So strong, no engines could them batter down :
 So high, no ladders could the ramparts scale ;
 So flank'd with tow'rs, besiegers n'ote avail ;
 So wide, sufficient harvests they enclose :
 But where might yields, there stratagems prevail,
 Faithless Euphrates through the city flows,
 And through his channel pours the unexpected foes.

XXIII.

He sails along in many a wanton spire ;
 Now floats at length, now proudly rears his crest :
 His sparkling eyes and scales, instinct with fire,
 With splendor as he moves, the waves ore kest :
 And the waves gleam beneath his flaming breast.
 As through the battle, set in full array,
 When the sun walks in radiant brightness dress'd ;
 His beams that on the burnish'd helmets play,
 The burnish'd helms reflect, and spread unusual day.

XXIV.

So on he fares, and stately wreaths about,
In semblance like a seraph glowing bright :
But without terror flash'd his lightning out,
More to be wonder'd at, than to affright.
The backward stream soon led the masker right
To the broad lake, where hanging ore the flood
(Narcissus like, enamor'd with the sight
Of his own beauties) the fond Psyche stood,
To mitigate the pains of lonely widowhood.

XXV.

Unkenn'd of her, he raught th' embroider'd bank ;
And through the tangled flourets weft aside
To where a rosiere by the river dank,
Luxuriant grew in all its blowing pride,
Not far from Psyche ; arm'd with scaly hide
He clamb the thorns, which no impression make ;
His glittering length, with all its folds untied,
Plays floating ore the bush ; then silence brake,
And thus the Nymph, astonish'd at his speech, be-
spake.

XXVI.

“ O fairest, and most excellent compleat
In all perfections, sov'reign Queen of nature !
The whole creation bowing at thy feet
Submissive pays thee homage ! wond'rous creature,

If aught created thou ! for every feature
Speaks thee a Goddess issued from the skie ;
Oh ! let not me offend, unbidden waiter,
At awful distance gazing thus ! But why
Should gazing thus offend ? or how unbidden I ?

XXVII.

“ The sun that wakes those flourets from their
beds,
Or opes these buds by his soft influence,
Is not offended that they peep their heads,
And shew they feel his pow'r by their quick sense,
Off'ring at his command, their sweet incense ;
Thus I, drawn here, by thy enliv'ning rays,
(Call not intrusion my obedience !)
Perforce, yet willing thrall, am come to gaze,
To pay my homage meet, and bask in beauty's
blaze.”

XXVIII.

Amaz'd she stood, nor could recover soon :
From contemplation suddenly abraid :
Starting at speech unusual : yet the tune
Struck sootly on her ear, and concert made
With her own thoughts. Nor with less pleasure
stray'd
Her eyes delighted o'er his glossy skin ;
Yet frighted at the thorn on which he play'd :
Pleasure with horror mixt ! she hung between
Suspended ; yields, recoils, uncertain where to lin.

XXIX.

At length she spoke: " Reptile, no charms I know
Such as you mention : yet whate'er they are,
(And nill I lessen what the Gods bestow)
Their is the gift, and be the tribute their!
For them these beauties I improve with care,
Intent on them alone from eve to morn.
But reed me, reptile, whence this wonder rare,
That thou hast speech, as if to reason born ?
And how, unhurt you sport on that forbidden
thorn ?"

XXX.

" Say, why forbidden thorn ? the foe replied :
To every reptile, every insect free,
Has malice harsh to thee alone denied
The fragrance of the rose enjoy'd by me ?"
—'Twas love, not malice, form'd the kind decree,
(Half-wroth, she cried :) " Thine all these baskets
are,
Thine fruite and flow'r, were Cupid's words to me :
But oh ! I charge thee, Love, the rose forbear ;
For prickles sharp do arm the dang'rous rosiere.

XXXI.

" Prickles will pain, and pain will banish love :
I charge thee, Psyche, then the rose forbear.
When faint and sick, thy languors to remove,
To yon ambrosial shrubs and plants repair ;

Thou weetest not what med'cines in them are :
What wonders follow their repeated use
N'ote thy weak sense conceive, should I declare ;
Their labor'd balm, and well-concocted juice,
New life, new forms, new thews, new joys, new
worlds produce.

XXXII.

“ Thy term of tryal past with constancy,
That wimpling slough shall fall like filth away ;
On pinions broad, uplifted to the skie,
Thou shalt, astert, thy stranger self survey.
Together, Psyche, will we climb and play ;
Together wander through the fields of air,
Beyond where suns and moons mete night and day.
I charge thee, O my Love, the rose forbear,
If thou wouldst scathe avoid. Psyche, forewarn'd,
beware !”

XXXIII.

Out burst the frannion into open laugh :
She blush'd and frown'd at his uncivil mirth.
Then, soften'd to a smile, as hiding half
What mote offend if boldly utter'd forth,
He seem'd t' assay to give his answer birth :
But stopt ; and chang'd his smiles to looks of ruth.
“ Is this (quoeth he) fit guerdon for thy worth ?
Does Cupid thus impose upon thy youth ?
Dwells then in heav'n such envy, void of love and
truth ?

XXIV.

“ Is this the instance of his tenderness,
To envy Psyche what to worms is given ?
To cut her off from present happiness
With feign’d reversion of a promis’d heaven ?
By threat’nings false from true enjoyments driven !
How innocent the thorn to touch, he knows :
Where are my wounds ? or where th’ avenging
 levin ?
How softly blush these colors of the rose !
How sweet (and div’d into the flow’r) its fragrance
 flows !

XXXV.

“ Disadvantageous are thy terms of tryal ;
No longer Psyche then the rose forbear.
What is to recompence the harsh denial,
But dreams of wand’ring through the fields of air,
And joys, I know not what, I know not where !
As eath, on leafy pinions borne the tree
Mote rush into the skies, and flutter there,
As thou soar yon, and quit thy due degree :
Thou for this world wert made ; this world was made
 for thee.

XXXVI.

“ In vain you’d fly to yonder shrubs and plants ;
Bitter their taste, and worthless their effect :

Here is the polychrest for all thy wants ;
No panacea, like the rose, expect.
Mute as my fellow-brutes, as them abject
And reasonless was I, 'till haply woke
By tasting of the rose, (O weak neglect
In thee the while!) the dawn of sapience broke
On my admiring soul, I reason'd, and I spoke.

XXXVII.

“ Nor this the only change ; for soon I found
The brisker spirits flow in fuller tyde ;
And more than usual lustre spread around ;
Such virtue has the rose, in me well tried.
But wise, I ween, thy lover has denied
Its use to thee ; I join him too : beware
The dang'rous rose.—For such thy beauty's pride
'Twere death to gaze on, if improv'd!—Forbear
To sharp that wit, too keen !—Touch not the
rosiere.”

XXXVIII.

Uncheckt, indulg'd, her growing passions rise :
Wonder, to see him safe, and hear his telling ;
Ambition vain, to be more fair and wise ;
And rage, at Cupid's misconceiv'd false dealing :
Various the gusts, but, all one way impelling,
She plung'd into the bosom of the tree,
And snatch'd the rose, ne dreaded pain or quelling.
Off drops the snake, nor farther staid to see ;
But rush'd into the flood, and vanish'd presently.

XXXIX.

Full many a thorn her tender body rent ;
Full many a thorn within the wounds remain,
And throbbing cause continual detriment :
While gory drops her dainty form distain.
She wishes her lost innocence again,
And her lost peace, lost charms, lost love to find ;
But shame upbraids her with a wish so vain :
Despair succeeded, and aversion blind ;
Pain fills her tortur'd sense, and horror clouds her
mind.

XL.

Her bleeding, faint, disorder'd, woe-begon,
Stretcht on the bank beside the fatal thorn,
Venus who came to seek her with her Son,
Beheld. She stop'd : And albe heav'nly born,
Ruthful of other's woe, began to mourn.
The loss of Venus' smiles sick nature found :
As frost-nipt drops the bloom, the birds forelorn
Sit hush'd, the faded sun spreads dimness round ;
The clatt'ring thunders crash, and earthquakes rock
the ground.

XLI.

Then arming with a killing frown her brow ;
“ Die, poor Unhappy ! ”—Cupid suppliant broke
Th' unfinish'd sentence ; and with dueful bow
Beg'd her to doff the keenness of her look,

Which Nature feeling to her centre shook.
“ Then how should Psyche bear it ? Spare the
Maid ;
’Tis plain that Anteros his spight has wroke :
Shall vengeance due to him, on her be laid ?
Oh ! let me run, and reach th’ ambrosial balms,” he
said.

XLII.

“ Ah what would Cupid ask ?” the Queen re-
plies ;
“ Can all those balms restore her peace again ?
Wouldst thou a wretched life immortalize ?
Wouldst thou protract by potent herbs, her pain ?
Love bids her die : thy cruel wish restrain.”——
“ Why then (quoth He) in looms of fate were
wove
The lives of those, in long successive train,
From her to spring, through yon bright tracts to
rove ?
Due to the skies, and meant to shine in fields above ?

XLIII.

“ Say, would thy goodness envy them the light
Appointed for them, or the good prevent
Foreseen from them to flow ? erasing quite
The whole creation through avengement ?
One only species from its order rent,
The whole creation shrivels to a shade.”——

“ —Better all vanish’d, said She, than be meint
In wild confusion ; through free will misled,
And tempted to go wrong from punishment de-
lay’d.”

XLIV.

“ Let me that exemplary vengeance bear,
(Benign return’d her amiable son :)
Justice on her would lose its aim ; severe
In vain, productive of no good ; for none
Could by that desolating blow be won.
So falls each generous purpose of the will
Correct, extinguish’d by abortion :
Whence Justice would its own intendments spill ;
And cut off Virtue, by the stroke meant Vice to
kill.

XLV.

“ Yet lest Impunity should forehead give
To Vice, in me let guilt adopted find
A victim ; here awhile vouchsafe me live
Thy proof of justice, mixt with mercy kind !”
“ —Oh ! strange request (quoth She) of pity blind !
How shouldst thou suffer, who didst ne’er offend ?
How can’st thou bear to be from me disloin’d ?
To wander here, where Nature ’gins to wend
To waste and wilderness, and pleasures have an
end !”

XLVI.

" You, Venus, suffer, (said He) when you strike
Not for your own, but others' foul offence :
Why not permitted I to do the like,
When greater good, I see, will coult from thence ?
That greater good orepays all punishments ;
And makes my suff'rings, pleasure : if they prove
A means to conquer Anteros, dispense
Healing to Psyche's wounds, regain her love,
And lead Her, with her happy Sons, to realms
above."

XLVII.

" To thy intreaties Psyche's life I give,
(Replied th' indulgent Mother to her Son :)
But yet deform'd, and minish'd let her live ?
'Till thou shalt grant a better change foredone ;
Nor shall that change, but thro' death gates be
won.
This meed be thine, ore her and hers to reign !
Already Nature puts her horrors on :
Away !—I to my bow'r of bliss again !
Thou to thy task of love, and voluntary pain."

XLVIII.

She went ; and like a shifted stage, the scene
Vanish'd at once ; th' ambrosial plants were lost ;
The jarring Seasons brought on various teen ;
Each sought, each seeking, each by other crost.

Young Spring to Summer flies from Winter's frost ;
While sweltry Summer thirsts for Autumn's bowl,
Which Autumn holds to Winter ; Winter tost
With scorn away, young Spring inflames his soul :
Still craving, never pleas'd, thus round and round
they roll.

XLIX.

Th' inclement Airs bind up the sluggish soil ;
The sluggish Soil the toilsome hand requires ;
Yet thankless pays with sour harsh fruits the toil ;
Ne willing yields, but ragged thorns and briers.
Birds, birds pursue ; as hunger's rage inspires :
Their sweetest songs are now but songs of woe.
Here from th' encroaching shore the wave retires :
There hoarse floods roar ; impetuous torrents flow ;
Invade the land, and the scarce harvests overthrow.

L.

Stretch'd on the bank eftsoons th' inviting form
Of Psyche faded ; brac'd up lank and slim,
Her dwindled body shrunk into a worm :
Her make new-moulded, chang'd in every limb ;
Her colors only left, all pale and dim :
Doom'd in a caterpillar's shape to lout.
Her passions ill such worthless thing beseeem ;
Pride, rage, and vanity to banish out,
She creeping crawls, and drags a loathsome length
about.

LI.

How Cupid wash'd her noisome filth away ;
What arts he tried to win her love again ;
By what wiles guileful Ant'ros did assay,
By leasing, still her recreant to maintain,
And render Cupid's kindly labors vain :
Their combat, Cupid's conquest, Psyche's crown,
(My day's set task here ended) must remain
Unsung ; far nobler verse mote they renown :
Unkyoke the toiled steers, the weary sun goes down.

POEM II.

THE
TRANSFORMATION OF LYCON
AND
EUPHORMIUS.

BY
WILLIAM MELMOTH, ESQ.

I.

DEEM not, ye plaintive crew, that suffer wrong,
Ne thou, O man ! who deal'st the tort, misween
The equal gods, who heaven's sky-mansions throng,
(Though viewless to the eyne they distant sheen)
Spectators reckless of our actions been.
Turning the volumes of grave sages old,
Where auncient saws in fable may be seen,
This truth I fond in paynim tale enroll'd ;
Which for ensample drad my Muse shall here unfold.

II.

What time Arcadia's flowret vallies fam'd,
Pelagus, first of monarchs old, obey'd,

There wonn'd a wight, and Lycon was he nam'd,
Unaw'd by conscience, of no gods afraid,
Ne justice rul'd his heart, ne mercy sway'd.
Some held him kin to that abhorred race,
Which heaven's high towers with mad emprise
 assay'd ;
And some his cruel lynage did ytrace
From fell Erynnis join'd in Pluto's dire embrace.

III.

But he, perdy, far other tale did feign,
And claim'd alliaunce with the Sisters nine ;
And deem'd himself (what deems not pride so
 vain ?)
The peerless paragon of wit divine.
Vaunting that every foe should rue its tine.
Right doughty Wight! yet, sooth, withouten smart,
All powerless fell the losel's shafts malign :
'Tis Vertue's arm to wield Wit's heavenly dart,
Point its keen barb with force, and send it to the
 heart.

IV.

One only impe he had, Pastora hight,
Whose sweet amenaunce pleas'd each shepherd's
 eye :
Yet pleas'd she not base Lycon's evil spright,
The blame in her not Malice moten spy,
Clear, without spot, as summer's cloudless sky.

Hence poets feign'd, Lycean Pan array'd
In Lycon's form, inflam'd with passion high,
Deceiv'd her mother in the covert glade,
And from the stoln embrace ysprong the heavenly
Maid.

V.

Thus fabling they : mean while the Damsel fair
A shepherd Youth remark'd, as o'er the plain
She demfly pac'd along so debonair :
Seem'd she as one of Dian's chosen train.
Full many a fond excuse he knew to feign,
In sweet converse to while with her the day,
'Till love unwares his heedless heart did gain.
Nor dempt he, simple wight, no mortal may
The blinded God once harbour'd, when he list, fore-
say.

VI.

Now much he meditates if yet to speak,
And now resolves his passion to conceal :
But sure, quoth he, my seely heart will break,
If aye I smother what I aye must feel.
At length by hope embolden'd to reveal,
The laboring secret dropped from his tong.
Whiles frequent singults check'd his faltring tale,
In modest wise her head Pastora hong :
For never maid more chaste inspired shepherd's song.

VII.

What needs me to recount in long detail
The tender parley which these lemans held :
How oft he vowed his love her ne'er should fail ;
How oft the stream from forth her eyne outwell'd,
Doubting if constancy yet ever dwell'd
In heart of youthful wight : suffice to know,
Each rising doubt he in her bosome quell'd.
So parted they, more blithsome both, I trow :
For rankling love conceal'd, me seems, is deadly woe.

VIII.

Eftsoons to Lycon swift the youth did fare,
(Lagg'd ever youth when Cupid urg'd his way ?)
And straight his gentle purpose did declare,
And sooth the mount'naunce of his herds display.
Ne Lycon meant his suiten to foresay :
" Be thine, Pastora (quoth the masker sly)
And twice two thousand sheep her dower shall
pay."
Beat then the lover's heart with joyaunce high ;
Ne dempt that aught his bliss could now betray,
Ne guess'd that foul deceit in Lycon's bosome lay.

IX.

So forth he yode to seek his reverend sire ;
(The good Euphormius shepherds him did call) .
How sweet Pastora did his bosome fire,
Her worth, her promis'd flocks, he tolden all.

Ah ! nere, my son, let Lycon thee enthrall,
(Reply'd the sage, in wise experience old)
" Smooth is his tongue, but full of guile withal,
In promise faithless, and in vaunting bold :
Ne ever lamb of his will bleat within thy fold.

X.

With words prophetic thus Euphormius spake :
And fact confirm'd what wisdom thus foretold :
Full many a mean devise did Lycon make,
The hoped day of spousal to with-hold,
Framing new trains when nought mote serve his
old.
Nath'less he vow'd, Cyllene, cloud-topt hill,
Should sooner down the lowly delve be roll'd,
Than he his plighted promise nould fulfill :
But when, perdy, or where, the caitive sayen nill.

XI.

Whiles thus the tedious suns had journey'd round,
Ne ought mote now the lovers hearts divide,
Ne trust was there, ne truth in Lycon found ;
The Maid with matron Juno for her guide,
The Youth by Concord led, in secret hy'd
To Hymen's sacred fane : the honest deed
Each God approv'd, and close the bands were ty'd.
Certes, till happier moments should succeed,
No prying eyne they ween'd their emprise mote
areed.

XII.

But prying eyne of Lycon 'twas in vain
(Right practick in disguise) to hope beware.
He trac'd their covert steps to Hymen's fane,
And joy'd to find them in his long-laid snare.
Algaes, in semblaunt ire, he 'gan to swear,
And roaren loud as in displeasaunce high ;
Then out he hurlen forth his Daughter fair,
Forelore, the houseless child of Misery,
Expos'd to killing cold, and pinching penury.

XIII.

Ah ! whither now shall sad Pastora wend,
To want abandon'd and by wrongs opprest ?
Who shall the wretched out-cast's teen befriend ?
Lives mercy then, if not in parent's breast ?
At Jove's right hand, to Jove for ever dear,
Yes, MERCY lives, the gentle Goddess blest,
Aye at his feet she pleads the cause distrest,
To Sorrow's plaints she turns his equal ear,
And wafts to heaven's star-throne fair Vertue's silent
tear.

XIV.

'Twas SHE that bade Euphormius quell each
thought
That well mote rise to check his generous aid.
Tho high the torts which Lycon him had wrought,
Tho few the flocks his humble pastures fed,

When as he learn'd Pastora's hapless sted,
His breast humane with wonted pity flows.
He op'd his gates, the naked exile led
Beneath his roof: a decent drapet throws
O'er her cold limbs, and soothes her undeserved
woes.

XV.

Now loud-tongu'd Rumor bruited round the tale:
Th' astonied swains uneath could credence give,
That in Arcadia's unambitious vale
A faytor false as Lycon e'er did live.
But Jove (who in high heaven does mortals prive,
And every deed in golden ballance weighs)
To earth his flaming charret baden drive,
And down descends, enwrap't in peerless blaze,
To deal forth guerdon meet to good and evil ways.

XVI.

Where Eurymanthus, crown'd with many a wood,
His silver stream through dasy'd vales does lead.
Stretch'd on the flowery marge, in reckless mood,
Proud Lycon sought by charm of jocund reed
To lull the dire remorse of tortious deed.
Him Jove accosts, in reverend semblaunce dight
Of good Euphormius, and 'gan mild areed
Of compact oft confirm'd, of fay yplight,
Of nature's tender tye, of sacred rule of right.

XVII.

With lofty eyne, half loth to look so low,
Him Lycon view'd, and with swol'n surquedry
'Gan rudely treat his sacred eld : When now
Forth stood the God confest that rules the sky,
In sudden sheen of drad divinity :
" And know, false man," the Lord of thunders
said,
" Not unobserv'd by Heaven's all-persent eye
Thy cruel deeds : nor shall be unappay'd :
Go! be in form that best beseems thy thews, ar-
ray'd."

XVIII.

Whiles yet he spake th' affrayed trembling wight
Transmew'd to blatant beast, with hideous howl
Rush'd headlong forth, in well-deserved plight,
Mid'st dragons, minotaurs, and fiends to prowl,
A wolf in form as erst a wolf in soul!
To Pholoe, forest wild, he hy'd away,
The horrid haunt of savage monsters foul.
There helpless Innocence is still his prey,
Thief of the bleating fold, and shepherd's dire dis-
may.

XIX.

Tho Jove to good Eurphormius' cot did wend,
Where peaceful dwelt the man of virtue high,

Each shepherd's praise and eke each shepherd's
friend,
In every act of sweet humanity.
Him Jove approaching in mild majesty,
Greeted all hail ! then bade him join the throng
Of glitt'rand lights that gild the glowing sky.
There shepherds nightly view his orb yhong,
Where bright he shines eterne, the brightest stars
emong.

POEM III.

THE *SQUIRE OF DAMES.*

BY MOSES MENDEZ, ESQ.

PROLOGUE.

I.

HARD is the heart that never knew to love,
Ne felt the pleasing anguish of desire.
Ye British Maids, more fair than Venus' dove,
For you alone I tune my humble lyre ;
Adopt me, Nymphs, receive me in your quire,
Make me your bard ; for that is all my care :
Then shall I envy not that aged sire,
Who doth for court his annual song prepare :
I lever myrtle wreath than Kesar's laurel wear.

II.

Think not because I write of Columbel
I thence would blast the sex with impious tale ;
Transactions vile of foreign stronds I tell,
Ne' gainst a British female would I rail

For all the wealth that rolls on Indian grail.
Here beauty, truth, and chastity, are found :
Eleonora here, with visage pale,
Did suck the poison from her Edward's wound,
And Ana's nuptial faith shall stand for aye renown'd.

III.

See the fair swans on Thamis' lovely tide,
The which do trim their pennons silver bright,
In shining ranks they down their waters ride ;
Oft have mine eyes devour'd the gallant sight.
Then cast thy looks with wonder and delight,
Where yon sweet Nymphs enjoy the ev'ning air,
Some daunce along the green, like fairies light,
Some flow'rets cull to deck their flowing hair ;
Then tell me, soothly, swain, which sight thou deem'st
most fair.

IV.

To You, bright stars, that sparkle on our isle,
I give my life, my fortune, and my fame ;
For my whole guerdon grant me but a smile,
A smile from You is all I hope or claim ;
Nor age's ice my ardent zeal shall tame,
To my life's end I shall your names adore,
Not hermits bosoms feel so pure a flame,
Warm'd by approval I more high shall soar ;
Receive my humble lays, my heart was yours before.

Should You consent, I'll quit my shepherd's grey,
And don more graceful and more costly gear,
My crook and scrip I'll throw with scorn away,
And in a samite garment streit appear.
Farewell, ye groves, which once I held so dear ;
Farewell, ye glens, I other joys pursue ;
Then shall the world your matchless pow'r revere,
And own what wonders your sweet smiles can do,
That could a simple clown into a bard transmew.

CANTO I.

The Squire of Dames to Satyrane
His history doth tell,
With all the toils he underwent
To gain his Columbel.

I.

THE Squire of Dames his tale thus 'gan to tell ;
Sith you command my tongue, Sir Satyrane,
I now will all declare that me befell,
The cause of muchel scath and dolorous pain,
Ne shall thy gentle eye from tears refrain.
Me Columbel commanded far to go
'Till I should full three hundred Nymphs attain,
Whose hearts should aye with Virtue's lessons
 glow,
And to all swains but one cry out for ever, No.

II.

To find the fortilage that ne'er will yield
Is not an easy matter, good Sir Knight ;
Troy town, they say, is now a grass-grown field,
That long withstood the force of Grecian might ;
And castles fall though deep in earth empight ;
Ne ought so strong is found but what may fail,

The sun at last shall lose his glorious light,
And vows or bribes o'er women may prevail ;
Their hearts are made of flesh, and mortal flesh is
frail.

III.

With heavy heart, and full of cark I go,
And take my conge of my blooming Maid,
I kiss'd her hond, and louting very low,
To her behest at length myself array'd :
The fair we love expects to be obey'd,
Although she bid us with the kestrel fly ;
So forth I prick, though much by doubt dismay'd,
The hard experiment resolv'd to try :
For she was wond'rous fair, and much in love was I.

IV.

A grove I reach'd, where tuneful throistles sung ;
The linnet here did ope his little throat ;
His twitting jests around the cuckoo flung,
And the proud goldfinch show'd his painted coat,
And hail'd us with no inharmonious note :
The robin eke here tun'd his sonnet shrill,
And told the soothing ditty all by rote,
How he with leaves his pious beak did fill,
To shroud those pretty babes, whom Sib unkind
would kill.

V.

And many a fair Narcissus deck'd the plain,
That seem'd anew their passions to admire ;
Here Ajax told his dolours o'er again,
And am'rous Clytie sicken'd with desire ;
Here the blown rose with odors sweet did spire ;
Through the dun grove a murm'ring river led
His chrystal streams that wound in many a gyre ;
The baleful willow all the banks bespread,
And ever to the breeze ycurl'd his hoary head.

VI.

Soon to the grove there came a lovely maid
(For maiden sure she did to me appear) ;
In plain check-laton was the nymph array'd,
Her sparkling eyes stood full of many a tear,
And she bewept the absence of her dear.
Alas ! should beauty be to woe allay'd ?
Beauty, methinks, should meet with better cheer,
Content should never wander from her side ;
Good luck, I pray to Heav'n, the face that's fair be-
tide.

VII.

“ Ah ! woe is me, she cry'd, since Colin's fled,
Whose gentle presence did these plains adorn,
Soon was he ravish'd from the nuptial bed,
Torn from these arms, from his dear leman torn !

O grief! far sharper than the pointed thorn,
I saw him ill-bestad by martial band.
Alas the day that ever I was born!
Where roves my Colin, on what foreign strand,
Arraught from Laura's eyes, and his dear native land?

VIII.

" Alas! he only knew to prune the vine,
Or through the earth to urge the biting share,
To twist the bower with fragrant eglantine,
Where free from heat we shun'd the noon-tide air,
Or to the mart to lead his fleecy care.
And is it fit in hacqueton and mail
The youth for war's grim terrors should prepare!
His voice outsung the love-lorn nightingale,
And deftly could he dance, or pipe along the dale.

IX.

" The goshawk fierce may pounce the trembling
dove,
The savage wolf may tear the bounding fawn;
But sparrows mild are form'd for seats of love,
And kids dew not with blood the flow'ry lawn;
Then how shall he, in whom all graces dawn,
In the red field the cruel paynim kill?
For scenes like these find men of hellish spawn.
'Tis his with joy the virgin's heart to fill.
And not on foreign shore his foemen's blood to spill.

X.

"No days of bliss my sorrows shall aslake,
For him I'll ever drop the dolorous tear :
Adieu the circled green, the buxom wake,
Since Colin's gone I taste of nought but drear.
Stretch me, ye maidens, stretch me on the bier,
And let my grave-stone these true words adorn :
A wretched maiden lies intombed here,
Who saw a shepherd brighter than the morn,
Then pin'd her heart away, and dy'd of love for-
lorn."

XI.

Much was I grieved at her piteous plaint,
And greeted to myself, O happy Squire !
At length, though late, thou hast found out a saint,
Who, but for Colin, feels no warm desire.
Perdie, quoth Satyrane, I her admire :
No lozel loose shall here discover'd be.
The other answer'd with his cheeks on fire,
Now by my hallidom you soon shall see
That words may with the heart full often ill agree.

XII.

I, nought accoy'd, came up unto the fair,
And swore to love her all my length of life ;
Then offer'd her to gorgeous domes to bear,
Where haidegives are daunc'd to harp and fife.

She soon forgot she was another's wife,
And granted with me to desert the plain.
Are such ensamples among women rife ?
If so, my Columbel I ne'er shall gain,
But hunt around the world, and find my labors vain.

XIII.

My lips I 'gan to royne in fell despite,
And forth I rushed from her false embrace,
Through the thick wood I wander'd day and night,
Ne met I living creature face to face :
At length a rising city far I trace ;
Thither in hopes my hasty steps I bend,
Perchaunce, thought I, true Virtue may embrace
The courtly dome, and from the country wend.
Thus, where we least expect, we often find a friend.

XIV.

At e'en the town I reach'd, and eke a hall,
Which waxen tapers made as light as day ;
Fair jovisaunce sat on the face of all,
And to the daunce the sprightly minstrels play,
Each seem'd as sportive as the wanton jay.
The dame, who own'd the house, was passing old,
And had, it seems, that morning dealt away
To her kind grandson many bags of gold,
Who took a bonnibel to haven and to hold.

XV.

The bride was named Viola the fair,
The loaded rosiere is not half so sweet.
Aye, aye, quoth I, ensamples are but rare
To find so many charms in one discreet ;
With you, fair lass, I mean not now to treat.
The springal was in wholesome lustihed,
And him by name of Pamphilus they greet ;
He was to doughty chevisance ybred,
Yet oft in courtly halls the active measure led.

XVI.

The auncient dame they do Avara call,
And much she hobbled as she trod the ground ;
Yet many angels in her crumenal,
If fair report speaks true, were always found.
Where riches flow, there virtues too abound.
Her pannikel was as a badger grey,
And, as she walk'd the company around,
It nodded with such force, that, by my fay,
I thought it meant to fly from her old crag away.

XVII.

The lofty roof was fretted o'er with gold,
And all around the walls depeinten were
With many histories of times of old,
Which brought not muchel credit to the fair.
There Leda held her swan, with shoulders bare,
And here the dame of Ephesus was found,

Lick other dames, whom my kind tongue shall
 spare,
And here stood Helen for her charms renown'd,
Who soon her lord forsook, when she a leman found.

XVIII.

And many a beauteous dame and courtly knight
Came there the nuptials for to celebrate :
Some vers'd to wing from bow the nimble flight,
Some the near foe with brondiron to amate ;
Me too they welcome to the hall of state ;
With bel accoil they wished me to take
A round or two, and choose me out a mate :
But my fond love, which nothing could aslake,
Caus'd me to slight them all, for Columbella's
 sake.

XIX.

And now to artful steps the floor rebounds,
In graceful ease the shining beavys move,
The noise like thunder at a distance sounds.
Mean time I sat beneath a proud alcove,
And told Avara gentle tales of love.
Thought I, in eld the passions are more tame,
And here by craft I may successful prove ;
For she perforce must now be void of blame
As wise Ulysses' wife, Penelope by name.

XX.

Ne wants she gelt, which oft the mind misleads
To actions which it otherwise would shun.
The courtier lythe, if right report areeds,
Will unawhap'd to seize his vantage run ;
And so will most men underneath the sun ;
Or be they patriot call'd, or bard, or knight ;
But when they once the gilded prize have won,
They seek to clear their name, with shame bedight :
Befits to scour the steel, when rust offends the
sight.

XXI.

At every word I said she look'd askaunce,
Then said, in unsoot whispers, Fye ! Sir, fye !
And turn'd as though she seem'd to mind the
daunce,
Nathless on me she cast a languid eye :
Blist by thy form, my liefest life, quoth I,
Cast your belgards upon an humble slave ;
From love, alas ! in vain my heart would fly ;
Then with a word thy quailing leman save,
For if you frown, perdie, you doom me to the grave.

XXII.

It happ'd by chaunce she saw a golden heart
With flaming diamonds around beset ;

This, the whole guerdon of my tedious smart,
I, on a time, from Columbel did get.
As simple birds are caught in fowler's net,
And 'cause they see no danger, none they fear :
Ev'n so Avara her eyen here did set,
And turned round and whisper'd in mine ear,
Give me that di'mond heart : and be mine leman
 dear.

XXIII.

I started from the couch where I was pight,
And thus I her bespake with muchel rage,
Avaunt, thou faytor false, thou imp of night:
I hate myself that I should thus engage,
On any terms to treat with wrizled age.
So, forth I flung, and left the frowy witch
To share her bed with coachman, groom or page;
The castle too I quit, mine ire was sich,
And out I set again, though night was dark as
 pitch.

XXIV.

But did I here relate, Sir Satyrane,
The many weary miles I've travelled,
What dangers I've assoil'd, yet all in vain,
(For, by my truth, but ill my days I've sped)
Your hair would stand upright upon your head.
Three hundred virtuous females, side by side,

By me to Columbella must be led :
Can you direct me where for such to ride ?
I cannot, in good sooth, the courteous knight re-
ply'd.

XXV.

The Squire pursu'd his tale : 'Tis now three years
Since curst Avara's visage first I saw :
Convents I've try'd, but there the luscious freers
The fair-fac'd nuns to fornication draw ;
Nor palaces are free from Cupid's law ;
His darts are fiercer than the levin-brond ;
Few, very few, there 'scape his mighty paw ;
And those in golden palls, who proudly stond,
Had lever kiss their love's, than Kesar's royal hond.

XXVI.

Fair Jenny of the mill I strove to win,
And her benempt Pastora of the dale ;
But they bilive agreed with me to sin ;
One ask'd an owch, and one a watchet veil.
Some wish o'er every female to prevail ;
My hope, my conquest is to be deny'd.
The stage I've try'd, but there my projects fail ;
For there is scarce a single wedded bride
But doth her husband's noul with horns of ront
provide.

XXVII.

As couthful fishers at the benty brook,
By various arts assot the seely fry,
Now wriggling worms, now paste conceals the
hook,
And now they hide it with a color'd fly;
This takes the perch, and that the tench's eye :
So diff'rent nymphs a diff'rent charm invites,
Some yield for vantage, some for vanity ;
A song this one, a daunce that maid delights :
Man throws the wimble bait, and greedy woman
bites.

XXVIII.

With sorrow overhent, the other day
I laid my weary limbs adown to rest,
Where a tall beech o'erspread the dusky way ;
My noyous thoughts a dream awhile suppress'd,
Oft weighty truths are in this garb ydress'd.
Grant that it so may happen unto me ;
Then joyance once again shall sooth this breast,
My pining soul shall be from anguish free,
And I shall taste true bliss, dear Columbel, with
thee.

XXIX.

Methought I saw a figure fair and tall,
And gentle smiles sat dimpling on her face,

Yet seemed of a beauty nought at all,
'Till much beholding did improve each grace ;
At length she seem'd too fair for human race.
Her kirtle white might vie with winter snows,
Ne could you aught of her fair bosom trace,
Nought but her face would she to sight expose,
So modest maiden wends, the frannion muchel shows.

XXX.

With visage bland methought she hail'd me oft :
" Ne fear, quoth she, a female's mild request.
The bark by tempests that is whirl'd aloft,
At length, the tempest o'er, enjoyeth rest.
My name is Chastity, though out of quest
With modern dames, yet thou shalt still survey
A clime where beauty is with virtue blest.
Good fortune speed you on your happy way ;
Go, gentle Squire of Dames, and here no longer stay.

XXXI.

" To fairy lond your instant journey bend,
There Columbel may find her will obey'd ;
There Chastity may boast of many a friend,
She visits there each rosy-featur'd maid.
Go on, nor be by former toils affray'd :
Go, where yon oaks display their verdant pride,

'Till, from the mountains torn, and stripp'd of
shade,
On Neptune's billows they triumphant ride,
Protect their happy lond, and conquer all beside.

XXXII.

“ Hail, happy lond ! for arms and arts renown'd,
For blooming virgins free from loose desire ;
A Drake, a Bacon, there a birth-place found,
And chaste Eliza time shall e'er admire :
The hero wields the sword and poet's lyre :
This Sidney knew, who still with lustre shines,
For whom Dan Spenser wak'd the warbling quire,
And many more whose names might grace his lines ;
There round the warrior's palm the lover's-myrtle
twines.”

XXXIII.

At this I woke, and now resolv'd to brave
The utmost perils for my Columbel :
For, know, I mean to cross the briny wave,
Where Albion's chalky cliffs the sea repel :
And, if no mage have laid the magic spell,
Perchance my lot may be at length to find
Three hundred nymphs, who wicked love can
quell ;
If not, I must desert all womankind,
And, what me most amates, leave Columbel behind.

XXXIV.

The Squire of Dames surceased here his say,
And forth he yode to seek the British isle,
Sir Satyrane prick'd on his dapple-grey,
Ne aught foreswonk he travell'd many a mile
To spend his days in hardiment and toil :
But first in courteous guise they bid farewell,
As well befits men bred in courtly soil.
Now how the Squire has sped, or ill, or well,
A future canto may, perhaps, at leisure tell.

XXXV.

For see, how Phoebus welketh in the west,
My oxen from their yoke I must untye,
The collar much has chauf'd their tender chest,
Who labors much the sweets of rest should try.
To their warm nests the daws and ravens fly
Deep in the ruin'd dome or dusky wood ;
And beasts and birds fast lock'd in slumber lye,
Save the fell bat, that flutters out for food,
And the soothsaying owl, with her unlovely brood.

CANTO II.

The Squire he lights on Bon-rivant,
Who wons in Fairy soil,
Then views in Merlin's magic glass
A sight that ends his toil.

I.

To gain the point to which our soul aspires
We nourish toil, and reek hard labor sweet ;
For this, thro' Greenland's frosts, or India's fires,
The hardy sailors death and dangers meet ;
And the proud chieftain, bolder than discreet,
In blood imbru'd pursues the martial fray,
And lovers eke through life's loud tempests beat,
Led on by hope, that never-dying ray ;
Hope wantons in her breast, and strews with flow'rs
the way.

II.

And sure of all mankind the Squire of Dames
Shall stand the first ensample of true love,
Who aye, untouch'd by any foreign flames,
Preserv'd his passion for his gentle dove.
Blush, modern youths, whose pulses quickly move,

Fondly you glote upon the witching fair :
Yet, when a sweet enjoyment once you prove,
You leave the nymph intangled in the snare,
Her tears flow trickling down, her singults pierce
the air.

III.

O think of transports which ye whilom tasted,
And let the glad remembrance charm your mind,
Be not the fruits of joyment quickly wasted,
And to your heart her happy image bind :
Think what she merits who whilear was kind,
Nor by inconstancy her peace destroy ;
Inconstancy, that monster fell and blind,
That, vainly fond of every passing toy,
Treads down its late delight, and poisons rapt'rous
joy.

IV.

Return we now unto our gentle youth,
Whose little bark daunc'd lightly on the main,
His breast divided atween joy and ruth ;
Now gay ideas wanton in his brain,
Now woe-begon his heart is rent in twain,
On his success depends his Columbel ;
And now he hopes, and now desponds again ;
The various turns of mind, when thoughts rebel,
Sure pen mote ne'er describe, and none but lovers
tell.

V.

Methinks I see him on the beechy strond,
Where Neptune's waves affrap the sturdy pier ;
His hardy steed neighs at the sight of lond,
In all adventures a most faithful seer ;
And through that city he doth quickly steer,
Which Ethelbert to holy Austin gave :
The kings of Kent did erst inhabit here,
Here haughty Becket sunk into the grave,
Here thro' the smiling meads Stoure rolls his dimpling
wave.

VI.

Long travell'd he, ne ventur'd to assay
The nymphs he met, for much he was affray'd,
To bribes or pray'rs few women would cry nay ;
At flatt'ry's tongue full oft will virtue fade :
What shall he do ? to win his lovely Maid
He must three hundred virtuous females find.
Perdie, quoth he, my fortune be assay'd,
I'll boldly try the strength of womankind :
For craven heart, they say, ne'er won fair lady's
mind.

VII.

So on he prick'd, and from a rising ground
Discern'd before him, in a distant vale,

A castle fair: and auncient oaks around
Did to the breeze their lofty heads avail;
A silver stream refresh'd the fragrant dale;
Their ledden loud fat oxen did repeat,
And nibbling sheep display'd their fleeces pale,
The woodbine shed an odor matchless sweet,
And to their patient dams the frisking lambkins
bleat.

VIII.

To that same castle our advent'rer yode,
The merry birds him welcom'd on the way,
An hundred flow'rs aumail'd the winding road,
And all was bright, and all was passing gay;
You would have sworn it was the month of May.
Withouten drad he thunders at the gate,
Who wons within, or giant, knight, or fay,
Shall ne'er, in sooth, our imp of fame amate:
Unto the summons loud the portal opens streit.

IX.

And forth there issued the seneschal,
Of middle age he was, if right I ween,
He was in personage both plump and tall,
Ne seemed he to taste of dolorous teen,
Ne wrinkle deep was on his forehead seen,
But jovisaunce sat basking on his brow,
At every word he spoke, he smil'd at-ween,

His temples were yecrown'd with myrtle bough,
And virelays he song with matchless grace, I vow.

X.

“ Whoe'er thou art, thrice welcome to these plains,
Where bitter dole ne'er shows her hateful head,
Good-fellowship wons here, and free from pains
Both youth and eld the paths of pleasure tread ;
Catch flying bliss, ne be by aught foresaid ;
Think that this life is but a little span ;
Then laugh, and sport, and shun all dreryhed,
Thy rolling days in present pleasures plan,
Come, spend thy hours in joy, thou son of mortal
man.

XI.

“ Know'st thou my name ! I am l'Allegro hight,
Let me conduēt thee to our jovial hall,
Where Bon-vivant in revels spends the night,
Who bids a hearty welcome unto all,
Or wear he red cross-stoles, or paynim pall.”
With that he lad him with a courtly air
Into a chamber deck'd for feast and ball ;
And though no tedes or tapers glimmer'd there,
Yet all within was bright, as all without was fair.

XII.

As at the close of an hot summer's day,
When Phoebus in the west deserts the sky,

Bright streams of light along the aether play,
And though his fiery orb forsake our eye,
The beamy gushes gild each object nigh :
The painted meads are ting'd with golden light,
And rivers roll their glitt'ring waters by ;
So in this house of joy with ease you might
Perceive celestial rays, that cherish'd human sight.

XIII.

The Squire of Dames his jolly host salew'd,
And Bon-vivant his hond in friendship press'd ;
“ Come, sit thee down, and taste our choicest food ;
We entertake, quoth he, no vulgar guest.
Enur'd to toil, come taste the sweets of rest,
Doff thy hard arms, this samite garment wear,
This better far than mail shall bind thy breast,
This coronal shall deck thy auburn hair ;
Push the brisk goblet round, and drown intruding
care.

XIV.

“ For us the lark attunes his morning song,
For us the Spring depeints her every flower,
To sooth our sleep yon fountain purls along,
And oaks to shade us twine into a bow'r,
The pensive bard sits many a watchful hour,
In ditty sweet, to carol forth our praise :
While valor spends his days in dole and stour,
We, wiser we, undying trophies raise
To ever-blooming bliss, ne reek what Wisdom says.

XV.

“ With sprightly notes we make the welkin ring,
In mazy daunce we tread the chequer'd ground,
To yielding nymphs transported shepherds sing,
Ne hard misfare emongst our train is found.
The simple swain, who looks with cark astoun'd
Because his leman ill rewards his care,
Oh, let him stond to all a lout renown'd,
Ne gibing scorn her twitting bords forbear;
Are there not other nymphs less coy, and full as fair?”

XVI.

At this the Squire wex'd pale, “ Ne eath it is,
Most courteous Knight, he cry'd, far to remove
The thoughts of her in whom we place all bliss.”
Quoth Bon-vivant, “ What, then thou art in
love?”
“ That I am so these many singults prove,”
Return'd the Squire. L'Allegro then reply'd,
“ Thou'dst better wend to yonder willow grove,
Where shoals of lovers hanging side by side,
Feed the vile carrion crows, and heighten female
pride.”

XVII.

With that he brast into a scornful laugh,
And much abash'd appear'd our constant Squire;
The other sportful the brisk vintage quaff.
While thus the Springal; “ Yes, I do aspire

To love the Fairest of the female quire.
Three hundred virtuous damsels in this isle
I came to find." "Perdie, your odd desire,
Quoth Bon-vivant, will ask thee muchel toil;
And thou shalt travel too full many a weary mile.

XVIII.

"'Tis not enough the conduct of the fair
Is form'd by frowning Virtue's strictest leer:
The blatant-beast does here in pieces tear
The fame of those ybred in school severe;
His rankling tongue throughout the rolling year
With baleful venom every thing consumes;
Where beauty's splendor gilds our northern sphere
He slyly creeps, and to destruction dooms
The honor of the Spring, and Wisdom's early blooms.

XIX.

"The brindled lyon in the lonely wood
Hides his grim aspect from the sight of men;
The pardelis and libbard's spotted brood
Reside contented in sequester'd den;
Not so the blatant-beast, he lives in ken
Of the proud city or well-peopled town;
Thence with detested fury he will ren,
Ne spare the prelate's lawn, or monarch's crown?
All fares alike with him, for all he tumbleth down.

XX.

“ What then avails it to be fair or wise ?
Or what avails it to be warlike knight ?
Where-e’er the monster casts his fiery eyes,
Each grace, each virtue sickens at the sight.
Then, goodly Squire, until the morning’s light
Quaff the thick darkness of the night away ;
And, when the morn shall rise, in arms bedight
Proceed, and luck attend you on your way ;
Algates we wish in truth with us you’d ever stay.”

XXI.

The Squire agrees, but vows, when rising morn
Shall gild the glitt’rand portals of the east,
Himself he will in habergeon adorn,
And seek around the isle the blatant-beast :
Mean while in buxom mirth they spend the feast.
Ill fares the mortal man too much who knows ;
Oft shall he wish himself from thought releast ;
The fatal knowledge in his bosom glows,
And mars his golden rest, and murders soft repose.

XXII.

Sir Chauncleer now ey’d the rising day,
And call’d dame Partlet from her vetchy bed ;
Now wakeful Phosphor spreads his gleamy ray,
And the pale Moon conceal’d her silver head ;

The cattle brouze the lawn with dew bespread,
While every bird from out the buskets flies.
Then to the field our lover issued ;
But sleep had seal'd l'Allegro's drousy eyes,
And Bon-vivant also in downy slumber lies.

XXIII.

Our Squire withouten drad, pursu'd his way,
And look'd around to spy this monster fell,
And many a well conceited roundelay
He sung in honor of his Columbel :
Mote he, perchaunce, destroy this spawn of hell,
How easy were the task to him assign'd !
The lond of Fairy doth each lond excel ;
View there the paragons of womankind ;
View the bright virgins there, and leave thy heart
behind.

XXIV.

Ah ! lever should'st thou try the females there
Than thus unwise another course pursue ;
There every nymph is innocent as fair :
Try what I here advance, you'll find it true.
Hard is our fate while bliss in hopes we few,
Some deadly fiend to blast our joy appears ;
Contentment sweet, alas ! is known to few.
Thus for awhile the sun the welkin cheers,
But soon he hides his head, and melts in dropping
tears.

XXV.

Life is a scene of conteck and distress,
Ne is it longer than a winter's day ;
And shall we make our few enjoyments less ?
Far from my cot, thou blatant-beast, away.
No husband's noul will I with horns array,
Ne shall my tongue its venom'd malice wreak
On tuneful bards, whom laurel crowns apay ;
Ne will I 'gainst the comely matron speak,
Or draw one pearly drop down beauty's rosy cheek.

XXVI.

The Squire of Dames rode on with muchel tinc,
And, as he cast askaunce his greedy look,
He saw empight beneath an auncient pine
A hoary shepherd leaning on his crook :
His falling tears increas'd the swelling brook :
And he did sigh as he would break his heart.
“ O thou deep-read in sorrow's baleful book,
The Squire exclaim'd, areed thy burning smart ;
Our dolors grow more light when we the tale im-
part.”

XXVII.

To whom the swain reply'd, “ O gentle Youth,
Yon fruitful meads my num'rous herds possess'd,
My days roll'd on unknown to pain or ruth,
And one fair daughter my old age ybless'd.

Oh, had you seen her for the wake ydress'd
With kirtle ty'd with many a color'd string,
Thy tongue to all the world had then confess'd
That she was sheener than the pheasant's wing,
And, when she rais'd her voice, no lark so soot could
sing.

XXVIII.

“ In virtue's thews I bred the lovely maid,
And she right well the lessons did pursue ;
Too wise she was to be by man betray'd ;
But the curst blatant-beast her form did view,
And round our plains did spread a tale untrue,
That Rosabella, spurning marriage band,
Had felt those pangs which virgin never knew,
And that Sir Topas my poor girl trepann'd ;
He, who in sable stole doth in our pulpit stand.

XXIX.

“ Nay, more, the hellish monster has invented,
How a young swain on Shannon's banks yborn
(Had not my care the deep-laid plot prevented)
Would from my arms my Rosabel have born.
Have not I cause to weep from rising morn
'Till Phoebus welketh in the western main,
To see my dearling's fame thus vildly torn ?
Have I not cause to nourish endless pain ?”
At this he deeply sigh'd, and wept full sore again.

XXX.

“Curst be this blatant-beast, reply’d the Squire,
That thus infests your sea-begirted isle;
Shew me his face, that I may wreak mine ire
Upon this imp of hell, this monster vile.”
“Away from hence not passing sure a mile,
Might I advise you, you had better wend,”
Return’d the Swain, “deep-read in magic-style
There Merlins wons, sue him to be your friend;
And lest you miss your way, myself will you at-
tend.”

XXXI.

Together now they seek the hermitage
Deep in the covert of a dusky glade,
Where in his dortour wons the hoary Sage.
The moss-grown trees did form a gloomy shade,
Their rustling leaves a solemn music made,
And fairies nightly tripp’d the awful green,
And if the tongue of fame hath truth display’d,
Full many a spectre was at midnight seen,
Torn from his earthly grave, a horrid sight ! I
ween.

XXXII.

Ne rose, ne vi’let, glads the chearless bow’r,
Ne fringed pink from earth’s green bosom grew,

But hemloc dire, and every baleful flow'r
Might here be found, and knots of mystic rue.
Close to the cell sprong up an auncient yew,
And store of imps were on its boughs ypight,
At his behests they from its branches flew,
And, in a thousand various form bedight,
Frisk'd to the moon's pale wain, and revell'd all the
night.

XXXIII.

Around the cave a clust'ring ivy spread
In wide embrace his over-twining arms,
Within the walls with characters bespread
Declar'd the pow'rful force of magic charms.
Here drugs were plac'd destructive of all harms,
And books that deep futurity could scan :
Here stood a spell that of his rage disarms
The mountain lyon 'till he yields to man ;
With many secrets more, which scarce repeat I can.

XXXIV.

The Squire of Dames deep enters in the cell !
What will not valiant heart for beauty dare ?
His borrel fere here bids his friend farewell,
And home he wends renewing cark and care.
When, louting low with a becoming air,
The Youth cry'd out, " O thrice renowned Mage,
Vouchsafe to cure me of my black despair ;
For thou not only art grown wise through age,
But art of mortal man by far the wisest sage."

XXXV.

Then Merlin with a look benign reply'd,
(For he was bred with every courteous thew)
"I know to make fair Columbel your bride
The blatant-beast you through the lond pursue;
The fate of empires now demands my view,
And for awhile denys my presence here;
Soon in this cell I'll thee again salew,
What most thou lik'st partake withouten fear,
Share all my cave affords, nor think I grudge my
chear.

XXXVI.

"Yet mark my counsel, open not that door,
Lest thou repent thy follies when too late,
Ten thousand pangs shall make thy heart full sore,
For horror scouls behind that heben gate,
And future ills shall thy dear peace amate;
There stands a mirror, wrought by magic leer,
In which are read the dark decrees of fate,
And whom you wish to see will streit appear,
Devoid of art's false mask, to human eye-sight clear.

XXXVII.

"Ah how unlike the godlike man he seem'd
In this my glass the patriot I've descry'd,
By the vile rabblement a saint esteem'd?
He's oft a wretch compos'd of sloth and pride:

And Kesars too, not seldom deify'd,
With other men their vice and follies share ;
And by my mirror if the nymph be try'd,
It will without reserve the truth declare,
Ne flatter head that's crown'd, ne flatter face that's
fair.

XXXVIII.

“ Once more let me advise thee, gentle Squire,
Forbear to look at this same magic glass ;
Do not too rashly into fate enquire—
But I to foreign stronds awhile must pass.”
Th' unweeting youth cry'd to himself, “ Alas !
Would I could know the lot to me assign'd !”
“ Patience, quoth Merlin, doth all things surpass.”
Then to his car were winged dragons join'd,
With which he sails thro' air, and far outstrips the
wind.

XXXIX.

And now the Squire surveys the lonesome cave,
His wav'ring mind is in a whirlwind tost,
And now the mirror he resolves to brave,
And now he finds his boasted courage lost.
At length determin'd whatsoe'er it cost,
To see the glass, he darts into the cell ;
And, lest his eyes by vild retrait be crost,
Thrice he invokes his lovely Columbel.
As Adam fell of yore, the Squire of Dames yfell.

XL.

The heben doors full widely he display'd,
And saw the lovely queen of all his heart,
Fair as the lily in the watry glade,
Bright as the morn, and bright withouten art.
Through every vein he feels a thrillant smart:
For the dear Maid lay on her bed undress'd,
And, may I unprov'd the truth impart,
She hugg'd a lusty stripling to her breast,
Whom she full closely clipp'd, and wantonly caress'd.

XLI.

"O faytor false, O wicked imp of night!"
Exclaim'd the Squire astound, "ah! wellaway!
Let Erebus in pitchy stole bedight
With foulest sprites the sons of men affray,
And blot for ever the fair face of day.
Ye haggard sisters, sound my passing-bell;
Oh! ne'er believe, ye youths, what women say.
O losel loose, O impious Columbel!"
Then like a stean to earth full heavily he fell.

XLII.

There shall we leave him, for my leaky boat
Lets in the water, and I must recure
Her much worn hulk, that scarcely now can float,
And moor'd in harbour she shall ride secure;

Then if I can a pilot wise procure,
Mayhap I may again hoist forth my sail,
And other hardy voyages endure
Through shelves and shallows : now the adverse
gale
Gives me some time to rest, and loud with joy I hail.

POEM IV.

SIR MARTYN;

OR,

THE PROGRESS OF DISSIPATION.

BY WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

CANTO I.

The mirthfull bowres and flowry dales
Of Pleasures faerie land,
Where Virtues buds are blighted as
By foul Enchanters wand.

I.

Awake, ye West Windes, through the lonely dale,
And, Fancy, to thy faerie bowre betake !
Even now, with balmie freshnesse, breathes the
gale,
Dimpling with downy wing the stilly lake ;
Through the pale willows faultering whispers wake,
And Evening comes with locks bedropt with dew ;
On Desmonds mouldering turrets slowly shake
The trembling rie-grass and the hare-bell blue,
And ever and anon faire Mullas plaints renew.

II.

O for that namelesse powre to strike mine eare,
That powre of charme thy Naiads once possest,
Melodious Mulla! when, full oft whyleare,
Thy gliding murmurs soothd the gentle brest
Of haplesse SPENSER; long with woes opprest,
Long with the drowsie Patrons smyles decoyd,
Till in thy shades, no more with cares distrest,
No more with painful anxious hopes accloyd,
The sabbath of his life the milde good man enjoyd:

III.

Enjoyd each wish; while rapt in visions blest
The Muses wooed him, when each evening grey
Luxurious Fancy, from her wardrobe drest
Brought forth her faerie knights in sheen array
By forrest edge or welling fount, where lay,
Farre from the crowd, the carelesse Bard supine:
Oh happy man! how innocent and gay,
How mildly peacefull past these houres of thine!
Ah! could a sigh avail, such sweete calme peace
were mine!

IV.

Yet oft, as pensive through these lawns I stray,
Unbidden transports through my bosome swell;
With pleasing reverence awd mine eyes survey
The hallowed shades where SPENSER strung his
shell.

The brooke still murmurs through the bushy dell,
Still through the woodlands wild and beauteous rise
The hills green tops ; still from her moss-white
cell

Complayning Echoe to the stockdove sighs,
And Fancy, wandering here, still feels new extacies.

V.

Then come, ye Genii of the place ! O come,
Ye wilde-wood Muses of the native lay !
Ye who these bancks did whilom constant roam,
And round your SPENSER ever gladsom play !
Oh come once more ! and with your magick ray
These lawns transforming, raise the mystick scene—
The lawns already own your vertual sway,
Proud citys rise, with seas and wildes atweene ;
In one enchanted view the various walks of men.

VI.

Towrd to the sky, with cliff on cliff ypild,
Fronting the sunne, a rock fantastick rose ;
From every rift the pink and primrose smild,
And redd with blossoms hung the wildings
boughs ;
On middle cliff each flowry shrub that blows
On Mayes sweete morne a fragrant grove displayd,
Beauteous and wilde as ever Druid chose ;
From whence a reverend Wizard through the shade
Advaunst to meet my steps ; for here me seemd I
strayd.

VII.

White as the snow-drop round his temples flow'd
A few thin hairs ; bright in his eagle eye,
Meint with Heaven's lightning, social mildnesse
glowd ;
Yet when him list queynt was his leer and slie,
Yet wondrous distant from malignitie ;
For still his smyle did forcibly disclose
The soul of worth and warm hart-honestie :
Such winning grace as Age but rare bestows
Dwelt on his cheeks and lips, though like the withering
rose.

VIII.

Of skyen blue a mantling robe he wore,
A purple girdle loosely tyd his waist
Enwove with many a flowre from many a shore,
And half conceald and half reveald his vest,
His vest of silk, the Faerie Queenes bequest
What time she wooed him ere his head was grey ;
A lawrell bough he held, and now addrest
To speech, he points it to the mazy way
That wide and farre around in wildest prospect lay.

IX.

Younkling, quoth he, lo ! where at thy desire
The wilderness of life extensive lies :
The path of blustering fame and warlike Ire,
Of scowling Powre and lean-boned Covetise,

Of thoughtlesse Mirth and Folly's giddy joys ;
And whither all those paths illusive end,
All these at my command didactick rise,
And shift obedient as mine arm I bend.
He said, and to the field did strait his arm extend.

X.

Well worthy views, quoth I, rise all around,
But certes, lever would I see and hear,
How, oft, the gentle plant of generous ground
And fairest bloom no ripend fruit will bear :
Oft have I shed, perdie, the better tear
To see the shoots of Vertue shrink and dy,
Untimely blasted in the soft greene eare :
What evil blight thus works such villainy,
To tell, O reverend Seer, thy prompt enchantment
try.

XI.

Ah me ! how little doe unthinking Youth
Foresee the sorrowes of their elder age !
Full oft, quoth he, my Bosom melts with ruth
To note the follies of their early stage,
Where Dissipations cup full deepe they pledge ;
Ne can the Wizards saws disperse to flight
The ills that soon will warre against them wage,
Ne may the spells that lay the church-yarde Spright,
From Pleasures servile' bands release the luckless
Wight,

XII.

This truth to tell, see yonder landskepe rise,
An ample field of British clime I ween,
A field which never by poetick Eyes
Was viewed from hence. Thus, though the rural
scene
Has by a thousand artists pencild beene,
Some other may, from other point, explore
A view full different, yet as faire besene :
So shall these lawns present one lawnskepe more ;
For certes where we stand stood never wight before.

XIII.

In yonder dale does wonne a gentle Knight——
Fleet as he spake still rose the imagerie
Of all he told depeinten to the sight ;
It was, I weet, a goodly baronie :
Beneath a greene-clad hill, right faire to see,
The castle in the sunny vale ystood ;
All round the east grew many a sheltering tree,
And on the west a dimpling silver flood
Ran through the gardins trim, then crept into the
wood.

XIV.

How sweetly here, quoth he, might one employ
And fill with worthy deed the fleeting houres !

What pleasaunce mote a learned wight enjoy
Emong the hills and vales and shady bowres,
To mark how buxom Ceres round him poures
The hoary headed wheat, the freckled corne,
The bearded barlie, and the hopp that towres
So high, and with his bloom salewes the morne,
And with the orchard vies the lawnskepe to adorn;

XV.

The fragrant orchard, where her golden store
Pomona lavishes on everie tree,
The velvet-coated peach, the plumb so hore,
The nectrines redd, and pippins sheene to see,
That nod in everie gale with wanton glee:
How happy here with Woodstocks laughing Swain
And Avons Bard of peerlesse memorie
To saunter through the dasie-whitened plain,
When Fancys sweetest Impe Dan Spenser joins the
train.

XVI.

Ne to Syr MARTYN hight were these unknown;
Oft by the brooke his infant steps they led,
And oft the Fays, with many a warbling tone
And laughing shape, stood round his morning bed:
Such happiness bloomed fair around his head.
Yet though his mind was formd each joy to taste,

From him, alas ! dear homefelt Joyaunce fled,
Vain meteors still his cheated arms embraced ;
Where all seemd flowrie gay, he found a dreary
waste.

XVII.

Just when he had his eighteenth summer seen,
Lured by the fragrance of the new-mown hay,
As carelesse sauntering through the elm-fenced
green,
He with his book beguiled the closing day,
The dairy-Maide hight KATHRIN frisk'd that
way ;
A roguish twinkling look the gypsie cast,
For much she wishd the lemmans part to play ;
Nathlesse unheeding on his way he past,
Ne enterd in his heart or wish or thought unchast.

XVIII.

Right plump she was, and ruddie glowd her cheek,
Her easie waiste in milch-white boddice dight,
Her golden locks curld down her shoulders sleek,
And halfe her bosome heaving met the sight,
Whiles gayly she accosts the sober wight :
Freedom and glee blythe sparkling in her eye
With wanton merrimake she trips the Knight,
And round the younkling makes the clover flye :
But soon he starten up, more gamesome by and bye.

XIX.

I ween, quoth she, you think to win a kiss,
But certes you shall woo and strive in vain.
Fast in his armes he caught her then ywis;
Yfere they fell; but loud and angry then
Gan she of shame and haviour vild complain,
While bashfully the weetlesse Boy did look:
With cunning smyles she viewd his awkward pain;
The smyle he caught, and eke new courage took,
And Kathrin then a kiss, perdie, did gentlie brook.

XX.

Fleet past the months ere yet the giddy Boy
One thought bestowd on what would surely be;
But well his Aunt perceiv'd his dangerous toy,
And sore she feard her auncient familie
Should now be staind with blood of base degree:
For sooth to tell, her liefest hearts delight
Was still to count her princely pedigree,
Through barons bold all up to Cadwall hight,
Thence up to Trojan Brute ysprong of Venus bright.

XXI.

But, zealous to forefend her gentle race
From baselie matching with plebeian blond,
Whole nights she schemd to shonne thilk foull disgrace,
And Kathrin's bale in wondrous wrath she vowd:

Yet could she not with cunning portance shroud,
So as might best succede her good intent,
But clept her lemman and vild slut aloud ;
That soon she should her gracelesse thewes repent,
And stand in long white sheet before the parson
shent.

XXII.

So spake the Wizard, and his hand he wavd,
And prompt the scenerie rose, where listless lay
The Knight in shady bowre, by streamlet lavd,
While Philomela sooth'd the parting day :
Here Kathrin him approachd with features gay,
And all her store of blandishments and wiles ;
The Knight was touchd—but she with soft delay
And gentle teares yblends her languid smiles,
And of base falsitie th' enamour'd Boy reviles.

XXIII.

Amazd the Boy beheld her ready teares,
And, faultring oft, exclaims with wondring stare,
What mean these sighs ? dispell thine ydle feares ;
And, confident in me, thy griefes declare.
And need, quoth she, need I my heart to bare,
And tellen what untold well knowne mote be ?
Lost is my friends good-will, my mother's care—
By you deserted—ah ! unhappy me !
Left to your Aunts fell spight, and weakfull crueltie.

XXIV.

My Aunt ! quoth he, forsooth shall she command ?
No ; sooner shall yond hill forsake his place,
He laughing said, and would have caught her
hand ;
Her hand she shifted to her blubberd face
With prudish modestie, and sobd, Alas !
Grant me your bond, or else on yonder tree
These silkin garters, pledge of thy embrace,
Ah, welladay ! shall hang my babe and me,
And everie night our ghostes shall bring all hell to
thee.

XXV.

Ythrilld with horror gapd the wareless wight,
As when, aloft on well-stored cherrie-tree,
The thievish elfe beholds with pale affright
The gardner near, and weets not where to flee :
And will my bond forefend thilk miserie ?
That shalt thou have ; and for thy peace beside,
What mote I more ? Housekeeper shalt thou be—
An awfull oath forthwith his promise tied,
And Kathrin was as blythe as ever blythesome bride.

XXVI.

His Aunt fell sick for very dole to see
Her kindest counsels scornd, and sore did pine

To think what well she knew would shortly be,
Cadwallins bloud debasd in Kathrins line ;
For very dole she died. Oh sad propine,
Syr Knight, for all that care which she did take !
How many a night, for coughs and colds of thine,
Has she sat up rare cordial broths to make,
And cockerd thee so kind with many a daintie
cake !

XXVII.

Soft as the gossamer in summer shades
Extends its twinkling line from spray to spray,
Gently as sleep the weary lids invades,
So soft, so gently Pleasure mines her way :
But whither will the smiling Fiend betray,
Ah, let the Knights approaching dayes declare !
Though everie bloome and flowre of buxom May
Bestrew her path, to desarts cold and bare
The mazy path betrays the giddy wight unaware.

XXVIII.

Ah ! says the Wizard, what may now availe
His manlie sense that fairest blossoms bore,
His temper gentle as the whispering gale,
His native goodnesse, and his vertuous lore !
Now through his veins, all uninflamd before,
Th' enchanted cup of Dissipation hight
Has shedd, with subtil stealth, through everie
pore,

Its giddy poison, brewd with magicke might,
Each budd of gentle worth and better thought to
blight.

XXIX.

So the Canadian, train'd in drery wastes
To chace the foming bore and fallow deer,
At first the trader's beverage shylic tastes;
But soon with headlong rage, unfelt whyleare,
Inflamd he lusts for the delirious cheer :
So bursts the Boy disdainful of restrent
Headlong attonce into the wylde career
Of jollitie, with all his mind unbent,
And dull and yrksome hangs the day in sports un-
spent.

XXX.

Now fly the wassal seasons wing'd with glee,
Each day affords a floode of roring joy ;
The Springs green months ycharmd with Cocking
flee,
The jolly Horæ-race Summers grand employ,
His Harvests Sports the foxe and hare destroy ;
But the substantial Comforts of the Bowl
Are thine, O Winter ! thine to fire the Boy
With Englands cause, and swell his mightie
soul,
Till dizzy with his peres about the flore he rowl.

XXXI.

Now round his dores ynail'd on cloggs of wood
Hangs many a badgers snout and foxes tail,
The which he had through many a hedge persewd,
Through marsh, through meer, dyke, ditch, and
delve and dale ;
To hear his hair-breadth scapes would make you
pale ;
Which well the groome hight Patrick can relate,
Whileas on holidays he quaffs his ale ;
And not one circumstance will he forgett,
So keen the braggard chorle is on his hunting sett.

XXXII.

Now on the turf the Knight with sparkling eyes
Beholds the springing Racers sweep the ground ;
Now lightlie by the post the foremost flies,
And thondring on, the rattling hoofs rebound ;
The coursers groan, the cracking whips resound :
And gliding with the gale they rush along
Right to the stand. The Knight stares wildly
round
And, rising on his sell, his jocund tongue
Is heard above the noise of all the noisie throng.

XXXIII.

While thus the Knight persewd the shaddow Joy,
As youthly spirits thoughtlesse led the way,

Her gilden baits, ah, gilded to decoy !
Kathrin did eve and morn before him lay,
Watchfull to please, and ever kindlie gay;
Till like a thing bewitch'd, the carelesse wight
Resigns himself to her capricious sway :
Then soon, perdie, was never charme-bound
spright
In Necromancers thrall in halfe such pitteous plight.

XXXIV.

Her end accomplishd, and her hopes at stay,
What need her now, she recks, one smyle bestow ;
Each care to please were trouble thrown away,
And thriftlesse waste, with many maxims moe,
As, What were she the better did she so ?
She conns, and freely sues her native bent :
Yet still can she to guard his thralldom know,
Though grimd with snuff in tawdrie gown she
went,
Though peevish were her spleen and rude her jolli-
ment,

XXXV.

As when the linnett hails the balmie morne,
And roving through the trees his mattin sings,
Lively with joy, till on a lucklesse thorne
He lights, where to his feet the birdlime clings ;
Then all in vain he flapps his gaudie wings ;
The more he flutters still the more foredone :

So fares it with the Knight : each morning brings
His deeper thrall ; ne can he brawling shun,
For Kathrin was his thorne and birdlime both in one.

XXXVI.

Or, when atop the hoary western hill
The ruddie Sunne appears to rest his chin,
When not a breeze disturbs the murmuring rill,
And mildlie warm the falling dewes begin,
The gamesome Trout then shews her silverie skin,
As wantonly beneath the wave she glides,
Watching the buzzing flies, that never blin,
Then, dropt with pearle and golde, displays her
sides,
While she with frequent leape the ruffled streame
divides.

XXXVII.

On the greene banck a truant Schoolboy stands ;
Well has the urchin markt her mery play,
An ashen rod obeys his guilefull hands,
And leads the mimic fly across her way ;
Askaunce, with wistly look and coy delay,
The hungrie Trout the glitteraund treachor eyes,
Semblaunt of life, with speckled wings so gay ;
Then, slylie nibbling, prudish from it flies,
Till with a bouncing start she bites the truthless
prize.

XXXVIII.

Ah, then the Younker gives the fatefull twitch ;
Struck with amaze she feels the hook ypight
Deepe in her gills, and, plunging where the beech
Shaddows the poole, she runs in dred affright ;
In vain the deepest rocke, her late delight,
In vain the sedgy nook for help she tries ;
The laughing elfe now curbs, now aids her flight,
The more entangled still the more she flies,
And soon amid the grass the panting captive lies.

XXXIX.

Where now, ah pity ! where that sprightly play,
That wanton bounding, and exulting joy,
That lately welcomd the retourning ray,
When by the rivletts bancks, with blushes coy,
APRIL walkd forth—ah ! never more to toy
In purling streame, she pants, she gasps and dies !
Aye me ! how like the fortune of the Boy,
His days of revel and his nights of noise
Have left him now, involvd, his Lemman's hapless
prize.

XL.

See now the changes that attend her sway ;
The parke where rural Elegance had placed
Her sweete retreat, where cunning Art did play
Her happiest freaks, that Nature undefaced

Received new charmes; ah, see, how foul disgraced
Now lies thilke parke so sweetly wylde afore !
Each grove and bowery walke be now laid waste ;
The bowling-greene has lost its shaven flore,
And snowd with washing suds now yawns beside the dore.

XLI.

All round the borders where the pansie blue,
Crocus, and polyanthus speckled fine,
And daffodils in fayre confusion grew
Emong the rose-bush roots and eglantine ;
These now their place to cabbages resign,
And tawdrie pease supply the lillys stead ;
Rough artichokes now bristle where the vine
Its purple clusters round the windows spread,
And laisie cucumbers on dung recline the head.

XLII.

The fragrant orchard, once the Summers pride,
Where oft, by moonshine, on the daisied greene,
In jovial daunce, or tripping side by side,
Pomona and her buxom nymphs were seene ;
Or where the clear canal stretchd out atweene,
Deffly their locks with blossomes would they brede ;
Or, resting by the primrose hillocks sheene,
Beneath the apple boughs and walnut shade,
They sung their loves the while the fruitage gaily
spread :

XLIII.

The fragrant orchard at her dire comm
In all the pride of blossome strewd the
The hillocks gently rising through the
Must now no trace of Natures steps re
The clear canal, the mirrour of the swa
And bluish lake no more adorn the gre
Two durty watering ponds alone remain
And where the moss-floord filbert
 beene,
Is now a turnip field and cow yarde noth

XLIV.

An auncient crone, ycleped by housewiv
All this devisd for trim Oeconomie ;
But certes, ever from her birth bereft
Of elegance, ill fitts her title high :
Coarse were her looks, yet smoothe he
Hoyden her shapes, but grave was her
And ever fixt on trifles was her eye ;
And still she plodden round the kitchen
To save the smallest crombe her pleas
 syre.

XLV.

Bow-bent with eld, her steps were sof
Fast at her side a bounch of keys yhon
Dull Care sat brooding on her jealous
Sagacious proverbs dropping from her

Yet sparing though she beene her gwestes emong,
Ought by herselfe, that she mote gormandise,
The foul curmudgeon would have that ere long,
And hardly could her witt her gust suffice ;
Albee in varied stream, still was it Covetise.

XLVI.

Dear was the kindlie love which Kathrin bore
This crooked Ronion, for in soothly guise
She was her genius and her counsellor :
Now cleanly milking-pails in careful wise
Bedeck each room, and much can she despise
The Knights complaints, and thriftlesse judgment
ill :
Eke versd in sales, right wondrous cheap she buys,
Parlour and bedroom too her bargains fill ;
Though useless, cheap they beene, and cheap she
purchasd still.

XLVII.

His tenants whilom been of thriftie kind,
Did like to sing and worken all the day,
At seedtime never were they left behind,
And at the harvest feast still first did play ;
And ever at the terme their rents did pay,
For well they knew to guide their rural geer :
All in a row, yclad in homespun gray,
They marchd to church each Sunday of the year,
Their imps yode on afore, the carles brought up the
rear.

XLVIII.

Ah happy days! but now no longer found :
No more with social hospitable glee
The village hearths at Christmas-tide resound,
No more the Whitsun gamboll may you see,
Nor morrice daunce, nor May daye jollitie
When the blythe maydens foot the deawy green ;
But now, in place, heart-sinking penurie
And hopelesse care on every face is seen,
As these the dreary times of curfeu bell had been.

XLIX.

For everie while, with thief-like lounging pace,
And dark of look, a tawdrie villain came,
Muttering some words with serious-meaning face,
And on the church dore he would fix their name ;
•Then, nolens volens, they must heed the same,
And quight those fieldes their yeomen grandsires
 plowd
Eer since black Edwards days, when, crownd with
 fame,
From Cressie field the Knights old grandsire prowde
Led home his yeomandrie, and each his glebe al-
 lowd.

L.

But now the orphan sees his harvest felde
Beneath the gripe of Laws stern rapine fall,

The friendlesse widow, from her hearth expell'd,
Withdraws to some poor hutt with earthen wall :
And these, perdie, were Kathrins projects all ;
For, sooth to tell, grievd was the Knight full sore
Such sinfull deeds to see : yet such his thrall,
Though he had pledgd his troth, yet nathemore
It mote he keep, except she willd the same before.

LI.

Oh wondrous Powre of Womans wily art,
What for thy witchcraft too secure may be !
Not Circes cup may so transform the heart,
Or bend the will, fallacious Powre, like thee ;
Lo, manly Sense, of princely dignitie,
Witchd by thy spells, thy crowching slave is seen ;
Lo, high-browd Honour bends the groveling knee,
And every bravest virtue, sooth I ween,
Seems like a blighted flowre of dank unlovely mien.

LII.

Ne may grim Saracene, nor Tartar man,
Such ruthlesse bondage on his slave impose,
As Kathrin on the Knight full deffly can ;
Ne may the Knight escape, or cure his woes :
As he who dreams he climbs some mountains brows,
With painful struggling up the steep height strains,
Anxious he pants and toils, but strength foregoes
His feeble limbs, and not a step he gains ;
So toils the powrelesse Knight beneath his servile
chains.

LIII.

His lawyer now assumes the guardians place ;
Learnd was thilk clerk in deeds, and passing slie ;
Slow was his speeche, and solemn was his face
As that grave bird which Athens rankt so high ;
Pleasd Dullness basking in his glossie eye,
The smyle would oft steal through his native
phlegm ;
And well he guards Syr Martyns propertie,
Till not one peasant dares invade the game :
But certes, seven yeares rent was soon his own just
claim.

LIV.

Now mortgage follows mortgage : Cold delay
Still yawns on everie long-depending case.
The Knights gay bloome the while slid fast away ;
Kathrin the while brought bantling imps apace ;
While everie day renews his vile disgrace,
And straitens still the more his galling thrall :
See now what scenes his houshold hours debase,
And rise successive in his cheerlesse hall.
So spake the Seer, and prompt the scene obeyd his
call.

LV.

See, quoth the Wizard, how with foltering mien,
And discomposd yon stranger he receives ;

Lo, how with sulkie look, and moapt with spleen,
His frowning mistresse to his friend behaves ;
In vain he nods, in vain his hand he waves,
Ne will she heed, ne will she sign obay ;
Nor corner dark his awkward blushes saves,
Ne may the hearty laugh, ne features gay :
The hearty laugh, perdie, does but his pain betray.

LVI.

A worthy wight his friend was ever known,
Some generous cause did still his lips inspire ;
He begs the Knight by friendships long ago
To shelter from his lawyers cruel ire
An auncient hinde, around whose cheerlesse fire
Sat Grief, and pale Disease. The poor mans
wrong
Affects the Knight: his inmost hearts desire
Gleams through his eyes; yet all confusd, and
stung
With inward pain, he looks, and silence guards his
tongue,

LVII.

See, while his friend entreats and urges still,
See, how with sidelong glaunce and haviour shy
He steals the look to read his Lemmans will,
Watchfull the dawn of an assent to spy.
Look as he will, yet will she not comply.
His friend with scorn beholds his awkward pain ;

From him even Pity turns her tear-dewd eye,
And hardlie can the bursting laugh restrain,
With manlie Honor frowns on his unmanlie stain.

LVIII.

Let other scenes now rise, the Wizard said :
He wafd his hand, and other scenes arose.
See there, quoth he, the Knight supinely laid
Invokes the household houres of learnd repose ;
An auncient Song its manly joys bestows :
The melting passion of the Nutt-brown Mayde
Glides through his breast ; his wandering fancy
glows,
Till into wildest reveries betrayd,
He hears th' imagind Faire, and wooes the lovely
shade.

LIX.

Transported he repeats her constant vow,
How to the green wode shade, betide whateer,
She with her banishd Love would fearlesse goe,
And sweet would be with him the hardest cheer.
Oh heaven ! he sighs, what blessings dwell sincere
In love like this !—But instant as he sighd,
Bursting into the room, loud in his ear
His Lemman thonders, Ah ! fell dole betide
The girl that trusts in man before she bees his
bride !

● LX.

And must some Lemman of a whiffing song
Delight your fancy! she disdainful cries;
When strait her imps all brawling round her throng,
And, bearded with teares, each for revenge applies:
Him cheife in spleene the father means chastise,
But from his kindlie hand she saves him still;
Yet for no fault, anon, in furious wise
Yon yellow elfe she little spares to kill;
And then, next breath, does all to coax its stubborn
will.

LXI.

Pale as the ghoste that by the gleaming moon
Withdraws the curtain of the murderers bed,
So pale and cold at heart, as halfe aswoon
The Knight stares round; yet good nor bad he
sed.
Alas! though trembling anguish inward bled,
His best resolve soon as a meteor dies:
His present peace and ease mote chance have fled,
He deems; and yielding, looks most wondrous
wise,
As from himself he hopd his grief and shame disguise.

LXII.

Woe to the wight whose hated home no more
The hallowd temple of Content may be!

While now his days abroad with groomes he wore,
His mistresse with her liefest companie,
A rude unletterd herd ! with dearest glee,
Enjoys each whisper of her neighbours shame ;
And still anon the flask of ratafie
Improves their tales, till certes not a name
Escapes their blasting tongue, or goody, wench, or
dame.

LXIII.

One evening tide as with her crones she sate,
Making sweete solace of some scandall new,
A boistrous noise came thondring at the gate,
And soon a sturdie boy approachd in view ;
With gold far glitteraund were his vestments blue
And pye-shapd hat, and of the silver sheen
An huge broad buckle glaunst in either shoe,
And round his necke an India kerchiefe clean,
And in his hand a switch : a jolly wight I ween.

LXIV.

Farre had he saild, and roamd the foamy deepe,
Where ruddie Phoebus slacks his firie team ;
(With burning golde then flames th' ethereal
steepe,
And Oceans waves like molten silver seem)
Eke had he seen, with diamond glittering beam,
The starre of morn awake the roseate day,
While yet beneath the moone old Nilus stream

Pale through the land reflects the gleamy ray,
As through the midnight skyes appears the milky
way.

LXV.

Through the Columbian world, and verdant iles
Unknown to Carthage, had he frequent sped :
Eke had he beene where flowry Sommer smiles
At Christmas tide, where other heavens are spred,
Besprent with starres that Newton never red,
Where in the North the sun of noone is seene :
Wherever Hannos bold ambition led,
Wherever Gama saild, there had he beene,
Gama, the dearling care of Beautys heavenly
Queene.

LXVI.

Eke had he plied the rivers and the coast
Where bold Neârch young Ammons fleet did
guide ;
A task so dred the world-subduing host
Could not another for such feats provide :
And often had he seen that ocean wide
Which to his wearie bands thilke youth did say
None but th' immortal Gods had ever spyd ;
Which sight, quoth he, will all your toils repay :
That none mote see it more als he the Gods did
pray.

LXVII.

Through these outlandish shores and oceans dire
For ten long seasons did the younkling toil,
Through stormes, through tempests, and the bat-
tels fire,
Through cold, through heat, cheerd by the hope
the while
Of yet revisiting his natal soil :
And oft, when flying in the monsoon gale,
By Aethiopias coast or Javas ile,
When glauncing over Oceans bosom pale,
The ship hung on the winds with broad and steadie
sail :

LXVIII.

Hung on the winds as from his ayrie flight,
With wide-spred wing unmov'd, the eagle bends,
When, on old Snowdons brow prepar'd to light,
Sailing the liquid skye he sheer descends :
Thus oft, when roving farre as wave extends,
The scenes of promist bliss would warm the Boy ;
To meet his brother with each wish yblends,
And friendships glowing hopes each thought em-
ploy ;
And now at home arriv'd his heart dilates with joy.

LXIX.

Around the meadows and the parke he looks,
To spy the streamlett or the elm-tree shade,

Where oft at eye, beneath the cawing rooks,
He with his feres in merry childhoode playd :
But all was changd !—Unweetingly dismayd
A cold foreboding impulse thrills his breast ;
And who but Kathrin now is dearly frayd
When entering in she kens the stranger guest :
Then with sad mien she rose, and kindlie him em-
brast.

LXX.

Great marvell at her solemn cheer he made ;
Then, sobbing deepe, Glad will Syr Martyn be,
Faire Syr, of your retourne, she gently said ;
But what mishap ! our infant familie,
The dearest babes, though they were nought to
me,
That ever breathd, are laid in deadlie plight :
What shall we do !—great were your courtesie
To lodge in yonder tenants house to night ;
The skilfull leache forbids that noise my babes should
fright.

LXXI.

Blunt was the Boy, and to the farme-house nigh
To wait his brother, at her bidding fares,
Conducted by a gossip pert and sly :
Kathrin the while her malengines prepares.
Now gan the duske suspend the plowmans cares,
When from his rural sportes arrives the Knight ;

Soon with his mates the jovial bowl he shares,
His hall resounds!—amazd the stranger wight
Arreads it all as done to him in fell despight.

LXXII.

Late was the houre whenas the Knight was tould
Of stranger guest; Go, bid him welcome here;
What seeks he there? quoth he. Perdie, what
would
You seek? says to the Boy the messenger.
To see the Knight, quoth he, I but requere.
Syr Knight, he scornes to come; the servant
said.
Go, bid him still, quoth he, to welcome cheer;
But all contrarywise the faytor made,
Till rage enflamd the Boy; and still his rage they
fed:

LXXIII.

Your brother, quoth the hostesse, soon will waste
His faire estate; and certes, well I read,
He weens to hold your patrimonie fast.
Next morne a lawyer beene ybrought with speed,
And wise he lookt, and wisely shook his hede.
Him now impowrd, the youth with rage yblent
Vows never to retourne; then mounts his steed,
And leaves the place in fancy hugely shent:
All which to Kathrins mind gave wondrous great
content.

CANTO II.

In musefull stownd Syr Martyn rews
His Youthhedes thoughtlesse stage;
But Dissipation haunts him to
The blossomes of old age.

I.

WITH gracefull pause awhile the Wizard stood,
Then thus resumd,—As he whose homeward way
Lies through the windings of some verdant wood;
Through many a mazy turn and arbour gay
He sues the flowery steps of jollie May,
While through the openings many a lawnskepe
new
Bursts on his sight; yet, never once astray,
Still home he wends: so we our theme pursue,
Through many a bank and bowre close following still
our cue.

II.

Sooth'd by the murmurs of a plaintive streame,
A wyld romantick dell its fragrance shod;
Safe from the thonder showre and scorching beame
Their faerie charmes the summer bowres displaid;

Wyld by the bancks the bashfull cowslips spread,
And from the rock above each ivied seat
The spotted foxgloves hung the purple head,
And lowlie vilets kist the wanderers feet :
Sure never Hyblas bees rovd through a wilde so
sweet.

III.

As winds the streamlett serpentine along,
So leads a solemn walk its bowry way,
The pale-leaved palms and darker limes among,
To where a grotto lone and secret lay ;
The yellow broome, where chirp the linnets gay,
Waves round the cave ; and to the blue-streakd
skyes
A shatterd rock towres up in fragments gray :
The shee-goat from its height the lawnskepe eyes,
And calls her wanderd young, the call each banck
replies.

IV.

Here oft the Knight had past the Sommers morne
What time the wondering Boy to manhood rose,
When Fancy first her lawnskepess gan adorne,
And Reasons folded buddes their flowres disclose,
What time young Transport through the spirits
flows,
When Nature smyles with charmes unseen before,
When with unwonted hopes the bosome glows,

While wingd with whirlwind speed the thoughts
explore
The endlesse wylde of joys that Youth beholds in
store.

V.

The Dryads of the place, that nurst the flowres,
And hung the dew-drop in the hycinths bell,
For him employd their virtue breathing powres,
And Cambrias Genius bade his worth excell.
His youthful breast confest the wondrous spell;
His generous temper warmd with fayre design,
The friend and patriot now his bosome swell,
The lover and the father now combine,
And smyling visions form, where bliss and honour
join.

VI.

Of these loved soothings this the loved retreat
Must now no more with dreams of bliss decoy;
Yet here he liken still himself to meet,
Though woes, a gloomy train, his thoughts em-
ploy:
Oh lost to peace, he sighs, unhappy Boy!
Oh lost to every worth that life adorns!—
Oh lost to peace, to elegance, and joy!
Th' ærial Genius of the cave returns,
Whiles in the bubbling rill the plaintive Naiade
mourns.

VII.

Thus as he spake the magic lawnskepe rose,
The dell, the grotto, and the broome-clad hill;
See, quoth the Wizard, where the Knight be-
stows

An houre to thought and Reasons whispers still;
Whiles, as a nightly vision boding ill,
Seen with pale glymps by lonely wandering swayne,
TRUTH, gleaming through the fogs of biast will,
Frowns on him sterne, and honest SHAME gins
fayne

In her reflective glass his life's ignoble straine.

VIII.

His earlie hopes she shews and shews againe :
How oft hast Thou, she cries, indignant viewd
The titled Cypher and his solemn traine,
The busie face, and dull solicitude,
That, ever plodding in important mood,
Has not a soul to reach one noble aim,
Nor soul, nor wish—whose vacant mind endewd
With not one talent, yet would lewdly claim
For his vile leaden bust the sacred wreath of Fame :

IX.

Who to the patrons lawrells would aspire,
By labouring in the British clime to rear

Those arts that quencht prowd Romes patrician
fire,
And bowd her prone beneath the Gothick spear,
Illustrious cares ! befitting patriot peer !
Italian sing-song and the eunuchs squall !
Such arts as soothd the base unmanly ear
Of Greece and Persia bending to their fall ;
When Freedome bled unwept, and scornd was Glorys
call.

X.

While these thy breast with scorne indignant fird,
What other views before thee would disclose !
As Fancy painted and thy wish inspird,
What glorious scenes beneath thy shades arose !
Britannias guardians here dispell her woes,
Forming her laws, her artes, with godlike toil ;
There Albion, smyling on their learnd repose,
Sees manly Genius in their influence smile,
And spread the hallowd streames of Virtue round the
ile.

XI.

How blest, ah Heaven ! such selfe-approving
houres,
Such views still opening, still extending higher,
Cares whence the state derives its firmest powres,
And scenes where Friendship sheds her purest
fire !

And did, ah shame! these hopes in vain expire
A morning dreame!—As lorn the spendthrift
stands,
Who sees the fieldes bequeathed him by his sire,
His own no more, now reapt by strangers hands;
So languid must I view faire Honours fertile lands.

XII.

Silence would then ensue ; perhaps reclind
On the greene margin of the streame he lay,
While softlie stealing on his languid mind
Th' ideal scene would hold a moments sway,
And the domestick houre all smyles display,
Where fixt esteeme the fond discourse inspires :
Now through his heart would glide the sprightlie
ray
Where Married Love bids light his purest fires,
Where Elegance presides, and wakes the Young
Desires.

XIII.

Strait to his brawling Lemman turns his mind ;
Shockd he beholds the odious colours rise,
Where selfishnesse, low pride and spleen combind,
Bid every anguishd thought his mate despise,
His mate unformd for sweete Affections ties :
Groveling, indelicate—Stung to the heart
His indignation heaves in stifled sighs ;

But soon his passion bursts with suddein start :
His children strike his thoughts with lively piersant
smart.

XIV.

The mothers basenesse in their deeds he sees,
And all the wounded father swells his breast :
Suddein he leaves the cave and mantling trees,
And up the furzie hill his footsteps haste,
While sullenly he soothes his soul to rest.
Meantime the opening prospect wide he gains,
Where, crownd with oake, with meadow flowres
ydrest,
His British chaplet, buxom Summer reigns,
And waves his mantle greene farre round the smyling
plains.

XV.

Still as he slow ascends, the bounteous farms,
And old grey towres of rural churches rise,
The fieldes still lengthening shew their crowded
charms
In fayre perspective and in richest guise :
His sweeping scythe the white-sleevd mower plies,
The plowman through the fallow guides his teame,
Acrosse the wheaten fieldes the milkmayde hies,
To where the kine, foreby the reedy streame,
With frequent lowe to plaine of their full udders
seeme.

XVL

See, now the Knight arrives where erst an oak
Dan Aeols blustering stormes did long repell,
Till witchd it was, when by an headlong shock,
As the hoar fathers of the village tell,
With horrid crash on All Saints eve it fell:
But from its trunk soon sproutling saplings rose,
And round the parent stock did shadowy swell;
Now, aged trees, they bend their twisted boughs,
And by their moss-greene roots invite the swains
repose.

XVII.

Here on a bending knare he pensive leans,
And round the various lawnskepe raunge his eyes:
There stretch the corny fieldes in various greens,
Farre as the sight : there, to the peaceful skyes
The darkning pines and dewy poplars rise :
Behind the wood a dark and heathy lea,
With sheep faire spotted, farre extended lies,
With here and there a lonlie blasted tree ;
And from between two hills appears the duskie sea.

XVIII.

Bright through the fleeting clouds the sunny ray
Shifts o'er the fieldes, now gilds the woody dale,
The flockes now whiten, now the ocean bay
Beneath the radiance glistens clear and pale ;
And white from farre appears the frequent sail,

By Traffick spread. Moord where the land divides,
The British red-cross waving in the gale,
Hulky and black, a gallant warre ship rides,
And over the greene wave with lordly port presides.

XIX.

Fixt on the bulwark of the British powre
Long gazd the Knight, with fretfull languid air ;
Then thus, indulging the reflective houre,
Pours forth his soul: Oh, glorious happy care !
To bid Britannias navies greatly dare,
And through the vassal seas triumphant reign,
To either India waft victorious warre,
To join the poles in Trades unbounded chain,
And bid the British Throne the mighty Whole
sustain.

XX.

With what superiour lustre and command
May stedfast Zeal in Albion's Senate shine !
What glorious lawrells court the Patriots hand !
How base the hand that can such Meed decline !
And was, kind Fate ! to snatch these honors
mine ?
Yes ! greene they spred, and fayre they bloomd
for me ;
Thy birth and duty bade the chiefe be thine ;
Oh lost, vain Trifler, lost in each degree !
Thy Country never turnd her hopefull eyes on Thee.

Ah! hither turn, ye sons of courtlie Ease,
And let the Brave Mans wrongs, let Interest
 plead:
Say, while his arme his Countrys fate decrees,
Say, shall a Fathers anguish be his meed;
His wrongs unnerve his soul, and blight each mighty
 deed?

XXIV.

Whatever Party boasts thy glorious name,
O THOU reservd by Heavens benign decree
To blast those artes that quench the British flame,
And bid the meanest of the Land be free;
Oh, much Humanity shall owe to Thee!
And shall that palm unenvy'd still remain!
Yet hear, ye Lordlings, each severitie,
And every woe the labouring tribes sustain,
Upbraids the Man of Powre, and dims his honours
 vain.

XXV.

While thus the Knights long smother'd fires broke
 forth,
The rousing musicke of the horne he hears
Shrill echoing through the wold; and by the
 North
Where bends the hill, the sounding chace appears;
The hounds with glorious peal salute his ears,
And wood and dale rebound the swelling lay;
The Youths on coursers fleet as fallow deers

Pour through the downs, while, foremost of the
fray ;
Away ! the jolly Huntsman cries ; and Echoe sounds,
Away !

XXVI.

Now han the beagles scourd the bushy ground,
Till where a brooke strays hollow through the
bent,
When all confusd, and snuffing wyldlie round,
In vain their fretfull haste explord the scent :
But Reynards cunning all in vain was spent ;
The huntsman from his stand his arts had spyd,
Had markt his doublings and his shrewd intent,
How both the bancks he trac'd, then backward
plyd
His track some twentie roods, then bounding
sprong aside.

XXVII.

Eke had he markt where to the broome he crept,
Where, hearkening everie sound, an hare was
laid ;
Then from the thickest bush he sylie lept,
And wary scuds along the hawthorne shade,
Till by the hills slant foot he earths his head
Amid a briarie thickett : Emblem meet
Of wylie statesman of his foes adred ;
He oft misguides the peoples rage, I weet,
On others, whilst himself winds off with slie deceit.

XXVIII.

The cunning Huntsman now cheers on his pack,
The lurking hare is in an instant slain :
Then opening loud, the beagles scent the track
Right to the hill; while thondring through the
plain
With blythe huzzas advaunce the jovial train :
And now the Groomes and Squires, Cowherds and
Boys,
Beat round and round the brake; but all in vain
Their poles they ply, and vain their oathes and
noise,
Till plunging in his den the Terrier fiercely joys.

XXIX.

Expelld his hole, upstarts to open sky
The Villain bold, and wildly glares around;
Now here, now there, he bends his knees to fly,
As oft recoils to guard from backward wound,
His frothie jaws he grinds—with horrid sound
The Pack attonce rush on him: foming ire,
Fierce at his throte and sides hangs many a hound;
His burning eyes flash wylde red.sparckling fire,
Whiles weltring on the swaird his breath and strength
expire.

XXX.

Straight to Syr Martyns hall the Hunters bend,
The Knight perceives it from his oake-crownd hill,

Down the steep furzie height he slow gan wend,
With troublous thoughts keen ruminating still;
While grief and shame by turns his bosom fill.
And now, perchd prowdlie on the topmost spray,
The sootie Blackbird chaunts his vespers shrill;
While Twilight spreads his robe of sober grey,
And to their bowres the Rooks loud cawing wing
their way :

XXXI.

And bright behind the Cambrian mountains hore
Flames the red beam ; while on the distant East
Led by her starre, the horned Moone looks o'er
The bending forest, and with rays increast
Ascends ; while trembling on the dappled West
The purple radiance shifts, and dies away ;
The willows with a deeper green imprest
Nod o'er the brooks : the brooks with gleamy ray
Glide on, and holy Peace assumes her woodland
sway.

XXXII.

All was repose, all but Syr Martyns brest ;
There, Passions tearing gusts tempestuous rise.
Are these, he murmurs, these my friends ! the
best
That croud my hall ! the Sonnes of madning Noise,
Whose warmest friendship with the revel dies ?
Whose glee it were my dearest peace destroy,

Who with my woes could sport, my wrongs despise ;
Could round my coffin pledge the cup of Joy,
And on my crimes even then their base-tongued witt
employ :

XXXIII.

Whose converse, oft as fulsom Bawdrie fails,
Takes up the barkings of Impiety,
The Scepticks wild disjointed dreams retails,
These modern ravings of Philosophy
Made drunk, the Cavil, the detected Ly,
The witt of Ignorance, and Gloss unfair,
Which honest Dullness would with shame deny ;
The hope of Baseness vaumpt in Candours air :
Good Heaven ! are such the friends that to my
hearth repair !

XXXIV.

The Man of Worth shuns Thy reputelesse dore ;
Even the old Peasant shakes his silverd head,
Old saws and stories babbling evermore,
And adding still, Alas, those dayes be fled !
Here Indignation pausd, when, up the glade,
Pale through the trees his household smoke ascends ;
Wakd at the sight, his Brothers wrongs upbraid
His melting heart, and grief his bosome rends :
And now the keene Resolve its gleaming comfort
lends.

XXXV.

Perdie, now were I bent on legends fine
My Knight should rise the flowre of Chivalrie,
Brave as Syr Arthegal or Valentine,
Another Saint George England then should see,
Britannias Genius should his Sabra bee,
Chained to the rock by Dragon to be slain;
But he the Virgin Princesse soon should free,
And stretch the monster breathlesse on the plain;
Bribery, the Dragon huge, should never rise again.

XXXVI.

Eke should he, freed from foul Enchaunters spell,
Escape his faulse Duessas magicke charms,
And Folly quaid, yclepd an Hydra fell,
Receive a beauteous Lady to his arms;
While Bardes and Minstrales chaunt the soft a-
larms
Of gentle Love, unlike his former thrall.
Eke should I sing, in courtly cunning terms,
The gallant feast, servd up by Seneshall,
To Knights and Ladies gent in painted bowre and
hall.

XXXVII.

But certes, while my tongue fayre truth indites,
And does of human frailtie soothly tell,

Unmeet it were indulge the daintie flights
Of Phantasie, that never yet befell :
Uneath it is long habits to expell,
Ne may the best good heart its bliss secure,
Ne may the lively powre of judging well,
In arduous worthy deed long time endure,
Where DISSIPATION once has fixt her footing sure.

XXXVIII.

Such was the powre that angrie Jove bestowd
On this faire Nymph : the legend thus is told.
To *Dians* care her life her Mother ow'd ;
Faire *Dian* found her naked on the wold,
Some Peasants babe, exposed to deadlie cold,
And to a favorite Satyr gave to rear :
Then, when the Nymph was fifteen springtimes
old,
Equipt her with the bow and Huntresse spear,
And of her Woodland Traine her made a welcome
fere.

XXXIX.

But ill her mind received chaste *Phoebes* lore,
Fain would she at the chace still lag behind :
One sultry noone, as *Phoebe* sped afore,
Beneath a leafy vine the nymph reclind,
And, Fan my breast, she cried, O Western Wind !
Soon at the wishd-for word *Favonius* came.
From that day forth the conscious Nymph declind

The near inspection of the Sovereign Dame ;
Till mid the chace, one morne, her throes betrayd
her shame.

XL.

Her throes with scorne the taunting Dryads eyd,
The Nymph changd colour, and hung down her
head ;
Still change thy blushing hue, the Goddess cryd :
Forthwith a freezing languor can invade
Her limbs ; and now, with suddein leaves arrayd,
A *Russian Poppey* she transmewd remains ;
The various colours ever rise and fade,
The tints still shifting mock the Painters pains ;
And still her drowsie mood the beauteous Nymph re-
tains.

XLI.

Meanwhile his new-born elfe *Favonius* bore,
Soft lapt, on balmy pinions farre away ;
And with the Fawns, by *Peneus* flowry shore,
From earliest youth the laughing Imp did play,
For ever fluttering, debonair, and gay,
And restlesse, as the dove *Deucalion* sent
To spy if peering oake did yet bewray
Its braunching head above the flooded bent ;
But ydlie beating round the day in vain was spent..

XLII.

When now the Nymph to riper yeares gan rise,
To fayre PARNASSUS groves she took her flight ;
There, culling flowretts of a thousand dyes,
Still did her head with tawdry girlonds dight ;
As soon the wreath ill sorted would she quight :
Ne ever did she climb the twyforkt hill,
Ne could her eyen explore its lofty height,
Ne did she ever taste the sacred rill
From Inspirations fount that ever doth distill.

XLIII.

Her sprightly levitie was from her Syre,
Her drowsy dulness from her Mother sprong ;
This never would allow her mind aspyre,
That never would allow her patience long,
Thus as she slightly rovd the lawns among,
High JOVE beheld her from his starry seat,
And calld her DISSIPATION : Wylde and young
Still shalt Thou be, he said ; and this thy fate,
On Man thy sleights employ, on Man that prowde in-
grate.

XLIV.

All happinesse he claims his virtues due,
And holds him injurd when my care denies
The fondling wish, whence sorrow would ensue ;
And idle still his prayers invade my skies :
But bold and arduous must that virtue rise

Which I accept, no vague inconstant blaze.
 Then be it Thine to spread before his eyes
 Thy changing colors, and thy wyld-fire rays,
 And fruitlesse still shall be that virtue thou canst daze.

XLV.

So swore the God, by gloomy *Styx* he swore:
 The Fates assented, and the Daemon flew
 Right to the Seats of Men. The robe she wore
 Was starrrd with dewdrops, and of palest blue;
 Faire round her head playd many a beauteous hue,
 As when the rainbow through the bean-flowrs
 plays;
 The fleeting tints the Swaynes with wonder view,
 And ween to snatch a prize beneath the rays;
 But through the meadows dank the beauteous meteor
 strays.

XLVI.

So shone the Nymph, and pranked in Pleasures
 guize
 With wylie traines the Sonnes of Earth besett;
 Goodnesse of Heart before her yawns and dies,
 And Friendship ever feels the drowsie fitt
 Just when its powre to serve could serve a whitt.
 And still behind her march REMORSE and SHAME,
 That never will their yron scourge remitt,
 Whenso the Fiend resigns her thralls to them:
 Sad case, I weet, where still Oneselfe Oneselfe must
 blame.

XLVII.

Long had the Knight to her his powres resignd ;
In wanton dalliance first her nett she spread,
And soon in mirthfull tumult on his mind
She softlie stole : yet, while at times he sped
To contemplations bowre, his sight she fled ;
Ne on the mountainett with him durst bide ;
Yet homewards still she mett him in the glade,
And in the social cup did slily glide,
And still his best resolves eftsoons she scatterd wide.

XLVIII.

And now, as slowly sauntering up the dale
He homeward wends, in heavie musefull stowre,
The smooth Deceiver gan his heart assail ;
His heart soon felt the fascinating powre :
Old Cambrias Genius markt the fatal houre,
And tore the girlond from her sea-greene hair ;
The conscous oakes above him rustling lowre,
And through the braunches sighs the gloomy air,
As when indignant Jove rejects the Flamens prayer.

XLIX.

The Dryads of the Grove, that oft had fird
His opening mind with many a raptured dream,
That oft his evening wanderings had inspird,
All by the silent hill or murmuring stream,

Forsake him now ; for all as lost they deem :
So home he wends ; where, wrapt in jollitie,
His hall to keepen holiday mote seem,
And with the Hunters soon full blythe was he,
The blythest wight of all that blythesome companie.

L.

As when th' Autumnal Morne with ruddy hue
Looks through the glen besprent with silver hore,
Across the stubble, brushing off the dew,
The younkling Fowler gins the fieldes explore,
And, wheeling oft, his Pointer veres afore,
And oft, sagacious of the tainted gale,
The fluttering bird betrays ; with thondring rore
The shott resounds, loud echoing through the dale ;
But still the YOUNKling kills nor partridge, snipe, nor
quail.

LI.

Yet still the quaint excuse is at command ;
The dog was rash, a swallow twitterd by,
The gun hung fire, and keenness shook his hand,
And there the wind or bushes hurt his eye.
So can the Knight his mind still satisfie :
A lazie Fiend, SELF IMPOSITION hight,
Still whispers some excuse, some gilden lye,
Himselfe did gild to cheat himselfe outright ;
God help the man bewitchd in such ungracious
plight.

LII.

On DISSIPATION still this Treachor waits,
Obsequiously behind at distance due ;
And still to DISCONTENTS accursed gates,
The House of Sorrow, these ungodlie Two,
Conduct their fainty thralls—Great things to do
The Knight resolv'd, but never yet could find
The proper time, while still his miseries grew :
And now these Daemons of the captive Mind
Him to the drery Cave of DISCONTENT resign'd.

LIII.

Deep in the wyldes of Faerie Lond it lay ;
Wide was the mouth, the roofe all rudely rent ;
Some parts receive, and some exclude the Day ;
For deepe beneath the hill its caverns went :
The ragged walls with lightning seemd ybrent,
And loathlie vermin ever crept the flore :
Yet all in sight, with towres and castles gent,
A beauteous lawnskepe rose afore the dore,
The which to view so fayre the Captives grieved sore.

LIV.

All by the gate, beneath a pine shade bare,
An owl-frequented bowre, some tents were spred ;
Here sat a Throng, with eager furious stare
Rattling the dice ; and there, with eyes halfe dead,
Some drowsie Dronkards, looking black and red,

Dozd out their days : and by the path-way green
A sprightlie Troupe still onward heedlesse sped,
In chace of butterflies alert and keen ;
Honours, and Wealth, and Powre, their butterflies
I ween.

LV.

And oft, disgustfull of their various cares,
Into the Cave they wend with sullen pace ;
Each to his meet apartment dernly fares :
Here, all in raggs, in piteous plight most bace,
The Dronkard sitts ; there, shent with foul disgrace,
The thriftlesse Heir ; and o'er his reeking blade
Red with his Friends heart gore, in woefull cace
The Duellist raves ; and there, on vetchie bed,
Crazd with his vaine pursuits, the Maniack bends his
head.

LVI.

Yet round his gloomy cell, with chalk he scrawls
Ships, coaches, crownes, and eke the gallow tree ;
All that he wishd or feard his ghastlie walls
Present him still, and mock his miserie.
And there, self-doomd, his cursed selfe to flee,
The Gamester hangs in corner murk and dread ;
Nigh to the ground bends his ungratious knee ;
His drooping armes and white-reclining head
Dim seen, cold Horror gleams athwart th' unhallowed
shade.

LVII.

Near the dreare gate, beneath the rifted rock,
The Keeper of the Cave all haggard satt,
His pining corse a restlesse ague shook,
And blistering sores did all his carkas fret :
All with himselfe he seemd in keen debate ;
For still the muscles of his mouthe he drew
Ghastly and fell ; and still with deepe regrate
He lookd him round, as if his heart did rew
His former deeds, and mournd full sore his sores to
view.

LVIII.

Yet not Himselfe, but Heavens Great King he
blamd,
And dard his wisdom and his will arraign ;
For boldly he the ways of God blasphemd,
And of blind governaunce did loudly plain,
While vile Selfe-pity would his eyes distain ;
As when an Wolfe, entrapt in village ground,
In dread of death ygnaws his limb in twain,
And views with scalding teares his bleeding wound :
Such fierce Selfe-pity still this Wights dire portance
crownd.

LIX.

Near by there stood an hamlet in the dale,
Where, in the silver age, CONTENT did wonne ;

This now was His : yet all mote nought avail,
His loathing eyes that place did ever shun ;
But ever through his Neighbours lawns would run,
Where every goodlie fieelde thrice goodlie seemd.
Such was this weary Wight all woe-begone ;
Such was his life ; and thus of things he deemd ;
And suchlike was his Cave, that all with sorrowes
teemd.

LX.

To this fell Carle gay DISSIPATION led,
And in his dreary purlieus left the Knight.
From the dire Cave fain would the Knight have
fled,
And fain recalld the treachrous Nymphe from
flight :
But now the late Obtruder shuns his sight,
And dearly must be wooed : hard by the den,
Where listless Bacchus had his tents ypight,
A transient visit sometimes would he gain,
While Wine and merry Song beguild his inward pain.

LXI.

Yet, ever as he reard his slombering head,
The ghastly tyrant at his couch stood near ;
And ay with ruthless clamour gan upbraid,
And words that would his very heartstrings tear :
See now, he sayes, where setts thy vain career ;
Approching elde now wings its cheerlesse way,
Thy fruitlesse Autumn gins to blanch thy heare,

And aged Winter asks from Youth its stay ;
But thine comes poore of joy, comes with unhonour'd
gray.

LXII.

Thou hast no friend ! — still on the worthlesse
Traine
Thy kindnesse flowd, and still with scorne repaid ;
Even she on whom thy favours heapt remain,
Even she regards thee with a bosome dead,
To kindly passion, and by motives led
Such as the Planter of his Negro deems ;
What profit still can of the wretch be made
Is all his care, of more he never dreams :
So, farre remote from her, thy troubles she esteems.

LXIII.

Thy Children too ! Heavens ! what a hopelesse
sight !
Ah, wretched Syre ! — but ever from this scene
The wretched Syre precipitates his flight,
And in the Bowls wylde fever shuns his teene.
So pass his dayes, while What he might have beene
Its beauteous views does every morne present :
So pass his dayes, while still the raven SPLEEN
Croaks in his cares, The brightest parts mispent
Beget an hoarie age of grieve and discontent.

LXIV.

But boast not of superior shrewd addresse,
Ye who can calmly spurn the ruind Mayd,
Ye who unmovd can view the deepe distresse
That crushes to the dust the Parents head,
And rends that easie heart by You betrayd,
Boast not that Ye his numerous woes eskew ;
Ye who unawd the Nuptial couch invade,
Boast not his weaknesse with contempt to view ;
For worthy is He still compard, perdie, to YOU.

POEM V.

THE
MINSTREL;

OR,
THE PROGRESS OF GENIUS.

BY
JAMES BEATTIE, L.L.D.

BOOK I.

I.

AH! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar;
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star,
And waged with fortune an eternal war;
Check'd by the scoff of Pride, by Envy's frown,
And Poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote has pined alone,
Then dropt into the grave, unpitied and unknown!

II.

And yet, the languor of inglorious days
Not equally oppressive is to all.
Him, who ne'er listen'd to the voice of praise,
The silence of neglect can ne'er appal.
There are, who, deaf to mad ambition's call,
Would shrink to hear th' obstreperous trump of
Fame ;
Supremely blest, if to their portion fall
Health, competence, and peace. Nor higher aim
Had HE, whose simple tale these artless lines pro-
claim.

III.

The rolls of fame I will not now explore ;
Nor need I here describe in learned lay,
How forth THE MINSTREL fared in days of yore,
Right glad of heart, though homely in array ;
His waving locks and beard all hoary grey :
While from his bending shoulder, decent hung
His harp, the sole companion of his way,
Which to the whistling wind responsive rung :
And ever as he went some merry lay he sung.

IV.

Fret not thyself, thou glittering child of pride,
That a poor Villager inspires my strain ;
With thee let Pageantry and Power abide :
The gentle Muses haunt the sylvan reign :

Where through wild groves at eve the lonely
 swain
Enraptured roams, to gaze on Nature's charms.
They hate the sensual, and scorn the vain,
The parasite their influence never warms,
Nor him whose sordid soul the love of gold alarms.

V.

Though richest hues the peacock's plumes adorn,
Yet horror screams from his discordant throat.
Rise, sons of harmony ! and hail the morn,
While warbling larks on russet pinions float :
Or seek at noon the woodland scene remote,
Where the grey linnets carol from the hill.
O let them ne'er, with artificial note,
To please a tyrant, strain the little bill,
But sing what heaven inspires, and wander where
 they will.

VI.

Liberal, not lavish, is kind Nature's hand ;
Nor was perfection made for man below.
Yet all her schemes with nicest art are plann'd,
Good counteracting ill, and gladness wo.
With gold and gems if Chilian mountains glow ;
If bleak and barren Scotia's hills arise ;
There plague and poison, lust and rapine grow ;
Here peaceful are the vales, and pure the skies,
And freedom fires the soul, and sparkles in the eyes.

VII.

Then grieve not, thou, to whom th' indulgent Muse
Vouchsafes a portion of celestial fire ;
Nor blame the partial Fates, if they refuse
Th' imperial banquet, and the rich attire.
Know thine own worth, and reverence the lyre.
Wilt thou debase the heart which God refined ?
No ; let thy heaven-taught soul to heaven aspire,
To fancy, freedom, harmony, resign'd ;
Ambition's groveling crew for ever left behind.

VIII.

Canst thou forego the pure ethereal soul
In each fine sense so exquisitely keen,
On the dull couch of Luxury to loll,
Stung with disease, and stupefied with spleen ;
Fain to implore the aid of Flattery's screen,
Even from thyself thy loathsome heart to hide,
(The mansion then no more of joy serene),
Where fear, distrust, malevolence, abide,
And impotent desire, and disappointed pride ?

IX.

O how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields !
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields ;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,

And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven,
O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven !

X.

These charms shall work thy soul's eternal health,
And love, and gentleness, and joy, impart,
But these thou must renounce, if lust of wealth
E'er win its way to thy corrupted heart :
For, ah ! it poisons like a scorpion's dart ;
Prompting th' ungenerous wish, the selfish scheme,
The stern resolve unmoved by pity's smart,
The troublous day, and long distressful dream.
Return, my roving Muse, resume thy purposed
theme.

XI.

There lived in Gothick days, as legends tell,
A shepherd-swain, a man of low degree ;
Whose sires, perchance, in Fairyland might dwell,
Sicilian groves, or vales of Arcady ;
But he, I ween, was of the north countrie ;
A nation famed for song, and beauty's charms ;
Zealous, yet modest ; innocent, though free ;
Patient of toil ; serene amidst alarms ;
Inflexible in faith ; invincible in arms.

XII.

The shepherd-swain of whom I mention made,
On Scotia's mountains fed his little flock ;
The sickle, scythe, or plough, he never sway'd ;
An honest heart was almost all his stock ;
His drink the living water from the rock :
The milky dams supplied his board, and lent
Their kindly fleece to baffle winter's shock ;
And he, though oft with dust and sweat besprent,
Did guide and guard their wanderings, wheresoe'er
they went.

XIII.

From labor health, from health contentment
springs.
Contentment opes the source of every joy.
He envied not, he never thought of, kings ;
Nor from those appetites sustain'd annoy,
That chance may frustrate, or indulgence cloy :
Nor Fate his calm and humble hopes beguiled ;
He mourn'd no recreant friend, nor mistress coy,
For on his vows the blameless Phoebe smiled,
And her alone he loved, and loved her from a child.

XIV.

No jealousy their dawn of love o'ercast,
Nor blasted were their wedded days with strife ;

Each season look'd delightful, as it past,
To the fond husband, and the faithful wife.
Beyond the lowly vale of shepherd life
They never roam'd ; secure beneath the storm
Which in ambition's lofty land is rife,
Where peace and love are canker'd by the worm
Of pride, each bud of joy industrious to deform.

XV.

The wight, whose tale these artless lines unfold,
Was all the offspring of this humble pair.
His birth no oracle or seer foretold :
No prodigy appear'd in earth or air,
Nor aught that might a strange event declare.
You guess each circumstance of EDWIN's birth ;
The parent's transport, and the parent's care ;
The gossip's prayer for wealth, and wit, and worth ;
And one long summer-day of indolence and mirth.

XVI.

And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy ;
Deep thought oft seem'd to fix his infant eye.
Dainties he heeded not, nor gaude, nor toy,
Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy.
Silent when glad ; affectionate, though shy ;
And now his look was most demurely sad ;
And now he laugh'd aloud, yet none knew why.

The neighbours stared and sigh'd, yet bless'd the
lad :
Some deem'd him wondrous wise, and some believed
him mad.

XVII.

But why should I his childish feats display ?
Concourse, and noise, and toil, he ever fled ;
Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray
Of squabbling imps ; but to the forest sped ;
Or roam'd at large the lonely mountain's head ;
Or, where the maze of some bewilder'd stream
To deep untrodden groves his footsteps led,
There would he wander wild, till Phoebus' beam,
Shot from the western cliff, released the weary
team.

XVIII.

Th' exploit of strength, dexterity, or speed,
To him nor vanity nor joy could bring.
His heart, from cruel sport estranged, would
bleed
To work the wo of any living thing,
By trap, or net ; by arrow, or by sling ;
These he detested, those he scorn'd to wield :
He wish'd to be the guardian, not the king,
Tyrant far less, or traitor of the field.
And sure the sylvan reign unbloody joy might
yield.

XIX.

Lo! where the stripling, wrapt in wonder, roves
Beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine;
And sees, on high, amidst th' encircling groves,
From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine:
While waters, woods, and winds, in concert join,
And Echo swells the chorus to the skies.
Would Edwin this majestic scene resign
For aught the huntsman's puny craft supplies?
Ah! no: he better knows great Nature's charms to
prize.

XX.

And oft he traced the uplands, to survey,
When o'er the sky advanced the kindling dawn,
The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain grey,
And lake, dim-gleaming on the smoky lawn;
Far to the west the long, long vale withdrawn,
Where twilight loves to linger for a while;
And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,
And villager abroad at early toil.
But, lo! the sun appears! and heaven, earth, ocean,
smile.

XXI.

And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb,
When all in mist the world below was lost.
What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sublime,
Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert coast,

And view th' enormous waste of vapor, tost
In billows, lengthening to th' horizon round,
Now scoop'd in gulfs, with mountains now emboss'd!

And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,
Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar profound!

XXII.

In truth he was a strange and wayward wight,
Fond of each gentle, and each dreadful scene.
In darkness, and in storm, he found delight :
Nor less, than when on ocean-wave serene
The southern sun diffused his dazzling shene.
Even sad vicissitude amused his soul :
And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wish'd not to control.

XXIII.

"O ye wild groves, O where is now your bloom!"
(The Muse interprets thus his tender thought.)
"Your flowers, your verdure, and your balmy
gloom,
Of late so grateful in the hour of drought!
Why do the birds, that song and rapture brought
To all your bowers, their mansions now forsake?
Ah! why has fickle chance this ruin wrought?"

For now the storm howls mournful through the
brake,
And the dead foliage flies in many a shapeless flake.

XXIV.

“Where now the rill, melodious, pure, and cool,
And meads, with life, and mirth, and beauty
crown’d !
Ah ! see, th’ unsightly slime, and sluggish pool,
Have all the solitary vale imbrown’d ;
Fled each fair form, and mute each melting
sound.
The raven croaks forlorn on naked spray.
And, hark ! the river, bursting every mound,
Down the vale thunders ; and with wasteful
sway,
Uproots the grove, and rolls the shatter’d rocks
away.

XXV.

“Yet such the destiny of all on earth :
So flourishes and fades majestic man.
Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings forth,
And fostering gales a while the nursling fan.
O smile, ye heavens, serene ; ye mildews wan,
Ye blighting whirlwinds, spare his balmy prime,
Nor lessen of his life the little span.
Born on the swift, though silent, wings of Time,
Old-age comes on apace to ravage all the clime.

XXVI.

“ And be it so. Let those deplore their doom,
Whose hope still grovels in this dark sojourn.
But lofty souls, who look beyond the tomb,
Can smile at Fate, and wonder how they mourn.
Shall spring to these sad scenes no more return?
Is yonder wave the sun’s eternal bed?
Soon shall the orient with new lustre burn,
And spring shall soon her vital influence shed,
Again attune the grove, again adorn the mead.

XXVII.

“ Shall I be left forgotten in the dust,
When Fate, relenting, lets the flower revive?
Shall nature’s voice, to man alone unjust,
Bid him, though doom’d to perish, hope to live?
Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
With disappointment, penury, and pain?
No : Heaven’s immortal spring shall yet arrive;
And man’s majestic beauty bloom again,
Bright through th’ eternal year of Love’s triumphant
reign.”

XXVIII.

This truth sublime his simple sire had taught.
In sooth, ’twas almost all the shepherd knew.
No subtle nor superfluous lore he sought,
Nor ever wish’d his Edwin to pursue.

“ Let man’s own sphere (said he) confine his view,
Be man’s peculiar work his sole delight.”
And much, and oft, he warn’d him, to eschew
Falsehood and guile, and aye maintain the right,
By pleasure unseduced, unawed by lawless might.

XXIX.

“ And, from the prayer of Want, and plaint of Wo,
O never, never turn away thine ear.
Forlorn, in this bleak wilderness below,
Ah! what were man, should Heaven refuse to
hear!
To others do (the law is not severe)
What to thyself thou wishest to be done.
Forgive thy foes ; and love thy parents dear,
And friends, and native land ; nor those alone ;
All human weal and wo learn thou to make thine
own.”

XXX.

See, in the rear of the warm sunny shower,
The visionary boy from shelter fly !
For now the storm of summer-rain is o’er,
And cool, and fresh, and fragrant is the sky.
And, lo ! in the dark east, expanded high,
The rainbow brightens to the setting sun !
Fond fool, that deem’st the streaming glory nigh,
How vain the chace thine ardor has begun !
’Tis fled afar, ere half thy purposed race be run.

XXXI.

Yet couldst thou learn, that thus it fares with age,
When pleasure, wealth, or power, the bosom
 warm,
This baffled hope might tame thy manhood's rage,
And Disappointment of her sting disarm.
But why should foresight thy fond heart alarm?
Perish the lore that deadens young desire!
Pursue, poor imp, th' imaginary charm,
Indulge gay Hope, and Fancy's pleasing fire:
Fancy and Hope too soon shall of themselves expire.

XXXII.

When the long-sounding curfew from afar
Loaded with loud lament the lonely gale,
Young Edwin, lighted by the evening star,
I see young and listening wander'd down the vale.
There would he dream of graves, and corpses pale;
And ghosts that to the charnel-dungeon throng,
And drag a length of clanking chain, and wail,
Till silenced by the owl's terrific song,
O! blast that shrieks by fits the shuddering ailes
 along.

XXXIII.

Or, when the setting moon, in crimson dyed,
Hung o'er the dark and melancholy deep,
To haunted stream, remote from man, he hied,
Where Fays of yore their revels wont to keep;

And there let Fancy roam at large, till sleep
A vision brought to his intranced sight.
And first, a wildly murmuring wind 'gan creep
Shrill to his ringing ear ; then tapers bright,
With instantaneous gleam, illumed the vault of
night.

XXXIV.

Anon in view a portal's blazon'd arch
Arose ; the trumpet bids the valves unfold ;
And forth an host of little warriors march,
Grasping the diamond lance, and targe of gold.
Their look was gentle, their demeanor bold,
And green their helms, and green their silk attire ;
And here and there, right venerably old,
The long-robed minstrels wake the warbling wire,
And some with mellow breath the martial pipe in-
spire.

XXXV.

With merriment, and song, and timbrels clear,
A troop of dames from myrtle bowers advance ;
The little warriors doff the targe and spear,
And loud enlivening strains provoke the dance.
They meet, they dart away, they wheel askance ;
To right, to left, they thrud the flying maze ;
Now bound aloft with vigorous spring, then
glance
Rapid along : with many-colour'd rays
Of tapers, gems, and gold, the echoing forests blaze.

XXXVI.

The dream is fled. Proud harbinger of day,
Who scar'dst the vision with thy clarion shrill,
Fell chanticleer ! who oft hast reft away
My fancied good, and brought substantial ill !
O to thy cursed scream, discordant still,
Let harmony aye shut her gentle ear :
Thy boastful mirth let jealous rivals spill,
Insult thy crest, and glossy pinions tear,
And ever in thy dreams the ruthless fox appear.

XXXVII.

Forbear, my Muse. Let Love attune thy line.
Revoke the spell. Thine Edwin frets not so.
For how should he at wicked chance repine,
Who feels from every change amusement flow ?
Even now his eyes with smiles of rapture glow,
As on he wanders through the scenes of morn,
Where the fresh flowers in living lustre blow,
Where thousand pearls the dewy lawns adorn,
A thousand notes of joy in every breeze are born.

XXXVIII.

But who the melodies of morn can tell ?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain side ;
The lowing herd ; the sheepfold's simple bell ;
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley ; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above ;

The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide ;
The hum of bees, and linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

XXXIX.

The cottage-curs at early pilgrim bark ;
Crown'd with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings ;
The whistling plowman stalks afield ; and hark !
Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon rings ;
Through rustling corn the hare astonish'd springs ;
Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour ;
The partridge bursts away on whirring wings ;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower,
And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tour.

XL.

O Nature, how in every charm supreme !
Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new !
O for the voice and fire of seraphim,
To sing thy glories with devotion due !
Blest be the day I 'scaped the wrangling crew,
From Pyrrho's maze, and Epicurus' sty ;
And held high converse with the godlike few,
Who to th' enraptur'd heart, and ear, and eye,
Teach beauty, virtue, truth, and love, and melody.

XLI.

Hence ! ye, who snare and stupefy the mind,
Sophists, of beauty, virtue, joy, the bane !

Greedy and fell, though impotent and blind,
Who spread your filthy nets in Truth's fair fane,
And ever ply your venom'd fangs amain !
Hence to dark Error's den, whose rankling slime
First gave you form ! hence ! lest the Muse should
 deign,
(Though loath on theme so mean to waste a rhyme)
With vengeance to pursue your sacrilegious crime.

XLII.

But hail, ye mighty masters of the lay,
Nature's true sons, the friends of man and truth !
Whose song, sublimely sweet, serenely gay,
Amused my childhood, and inform'd my youth.
O let your spirit still my bosom sooth,
Inspire my dreams, and my wild wanderings guide ;
Your voice each rugged path of life can smooth ;
For well I know, where ever ye reside,
There harmony, and peace, and innocence abide.

XLIII.

Ah me ! neglected on the lonesome plain,
As yet poor Edwin never knew your lore,
Save when against the winter's drenching rain,
And driving snow, the cottage shut the door.
Then, as instructed by tradition hoar,
Her legends when the Beldame 'gan impart,
Or chant the old heroic ditty o'er,

Wonder and joy ran thrilling to his heart ;
Much he the tale admired, but more the tuneful art.

XLIV.

Various and strange was the long-winded tale ;
And halls, and knights, and feats of arms, display'd ;
Or merry swains, who quaff the nut-brown ale,
And sing, enamour'd of the nut-brown maid ;
The moon-light revel of the fairy glade ;
Or hags, that suckle an infernal brood,
And ply in caves th' unutterable trade.
'Midst fiends and spectres, quench the moon in
blood,
Yell in the midnight storm, or ride th' infuriate
flood.

XLV.

But when to horror his amazement rose,
A gentler strain the Beldame would rehearse,
A tale of rural life, a tale of woes,
The orphan-babes, and guardian uncle fierce.
O cruel ! will no pang of pity pierce
That heart by lust of lucre sear'd to stone ?
For sure, if aught of virtue last, or verse,
To latest times shall tender souls bemoan
Those hopeless orphan-babes by thy fell arts undone.

XLVI.

Behold, with berries smear'd, with brambles torn,
The babes now famish'd lay them down to die.
Amidst the howl of darksome woods forlorn,
Folded in one another's arms they lie ;
Nor friend, nor stranger, hears their dying cry :
" For from the town the man returns no more."
But thou, who Heaven's just vengeance darest defy,
This deed with fruitless tears shalt soon deplore,
When Death lays waste thy house, and flames consume thy store.

XLVII.

A stifled smile of stern vindictive joy
Brighten'd one moment Edwin's starting tear.
" But why should gold man's feeble mind decoy,
And innocence thus die by doom severe ?"
O Edwin ! while thy heart is yet sincere,
Th' assaults of discontent and doubt repel :
Dark even at noontide is our mortal sphere ;
But let us hope ; to doubt is to rebel ;
Let us exult in hope, that all shall yet be well.

XLVIII.

Nor be thy generous indignation check'd,
Nor check'd the tender tear to Misery given ;
From Guilt's contagious power shall that protect,
This soften and refine the soul for Heaven.

But dreadful is their doom, whom doubt has
driven

To censure Fate, and pious Hope forego :
Like yonder blasted boughs by lightning riven,
Perfection, beauty, life, they never know,
But frown on all that pass, a monument of wo.

XLIX.

Shall he, whose birth, maturity, and age,
Scarce fill the circle of one summer day,
Shall the poor gnat with discontent and rage
Exclaim, that nature hastens to decay,
If but a cloud obstruct the solar ray,
If but a momentary shower descend !
Or shall frail man Heaven's dread decree gainsay,
Which bade the series of events extend
Wide through unnumber'd worlds, and ages without
end !

L.

One part, one little part, we dimly scan
Through the dark medium of life's feverish dream ;
Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,
If but that little part incongruous seem.
Nor is that part perhaps what mortals deem ;
Oft from apparent ill our blessings rise.
O then renounce that impious self-esteem,
That aims to trace the secrets of the skies :
For thou art but of dust ; be humble, and be wise.

LI.

Thus Heaven enlarged his soul in riper years.
For Nature gave him strength and fire, to soar
On Fancy's wing above this vale of tears ;
Where dark cold-hearted sceptics, creeping, pore
Through microscope of metaphysic lore :
And much they grope for truth, but never hit.
For why ? their powers, inadequate before,
This idle art makes more and more unfit ;
Yet deem they darkness light, and their vain blunders
wit.

LII.

Nor was this ancient dame a foe to mirth.
Her ballad, jest, and riddle's quaint device
Oft cheer'd the shepherds round their social hearth :
Whom levity or spleen could ne'er entice
To purchase chat or laughter, at the price
Of decency. Nor let it faith exceed,
That Nature forms a rustic taste so nice.
Ah ! had they been of court or city breed,
Such delicacy were right marvellous indeed.

LIII.

Oft when the winter-storm had ceased to rave,
He roam'd the snowy waste at even, to view
The cloud stupendous, from th' Atlantic wave
High-towering, sail along th' horizon blue ;

Where 'midst the changeful scenery ever new
Fancy a thousand wondrous forms descries
More wildly great than ever pencil drew,
Rocks, torrents, gulfs, and shapes of giant size,
And glittering cliffs on cliffs, and fiery ramparts rise.

LIV.

Thence musing onward to the sounding shore,
The lone enthusiast oft would take his way,
Listening with pleasing dread to the deep roar
Of the wide-weltering waves. In black array
When sulphurous clouds roll'd on th' autumnal
day,
Even then he hasten'd from the haunt of man,
Along the trembling wilderness to stray,
What time the lightning's fierce career began,
And o'er Heaven's rending arch the rattling thunder
ran.

LV.

Responsive to the sprightly pipe when all
In sprightly dance the village-youth were join'd,
Edwin, of melody aye held in thrall,
From the rude gambol far remote reclined,
Sooth'd with the soft notes warbling in the wind.
Ah then, all jollity seem'd noise and folly.
To the pure soul by Fancy's fire refined,
Ah what is mirth but turbulence unholy,
When with the charm compared of heavenly melan-
choly!

LVI.

Is there a heart that music cannot melt ?
Alas ! how is that rugged heart forlorn !
Is there, who ne'er those mystic transports felt
Of solitude and melancholy born ?
He needs not woo the Muse ; he is her scorn.
The sophist's rope of cobweb he shall twine ;
Mope o'er the schoolman's peevish page ; or
 mourn,
And delve for life in Mammon's dirty mine ;
Sneak with the scoundrel fox, or grunt with glutton
 swine.

LVII.

For Edwin Fate a nobler doom had plann'd ;
Song was his favorite and first pursuit.
The wild harp rang to his adventurous hand,
And languish'd to his breath the plaintive flute.
His infant muse, though artless, was not mute :
Of elegance as yet he took no care ;
For this of time and culture is the fruit ;
And Edwin gain'd at last this fruit so rare :
As in some future verse I purpose to declare.

LVIII.

Meanwhile, whate'er of beautiful, or new,
Sublime, or dreadful, in earth, sea, or sky,
By chance, or search, was offer'd to his view,
He scan'd with curious and romantic eye.

Whate'er of lore tradition could supply
From Gothic tale, or song, or fable old,
Roused him, still keen to listen and to pry.
At last, though long by penury control'd,
And solitude, his soul her graces 'gan unfold.

LIX.

Thus on the chill Lapponian's dreary land,
For many a long month lost in snow profound,
When Sol from Cancer sends the season bland,
And in their northern cave the storms are bound ;
From silent mountains, straight, with startling
 sound,
Torrents are hurl'd ; green hills emerge ; and lo,
The trees with foliage, cliffs with flowers are
 crown'd ;
Pure rills through vales of verdure warbling go ;
And wonder, love, and joy, the peasant's heart o'er-
 flow.

LX.

Here pause, my Gothic lyre, a little while.
The leisure hour is all that thou canst claim.
But on this verse if MONTAGU should smile,
New strains erelong shall animate thy frame.
And her applause to me is more than fame ;
For still with truth accords his taste refined.

At lucre or renown let others aim,
I only wish to please the gentle mind,
Whom nature's charms inspire, and love of human-kind.

BOOK II.

I.

OF chance or change O let not man complain,
Else shall he never never cease to wail :
For, from the imperial dome, to where the swain
Rears the lone cottage in the silent dale,
All feel th' assault of fortune's fickle gale ;
Art, empire, earth itself, to change are doom'd ;
Earthquakes have raised to heaven the humble
vale,
And gulphs the mountain's mighty mass entomb'd,
And where th' Atlantick rolls wide continents have
bloom'd.

II.

But sure to foreign climes we need not range,
Nor search the ancient records of our race,
To learn the dire effects of time and change,
Which in ourselves, alas, we daily trace.
Yet at the darken'd eye, the wither'd face,
Or hoary hair, I never will repine :
But spare, O Time, whate'er of mental grace,

Of candor, love, or sympathy divine,
Whate'er of fancy's ray, or friendship's flame is
mine.

III.

So I, obsequious to Truth's dread command,
Shall here without reluctance change my lay,
And smite the Gothic lyre with harsher hand ;
Now when I leave that flowery path for aye
Of childhood, where I sported many a day,
Warbling and sauntering carelessly along ;
Where every face was innocent and gay,
Each vale romantic, tuneful every tongue,
Sweet, wild, and artless all, as Edwin's infant song.

IV.

Perish the lore that deadens young desire,
Is the soft tenor of my song no more.
Edwin, though loved of heaven, must not aspire
To bliss, which mortals never knew before.
On trembling wings let youthful fancy soar,
Nor always haunt the sunny realms of joy :
But now and then the shades of life explore ;
Though many a sound and sight of woe annoy,
And many a qualm of care his rising hopes destroy.

V.

Vigor from toil, from trouble patience grows.
The weakly blossom, warm in summer bower,
Some tints of transient beauty may disclose ;

But ah it withers in the chilling hour.
Mark yonder oaks! Superior to the power
Of all the warring winds of heaven they rise,
And from the stormy promontory tower,
And toss their giant arms amid the skies,
While each assailing blast increase of strength supplies.

VI.

And now the downy cheek and deepen'd voice
Gave dignity to Edwin's blooming prime ;
And walks of wider circuit were his choice,
And vales more wild, and mountains more sublime.
One evening, as he framed the careless rhyme,
It was his chance to wander far abroad,
And o'er a lonely eminence to climb,
Which heretofore his foot had never trode ;
A vale appear'd below, a deep retired abode.

VII.

Thither he hied, enamour'd of the scene.
For rocks on rocks piled, as by magic spell,
Here scorch'd with lightning, there with ivy green,
Fenced from the north and east this savage dell.
Southward a mountain rose with easy swell,
Whose long long groves eternal murmur made :
And toward the western sun a streamlet fell,

Where, through the cliffs, the eye, remote, survey'd
Blue hills, and glittering waves, and skies in gold array'd.

VIII.

Along this narrow valley you might see
The wild deer sporting on the meadow ground,
And, here and there, a solitary tree,
Or mossy stone, or rock with woodbine crown'd.
Oft did the cliffs reverberate the sound
Of parted fragments tumbling from on high;
And from the summit of that craggy mound
The perching eagle oft was heard to cry,
Or on resounding wings to shoot athwart the sky.

IX.

One cultivated spot there was, that spread
Its flowery bosom to the noonday beam,
Where many a rose-bud rears its blushing head,
And herbs for food with future plenty teem.
Sooth'd by the lulling sound of grove and stream,
Romantick visions swarm on Edwin's soul :
He minded not the sun's last trembling gleam,
Nor heard from far the twilight curfew toll;
When slowly on his ear these moving accents stole.

X.

" Hail, awful scenes, that calm the troubled breast,
And woo the weary to profound repose ;
Can passion's wildest uproar lay to rest,
And whisper comfort to the man of woes !
Here Innocence may wander, safe from foes,
And Contemplation soar on seraph wings.
O Solitude, the man who thee foregoes,
When lucre lures him, or ambition stings,
Shall never know the source whence real grandeur
springs.

XI.

" Vain man, is grandeur given to gay attire ?
Then let the butterfly thy pride upbraid :
To friends, attendants, armies, bought with hire ?
It is thy weakness that requires their aid :
To palaces, with gold and gems inlay'd ?
They fear the thief, and tremble in the storm :
To hosts, through carnage who to conquest wade ?
Behold the victor vanquish'd by the worm !
Behold, what deeds of woe the locust can perform !

XII.

" True dignity is his, whose tranquil mind
Virtue has raised above the things below ;
Who, every hope and fear to Heaven resign'd,
Shrinks not, though Fortune aim her deadliest
blow."

This strain from 'midst the rocks was heard to flow,
In solemn sounds. Now beam'd the evening star;
And from embattled clouds emerging slow
Cynthia came riding on her silver car;
And hoary mountain-cliffs shone faintly from afar.

XIII.

Soon did the solemn voice its theme renew :
(While Edwin wrapt in wonder listening stood)
“ Ye tools and toys of tyranny, adieu,
Scorn'd by the wise, and hated by the good !
Ye only can engage the servile brood
Of Levity and Lust, who all their days,
Ashamed of truth and liberty, have woo'd
And hug'd the chain, that glittering on their gaze
Seems to outshine the pomp of heaven's empyreal
blaze.

XIV.

“ Like them, abandon'd to Ambition's sway,
I sought for glory in the paths of guile ;
And fawn'd and smiled, to plunder and betray,
Myself betray'd and plunder'd all the while ;
So gnaw'd the viper the corroding file.
But now with pangs of keen remorse I rue
Those years of trouble and debasement vile.
Yet why should I this cruel theme pursue !
Fly, fly, detested thoughts, for ever, from my view.

XV.

“ The gusts of appetite, the clouds of care,
And storms of disappointment, all o’erpast,
Henceforth no earthly hope with Heaven shall
share

This heart, where peace serenely shines at last.
And if for me no treasure be amass’d,
And if no future age shall hear my name,
I lurk the more secure from fortune’s blast,
And with more leisure feed this pious flame,
Whose rapture far transcends the fairest hopes of
fame.

XVI.

“ The end and the reward of toil is rest.
Be all my prayer for virtue and for peace.
Of wealth and fame, of pomp and power possess’d,
Who ever felt his weight of woe decrease !
Ah ! what avails the lore of Rome and Greece,
The lay heaven-prompted, and harmonious string,
The dust of Ophir, or the Tyrian fleece,
All that art, fortune, enterprise, can bring,
If envy, scorn, remorse, or pride the bosom wring !

XVII.

“ Let Vanity adorn the marble tomb
With trophies, rhymes, and scutcheons of re-
nown,
In the deep dungeon of some Gothic dome,

Where night and desolation ever frown.
Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down ;
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrown,
Fast by a brook, or fountain's murmuring wave ;
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave

XVIII.

" And thither let the village swain repair ;
And, light of heart, the village maiden gay,
To deck with flowers her half-dishevel'd hair,
And celebrate the merry morn of May.
There let the shepherd's pipe the live-long day
Fill all the grove with love's bewitching wo ;
And when mild Evening comes with mantle grey,
Let not the blooming band make haste to go ;
No ghost nor spell my long and last abode shal
know.

XIX.

" For though I fly to scape from Fortune's rage,
And bear the scars of envy, spite, and scorn,
Yet with mankind no horrid war I wage,
Yet with no impious spleen my breast is torn :
For virtue lost, and ruin'd man, I mourn.
O Man, creation's pride, heaven's darling child,
Whom nature's best divinest gifts adorn,
Why from thy home are truth and joy exiled,
And all thy favorite haunts with blood and tears de
filed !

XX.

“ Along yon glittering sky what glory streams !
What majesty attends Night’s lovely queen !
Fair laugh our vallies in the vernal beams ;
And mountains rise, and oceans roll between,
And all conspire to beautify the scene.
But, in the mental world, what chaos drear !
What forms of mournful, loathsome, furious mien !
O when shall that Eternal Morn appear,
These dreadful forms to chase, this chaos dark to
clear !

XXI.

“ O Thou, at whose creative smile, yon heaven,
In all the pomp of beauty, life, and light,
Rose from th’ abyss ; when dark Confusion,
driven
Down down the bottomless profound of night,
Fled, where he ever flies thy piercing sight !
O glance on these sad shades one pitying ray,
To blast the fury of oppressive might,
Melt the hard heart to love and mercy’s sway,
And chear the wandering soul, and light him on the
way.”

XXII.

Silence ensued : and Edwin raised his eyes
In tears, for grief lay heavy at his heart.
“ And is it thus in courtly life (he cries)

That man to man acts a betrayer's part ;
And dares he thus the gifts of heaven pervert,
Each social instinct, and sublime desire !
Hail poverty ! if honor, wealth, and art,
If what the great pursue, and learn'd admire,
Thus dissipate and quench the soul's ethereal fire !"

XXIII.

He said, and turn'd away ; nor did the Sage
O'erhear, in silent orisons employ'd.
The Youth, his rising sorrow to assuage,
Home as he hied, the evening scene enjoy'd :
For now no cloud obscures the starry void ;
The yellow moonlight sleeps on all the hills ;
Nor is the mind with startling sounds annoy'd,
A soothing murmur the lone region fills,
Of groves, and dying gales, and melancholy rills.

XXIV.

But he from day to day more anxious grew.
The voice still seem'd to vibrate on his ear.
Nor durst he hope the Hermit's tale untrue ;
For man he seem'd to love, and heaven to fear ;
And none speaks false, where there is none to
hear.
" Yet can man's gentle heart become so fell !
No more in vain conjecture let me wear
My hours away, but seek the Hermit's cell ;
'Tis he my doubt can clear, perhaps my care dispel."

XXV.

At early dawn the Youth his journey took,
And many a mountain pass'd, and valley wide,
Then reach'd the wild ; where, in a flowery nook,
And seated on a mossy stone, he spied
An antient man : his harp lay him beside.
A stag sprang from the pasture at his call,
And, kneeliug, lick'd the wither'd hand that tied
A wreathe of woodbine round his antlers tall,
And hung his lofty neck with many a flowret small.

XXVI.

And now the hoary Sage arose, and saw
The wanderer approaching : innocence
Smiled on his glowing cheek, but modest awe
Depress'd his eye, that fear'd to give offence.
“ Who art thou, courteous stranger ? and from
whence ?
Why roam thy steps to this abandon'd dale ? ”
“ A shepherd-boy (the Youth replied), far hence
My habitation ; hear my artless tale ;
Nor levity nor falshood shall thine ear assail.

XXVII.

“ Late as I roam'd, intent on Nature's charms,
I reach'd at eve this wilderness profound ;
And, leaning where yon oak expands her arms,
Heard these rude cliffs thine awful voice rebound ;
(For in thy speech I recognise the sound).

You mourn'd for ruin'd man, and virtue lost,
And seem'd to feel of keen remorse the wound,
Pondering on former days by guilt engross'd,
Or in the giddy storm of dissipation toss'd.

XXVIII.

“ But say, in courtly life can craft be learn'd,
Where knowledge opens, and exalts the soul ?
Where Fortune lavishes her gifts unearn'd,
Can selfishness the liberal heart control ?
Is glory there achiev'd by arts, as foul
As those which felons, fiends, and furies plan ?
Spiders ensnare, snakes poison, tygers prowl ;
Love is the godlike attribute of man.
O teach a simple youth this mystery to scan.

XXIX.

“ Or else the lamentable strain disclaim,
And give me back the calm, contented mind ;
Which, late, exulting, view'd in Nature's frame,
Goodness untainted, wisdom unconfined,
Grace, grandeur, and utility combined.
Restore those tranquil days, that saw me still
Well pleased with all, but most with humankind ;
When fancy roam'd through Nature's works at
will,
Uncheck'd by cold distrust, and uninform'd of ill.”

XXX.

“ Wouldst thou (the Sage replied) in peace return
To the gay dreams of fond romantick youth,
Leave me to hide, in this remote sojourn,
From every gentle ear the dreadful truth :
For if my desultory strain with ruth
And indignation make thine eyes o’erflow,
Alas ! what comfort could thy anguish sooth,
Shouldst thou th’ extent of human folly know.
Be ignorance thy choice, where knowledge leads to
wo.

XXXI.

“ But let untender thoughts afar be driven ;
Nor venture to arraign the dread decree.
For know, to man, as candidate for heaven,
The voice of The Eternal said, Be free :
And this divine prerogative to thee
Does virtue, happiness, and heaven convey ;
For virtue is the child of liberty,
And happiness of virtue ; nor can they
Be free to keep the path, who are not free to stray.

XXXII.

“ Yet leave me not. I would allay that grief,
Which else might thy young virtue overpower ;
And in thy converse I shall find relief,
When the dark shades of melancholy lower ;

For solitude has many a dreary hour,
Even when exempt from grief, remorse, and pain :
Come often then ; for, haply, in my bower,
Amusement, knowledge, wisdom thou may'st gain :
If I one soul improve, I have not lived in vain."

XXXIII.

And now, at length, to Edwin's ardent gaze
The Muse of history unrolls her page.
But few, alas ! the scenes her art displays,
To charm his fancy, or his heart engage.
Here Chiefs their thirst of power in blood assuage,
And straight their flames with tenfold fierceness
burn :
Here smiling Virtue prompts the patriot's rage,
But lo, ere long, is left alone to mourn,
And languish in the dust, and clasp th' abandon'd
urn.

XXXIV.

" Ambition's slippery verge shall mortals tread,
Where ruin's gulph unfathom'd yawns beneath !
Shall life, shall liberty be lost, (he said)
For the vain toys that Pomp and Power bequeath !
The car of victory, the plume, the wreath,
Defend not from the bolt of fate the brave ;
No note the clarion of Renown can breathe,
T' alarm the long night of the lonely grave,
Or check the headlong haste of Time's o'erwhelming
wave.

XXXV.

“ Ah, what avails it to have traced the springs
That whirl of empire the stupendous wheel !
Ah, what have I to do with conquering kings,
Hands drench'd in blood, and breasts begirt with
steel !
To those, whom Nature taught to think and feel,
Heroes, alas ! are things of small concern ;
Could History man's secret heart reveal,
And what imports a heaven-born mind to learn,
Her transcripts to explore what bosom would not
yearn !

XXXVI.

“ This praise, O Cheronean Sage, is thine.
(Why should this praise to thee alone belong !)
All else from Nature's moral path decline,
Lured by the toys that captivate the throng ;
To herd in cabinets and camps, among
Spoil, carnage, and the cruel pomp of pride ;
Or chaunt of heraldry the drowsy song,
How tyrant blood, o'er many a region wide,
Rolls to a thousand thrones its execrable tide.

XXXVII.

“ O who of man the story will unfold,
Ere victory and empire wrought annoy,
In that elysian age (misnamed of gold)
The age of love, and innocence, and joy,

When all were great and free ! man's sole employ
To deck the bosom of his parent earth ;
Or toward his bower the murmuring stream decoy,
To aid the floweret's long-expected birth,
And lull the bed of peace, and crown the board of
mirth.

XXXVIII.

" Sweet were your shades, O ye primeval groves,
Whose boughs to man his food and shelter lent,
Pure in his pleasures, happy in his loves,
His eye still smiling, and his heart content.
Then, hand in hand, Health, Sport, and Labour
went.

Nature supply'd the wish she taught to crave.
None prowld for prey, none watch'd to circum-
vent.

To all an equal lot Heaven's bounty gave :
No vassal fear'd his lord, no tyrant fear'd his slave.

XXXIX.

" But ah ! th' Historic Muse has never dared
To pierce those hallow'd bowers ; 'tis Fancy's
beam

Pour'd on the vision of th' enraptured Bard,
That paints the charms of that delicious theme.
Then hail sweet Fancy's ray ! and hail the dream
That weans the weary soul from guilt and woe !

Careless what others of my choice may deem,
I long where Love and Fancy lead to go,
And meditate on heaven ; enough of earth I know.

XL.

“ I cannot blame thy choice (the Sage replied)
For soft and smooth are Fancy’s flowery ways.
And yet, even there, if left without a guide,
The young adventurer unsafely plays.
Eyes dazzled long by Fiction’s gaudy rays
In modest Truth no light nor beauty find,
And who, my child, would trust the meteor-
blaze,
That soon must fail, and leave the wanderer blind,
More dark and helpless far, than if it ne’er had
shined ?

XLI.

“ Fancy enervates, while it soothes, the heart,
And while it dazzles, wounds the mental sight :
To joy each heightening charm it can impart,
But wraps the hour of wo in tenfold night.
And often, where no real ills affright,
Its visionary fiends, an endless train,
Assail with equal or superior might,
And through the throbbing heart, and dizzy
brain,
And shivering nerves, shoot stings of more than
mortal pain.

XLII.

“ And yet, alas, the real ills of life
Claim the full vigor of a mind prepared,
Prepared for patient, long, laborious strife,
Its guide Experience, and Truth its guard.
We fare on earth as other men have fared.
Were they successful ? Let not us despair.
Was disappointment oft their sole reward ?
Yet shall their tale instruct, if it declare,
How they have borne the load ourselves are doom'd
to bear.

XLIII.

“ What charms th' Historick Muse adorn, from
spoils,
And blood, and tyrants, when she wings her flight,
To hail the patriot Prince, whose pious toils
Sacred to science, liberty, and right,
And peace, through every age divinely bright
Shall shine the boast and wonder of mankind !
Sees yonder sun, from his meridian height,
A lovelier scene, than Virtue thus inshrined
In power, and man with man for mutual aid combined ?

XLIV.

“ Hail sacred Polity, by Freedom rear'd !
Hail sacred Freedom, when by Law restrain'd !
Without you what were man ? A groveling herd

In darkness, wretchedness, and want enchain'd.
Sublimed by you, the Greek and Roman reign'd
In arts unrival'd : O, to latest days,
In Albion may your influence unprofaned
To godlike worth the generous bosom raise,
And prompt the Sage's lore, and fire the poet's lays !

XLV.

“ But now let other themes our care engage.
For lo, with modest yet majestic grace,
To curb Imagination's lawless rage,
And from within the cherish'd heart to brace,
Philosophy appears. The gloomy race
By Indolence and moping Fancy bred,
Fear, Discontent, Solitude give place,
And Hope and Courage brighten in their stead,
While on the kindling soul her vital beams are shed.

XLVI.

“ Then waken from long lethargy to life
The seeds of happiness, and powers of thought ;
Then jarring appetites forego their strife,
A strife by ignorance to madness wrought.
Pleasure by savage man is dearly bought
With fell revenge, lust that defies control,
With gluttony and death. The mind untaught
Is a dark waste, where fiends and tempests howl ;
As Phoebus to the world, is Science to the soul.

XLVII.

“ And Reason now through Number, Time, and
Space,
Darts the keen lustre of her serious eye,
And learns, from facts compared, the laws to trace,
Whose long progression leads to Deity.
Can mortal strength presume to soar so high !
Can mortal sight, so oft bedim'd with tears,
Such glory bear '—for lo, the shadows fly
From nature's face ; Confusion disappears,
And order charms the eyes, and harmony the ears.

XLVIII.

“ In the deep windings of the grove, no more
The hag obscene, and griesly phantom dwell ;
Nor in the fall of mountain-stream, or roar
Of winds, is heard the angry spirit's yell ;
No wizard mutters the tremendous spell,
Nor sinks convulsive in prophetic swoon ;
Nor bids the noise of drums and trumpets swell,
To ease of fancied pangs the laboring moon,
Or chace the shade that blots the blazing orb of
noon.

XLIX.

“ Many a long-lingering year, in lonely isle,
Stun'd with th' eternal turbulence of waves,

Lo, with dim eyes, that never learn'd to smile,
And trembling hands, the famish'd native craves
Of Heaven his wretched fare : shivering in caves,
Or scorch'd on rocks, he pines from day to day ;
But Science gives the word ; and lo, he braves
The surge and tempest, lighted by her ray,
And to a happier land wafts merrily away.

L.

“ And even where Nature loads the teeming plain
With the full pomp of vegetable store,
Her bounty, unimproved, is deadly bane.
Dark woods and rankling wilds, from shore to
shore,
Stretch their enormous gloom ; which to explore
Even Fancy trembles, in her sprightliest mood ;
For there, each eyeball gleams with lust of gore,
Nestles each murderous and each monstrous brood,
Plague lurks in every shade, and steams from every
flood.

LI.

“ ’Twas from Philosophy man learn'd to tame
The soil by plenty to intemperance fed.
Lo, from the echoing ax, and thundering flame,
Poison and plague and yelling rage are fled.
The waters, bursting from their slimy bed,
Bring health and melody to every vale :
And, from the breezy main, and mountain's head,

Ceres and Flora, to the sunny dale,
To fan their glowing charms, invite the fluttering
gale.

LII.

“ What dire necessities on every hand
Our art, our strength, our fortitude require !
Of foes intestine what a numerous band
Against this little throb of life conspire !
Yet Science can elude their fatal ire
A while, and turn aside Death’s level’d dart,
Sooth the sharp pang, allay the fever’s fire ;
And brace the nerves once more, and cheer the
heart,
And yet a few soft nights and balmy days impart.

LIII.

“ Nor less to regulate man’s moral frame
Science exerts her all-composing sway.
Flutters thy breast with fear, or pants for fame,
Or pines to Indolence and Spleen a prey,
Or Avarice, a fiend more fierce than they ?
Flee to the shade of Academus’ grove ;
Where cares molest not, discord melts away
In harmony, and the pure passions prove
How sweet the words of truth breathed from the lips
of Love.

LIV.

“ What cannot Art and Industry perform,
When Science plans the progress of their toil !
They smile at penury, disease, and storm ;
And oceans from their mighty mounds recoil.
When tyrants scourge, or demagogues embroil
A land, or when the rabble’s headlong rage
Order transforms to anarchy and spoil,
Deep-versed in man the philosophic Sage
repares with lenient hand their phrenzy to assuage.

LV.

“ ’Tis he alone, whose comprehensive mind,
From situation, temper, soil, and clime
Explored, a nation’s various powers can bind
And various orders, in one Form sublime
Of polity, that, midst the wrecks of time,
Secure shall lift its head on high, nor fear
Th’ assault of foreign or domestic crime,
While public faith, and public love sincere,
and Industry and Law maintain their sway severe.”

LVI.

Enraptured by the Hermit’s strain, the Youth
Proceeds the path of Science to explore.
And now, expanding to the beams of Truth,
New energies, and charms unknown before,
His mind discloses : Fancy now no more

Wantons on fickle pinion through the skies ;
But, fix'd in aim, and conscious of her power,
Sublime from cause to cause exults to rise,
Creation's blended stores arranging as she flies.

LVII.

Nor love of novelty alone inspires,
Their laws and nice dependencies to scan ;
For, mindful of the aids that life requires,
And of the services man owes to man,
He meditates new arts on Nature's plan ;
The cold desponding breast of Sloth to warm,
The flame of Industry and Genius fan,
And Emulation's noble rage alarm,
And the long hours of Toil and Solitude to charm.

LVIII.

But she, who set on fire his infant heart,
And all his dreams, and all his wanderings shared
And bless'd, the Muse, and her celestial art,
Still claim th' Enthusiast's fond and first regard.
From Nature's beauties variously compared
And variously combined, he learns to frame
Those forms of bright perfection, which the Bard,
While boundless hopes and boundless views in-
flame,
Enamour'd consecrates to never-dying fame.

LIX.

Of late, with cumbersome, though pompous show,
Edwin would oft his flowery rhyme deface,
Through ardor to adorn ; but Nature now
To his experienced eye a modest grace
Presents, where Ornament the second place
Holds, to intrinsic worth and just design
Subservient still. Simplicity apace
Tempers his rage : he owns her charm divine,
And clears th' ambiguous phrase, and lops th' unwieldy line.

LX.

Fain would I sing (much yet unsung remains)
What sweet delirium o'er his bosom stole,
When the great Shepherd of the Mantuan plains
His deep majestic melody 'gan roll :
Fain would I sing, what transport storm'd his soul,
How the red current throb'd his veins along,
When, like Pelides, bold beyond controul,
Without art graceful, without effort strong,
Homer raised high to heaven the loud, th' impetuous
song.

LXI.

And how his lyre, though rude her first essays,
Now skill'd to sooth, to triumph, to complain,
Warbling at will through each harmonious maze,
Was taught to modulate the artful strain,

I fain would sing :—but ah ! I strive in vain.
Sighs from a breaking heart my voice confound.
With strembling step, to join yon weeping train,
I haste, where gleams funereal glare around ;
And, mix'd with shrieks of woe, the knells of death
resound.

LXII.

Adieu, ye lays, that Fancy's flowers adorn,
The soft amusement of the vacant mind !
He sleeps in dust, and all the Muses mourn,
He, whom each virtue fired, each grace refined,
Friend, teacher, pattern, darling of mankind !
He sleeps in dust. Ah, how should I pursue
My theme ! To heart-consuming grief resign'd
Here on his recent grave I fix my view,
And pour my bitter tears. Ye flowery lays, adieu !

LXIII.

Art thou, my GREGORY, for ever fled !
And am I left to unavailing woe !
When fortune's storms assail this weary head,
Where cares long since have shed untimely snow,
Ah, now for comfort whither shall I go !
No more thy soothing voice my anguish cheers ;
Thy placid eyes with smiles no longer glow,
My hopes to cherish, and allay my fears.
'Tis meet that I should mourn : flow forth afresh
my tears.

NOTES

ON

POEMS

IN THE STANZA OF SPENSER.

PSYCHE.

Page 1. OF the Author of this Poem, Mr. Nichols has given the following account:—"This worthy Divine was descended collaterally from Dr. Nicholas Ridley, Bishop of London, who was burnt in the reign of Queen Mary. He was born at sea, in the year 1702, on board the Gloucester East-Indiaman, to which circumstance he was indebted for his christian name. He received his education at Winchester school, and from thence was elected to a fellowship at New College, Oxford, where he proceeded B. C. L. April 29, 1729. In those two seminaries he cultivated an early acquaintance with the Muses, and laid the foundation of those elegant and solid acquirements for which he was afterwards so eminently distinguished, as a Poet, an Historian, and a Divine. During a vacation in 1728, he joined with four friends (Mr. Thomas Fletcher, afterwards Bishop of Kildare, Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Eyre, Mr. Morrison, and Mr. Jennens)

in writing a tragedy called "The Fruitless Redress," each undertaking an act on a plan previously concerted; and when they delivered in their several proportions at their meeting in the winter, few readers would have known that the whole was not the production of a single hand. This tragedy, which was offered to Mr. Wilks, but never acted, is still in MS. in the hands of his family; with "Jugurtha," of which a specimen shall be given in p. 82. Dr. Ridley in his youth was much addicted to theatrical performances. Midhurst in Sussex was the place where they were exhibited; and the company of gentlemen actors to which he belonged consisted chiefly of his coadjutors in the tragedy already mentioned. He is said to have performed the characters of Marc Antony, Jaffier, Horatio, and Moneses, with distinguished applause, a circumstance that will be readily believed by those who are no strangers to his judicious and graceful manner of speaking in the pulpit. Young Cibber, being likewise a Wykehamist, called on Dr. Ridley soon after he had been appointed chaplain to the East India Company at Poplar, and would have persuaded him to quit the church for the stage. For great part of his life he had no other preferment than the small college living of Weston Longueville in Norfolk, and the donative of Poplar in Middlesex, where he resided. To these his college added, some years after, the donative of Rumford in Essex. "Between those two places the curricula of his life rolled (as he expressed it) for some time almost perpetually upon post-chaise

wheels, and left him not time for even the proper studies of oeconomy, or the necessary ones of his profession." Yet in this obscure situation he remained in possession of, and content with, domestic happiness; and was honoured with the intimate friendship of some who were not less distinguished for learning than for worth: Among whom, it may be sufficient to mention Dr. Lowth (now Bishop of London), Mr. Pitt, Mr. Spence, and Dr. Berriman. To the last of these he was curate and executor, and preached his funeral sermon. In 1740 and 1741 he preached eight Sermons at Lady Moyer's Lecture, which were published in 1742, 8vo. In 1756 (it is said) he declined an offer of going to Ireland as first chaplain to the Duke of Bedford; in return for which he was to have had the choice of promotion, either at Christ Church, Canterbury, Westminster, or Windsor. His modesty inducing him to leave the choice of these to his patron, the consequence was that he obtained no one of them all. In 1763 he published the "Life of Bp. Ridley," in quarto, by subscription, and cleared by it as much as bought him 800l. in the public funds. In the latter part of his life he had the misfortune to lose both his sons, each of them a youth of abilities. The elder, James, was author of, 1. "The Tales of the Genii;" 2. a humourous paper called "The Schemer," first printed in the London Chronicle, and since collected into a volume; 3. "The History of James Lovegrove, Esq;" and some other literary performances. Thomas, the younger, was sent by the East-India Company as a writer to Madras, where he was no soon-

er settled than he died of the small pox. In 1765, Dr. Ridley published his "Review of Philips's Life of Cardinal Pole;" and in 1768, in reward for his labours in this controversy, and in another which *The Confessional* produced, he was presented by Archbishop Secker to a golden prebend in the cathedral church of Salisbury (an option), the only reward he received from the Great, during a long, useful, and laborious life, devoted to the duties of his function. At length, worn out with infirmities, he departed this life in 1774, leaving a widow and four daughters, of whom the only married one (Mrs. Evans) has published several novels. He was buried at Poplar; and the following Epitaph, written by his learned and worthy friend the present Bishop of London, is inscribed upon his monument."

H. S. E.

GLOSTERUS RIDLEY,
 Vir optimus, integerrimus;
 Verbi Divini Minister
 Peritus, fidelis, indefessus:
 Ab Academia Oxoniensi
 Pro meritis, et præter ordinem,
 In sacra Theologia Doctoratu insignitus.
 Poeta natus,
 Oratoriae facultati impensius studuit.
 Quam fuerat in concionando facundus,
 Plurimorum animis diu insidebit;
 Quam varia eruditione instructus,
 Scripta ipsius semper testabuntur.
 Obiit tertio die mensis Novembris,
 A. D. 1774, Ætatis 72.

THE SQUIRE OF DAMES.

Page 32. The Author of this Poem was a Jew, resided at Mitcham in Surry, and was honored by the University of Oxford with the degree of Master of Arts. Three Dramatic pieces and some other Poems were written by him. He died in February 1758, and was the richest Poet of his time. As explanatory of this poem, the following Advertisement and Glossary were annexed by the Author.

ADVERTISEMENT.

In the seventh Canto of the Legend of *Chastity*, in *Spenser's Fairy Queen*, the Squire of *Dames* tells *Satyrane*, that by order of his mistress *Columbel*, (after having served the Ladies for a year) he was sent out a second time, not to return till he could find three hundred Women incapable of yielding to any temptation. The bad success he met with in the course of three years, which is slightly touched upon by *Spenser*, is the foundation of the following poem.

GLOSSARY.

<i>Amail</i> , enamel.	<i>Coronal</i> , crown or garland.
<i>Awale</i> , bow.	<i>Fortilage</i> , fort.
<i>Brond-iron</i> , a sword.	<i>Flight</i> , arrow.
<i>Blatant-beast</i> , detraction or envy.	<i>Kestrel</i> , an hawk.
<i>Baskets</i> , bushes.	<i>Levin-brond</i> , thunder-bolt.
<i>Borrel fere</i> , clownish com- panion.	<i>Ledden</i> , language.
<i>Crumenal</i> , purse.	<i>Pannikel</i> , crown of the head.
	<i>To royne</i> , to bite, or gnaw
	<i>Recure</i> , to repair.

Sib, an uncle.
Springal, a youth

Wimble, shifting to and fro.
Tede, went.

*Page 52. And through that city he doth quickly steer,
 Which Ethelbert to holy Austin gave :]*
 Canterbury.

SIR MARTYN.

Page 68. The design of Mr. Mickle in this composition (originally entitled the *Concubine*, and published in 1767) may be seen from the *Advertisement* in which he announced it. The Glossary subjoined is his own.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It is an established maxim in criticism, That an interesting moral is essential to a good poem. The character of the Man of Fortune is of the utmost importance both in the political and moral world ; to throw, therefore, a just ridicule on the pursuits and pleasures which often prove fatal to the important virtues of the Gentleman, must afford an interesting moral, but it is the management of the Writer which alone must render it striking. Yet however he may have failed in attaining this, the Author may decently assert, that to paint false pleasure as it is, ridiculous and contemptible, alike destructive to virtue and to happiness, was, at least, the purpose of his Poem.

It is also an established maxim in criticism, That the subject of a poem should be One ; that every part should contribute to the completion of One design,

which, properly pursued, will naturally diffuse itself into a regular Beginning, Middle, and End. Yet in attaining this Unity of the Whole, the necessary Regularity must still be poetical, for the spirit of poetry cannot exist under the shackles of logical or mathematical arrangement. Or, to use the words of a very eminent Critic, "As there must needs be a connection, so that connection will best answer its end, and the purpose of the writer, which, whilst it leads by a sure train of thinking to the conclusion in view, conceals itself all the while, and leaves to the Reader the satisfaction of supplying the intermediate links, and joining together, in his own mind, what is left in a seeming posture of neglect and inconnection."

If therefore the delineation of the character of the Man of Birth, who, with every advantage of natural abilities and amiable disposition, is at once lost to the Public and Himself; if this character has its beginning, middle, and end, the Poem has all the unity that propriety requires: how far such unity is attained, may perhaps be seen at one view in the following Argument.

After an innovation to the Genius of Spenser, and proposition of the subject, the Knight's first attachment to his Concubine, his levity, love of pleasure, and dissipation, with the influence over him which on this she assumes, are parts which undoubtedly constitute a just Beginning.

The effects of this influence, exemplified in the different parts of a gentleman's relative character,—in his domestic elegance of park, gardens, and house—in his unhappiness

as a lover, a parent, and a man of letters—behaviour as a master to his tenants, as a friend, and a brother—and in his feelings in his hours of retirement as a man of birth, and a patriot, naturally complete the Middle, to which an allegorical catastrophe furnishes the proper and regular End.

Some reasons, perhaps, may be expected for having adopted the manner of Spenser. To propose a general use of it were indeed highly absurd; yet it may be presumed there are some subjects on which it may be used with advantage. But not to enter upon any formal defence, the Author will only say, That the fullness and wantonness of description, the quaint simplicity, and above all, the ludicrous, of which the antique phraseology and manner of Spenser are so happily and peculiarly susceptible, inclined him to esteem it not solely as the best, but the only mode of composition adapted to his subject.

GLOSSARY.

Accloyd, disgusted, cloyed.
Adred, frightened. Anglo

Sax. *Æðraðan*.

Agone, ago.

Albee, although.

Als, also.

Arread, interpret.

Atonce, at once together.

Atweene, between.

Ay, always.

Bale, harm, sorrow.

Beene, Frequently used by the old Poets for the Indicative Imperfect of the Verb *To be*.

Beseene, becoming.

Blin, cease, blinnan. Sax.

Brede, to knit, plait, *bneðan*.

Carle, old Man.

Certis, certainly, truly.

Cborle, a Peasant.
Clept, named, called.
Covetise, Avarice.

Dan, a Prefix, *quasi* Mr.
Dearling, Darling.
Defsy, neatly, finely.
Depeinten, figured, displayed.
Dearnly, sadly, secretly.
Digbt, adorned, clad.
Dreare, dismal, frightful.

Eftsoons, by and bye, forth-
 with.

Eke, also.
Eld, Age.
Elfe, Young One, Child.
Erist, formerly.
Eyen, Eyes.

Fay, Fairy.
Frytor, Villain, Deceiver.
Fae, Companion.
Forby, beside, near to.
Fordone, undone, ruined.
Forefend, to guard beforehand.
Fray, tumult, bustle.
Frayd, afraid.

Geer, furniture, tackle.
Gent, fine, noble.
Gin, *gan*, begin, began.
Glen, a dell, a hollow between
 two hills.
Goody, a Countrywoman.

Han, Preterite Plural of the
 Verb *To have*.

Hears, Hair. Often used by
 Spenser.

Hight, called, is called, was
 called, or named.

Hoyden, slattern, coarse.

Imp, Infant, Child.
Jolliment, Merriment.

Ken, v. to see.
Knare, a knotty Arm of a
 Tree. *Dryd*.

Leache, Physician.
Lemman, Mistress, Concu-
 bine.

Lever, rather.
Lewdly, basely, foolishly.
Liefert, dearest.

Malengines, Persons villain-
 ously employed, Toad-
 eaters.

Meint, mingled.
Merrimake, Pastime.
Mery, pleasant.
Moe, more.

Mote, v. might, mot.

Murk, dark.

Nathemore, not the more.
Nathlesse, nevertheless,
 nazeles.

Native, natural.

Ne, nor.

Nolens volens, willing or un-
 willing.

Perdie, an Asseveration, *qua-*
si verily.

Piersant, piercing.

Portaunce, Behaviour, Man-
 ner.

Prankt, adorned.

Propine, recompence.

Quaid, quelled, conquered.

Quight, to quit, leave.

Read, to warn, to prophesy.

Recks, heeds, cares for.

Require, require. Often used
 by Spenser.

Rew, to repent.

Rutb, *rutbless*, pity, pityless.

Saluws, salutes.

Sell, Saddle.

Semblaunce, Appearance.

Seneshall, Master of Ceremonies, Steward.

Sbeen, bright, shining, fine.

Sbent, disgraced, *scende*,

scendid.

Skyen, adj. Sky.

Sooth, *soothly*, truth, truly.

Stownd, } Emotion, Fit, Stir.

Stowre, } *scysuan*.

Staine, Tenor,

Sues, pursues, follows.

Teen, Grief, Sorrow.

Thewes, Habits, Manners.

Tbilk, this, that.

Trainas, Devices, Traps.

Transmewd, changed, transformed,

Treacher, Traitor, Deceiver.

Troublaus, troublesome.

Vild, vile.

Uneath, not easy, difficult.

Wareless, unsuspecting.

Wassal, festive.

Ween, *wend*, or *wend*, think, deemed.

Wend, move, go,

Weet, much the same as *ween*.

Weetless, thoughtless.

Whilom, formerly, *hþilum*.

a *Whitt*, a jot, any thing, a *hþit*, *aliquid*.

Whyleare, erewhile, *hþalest*.

Wight, Person, *hþit*.

Wilding, the Crab-tree.

Wonno, to dwell.

Wreakfull, revengeful.

Tblend, mixes.

Tblent, blinded.

Tbrent, burnt,

Tclept, called, named.

Tfere, together.

Tgoe, formerly.

Tode, went.

Touthede, *quasi*, Youthhood.

Touthly, lively, youthful.

Tpight, placed, fixed.

Twis, truly, verily.

The letter *Y* in all the old English Poets is frequently prefixed to verbs and verbal adjectives, but without any particular signification. The use of it is purely Saxon, though after the Conquest the *ȝe* gave place to the Norman *y*. It is always to be pronounced as the pronoun *ye*.

Spenser has also frequently followed the Saxon formation, in adding the letter *N* to his verbs, as *tellen*, *worken*, &c. When affixed to a Substantive, it forms the plural number, as *Eyen*, Eyes, &c.

68. Desmonds *mouldering turrets*———] The castle of the Earl of Desmond, on the banks of the river Mulla in Ireland, was sometime the residence of SPENSER, the place where he wrote the greatest part of the FAERIE QUEENE.

95. *Gama, the darling care of Beauty's heavenly Queene.*] See the LUSIAD.

ibid. *That none mote see it more als he the Gods did pray.*] For this speech to his army, and prayer of Alexander, see Q. Curtius.

THE MINSTREL.

Page 127. To this Poem the following Preface was prefixed by its Author :

“The design was, to trace the progress of a Poetical Genius, born in a rude age, from the first dawning of fancy and reason, till that period at which he may be supposed capable of appearing in the world as A MINSTREL ; that is, as an itinerant Poet and Musician ;—a character which, according to the notions of our forefathers, was not only respectable, but sacred.

“I have endeavoured to imitate SPENSER in the measure of his verse, and in the harmony, simplicity, and variety of his composition. Antique expressions I have avoided ; admitting, however, some old words, where they seemed to suit the subject : but I hope none will be found that are now obsolete, or in any degree not intelligible to a reader of English poetry.

“To thosœ, who may be disposed to ask, what could induce me to write in so difficult a measure, I can only answer, that it pleases my ear, and seems from its Gothic structure and original, to bear some relation to the subject and spirit of the Poem. It admits both simplicity and magnificence of sound and of language, beyond any other stanza that I am acquainted with. It allows the sententiousness of the couplet, as well as the more complex modulation of blank verse. What some critics have remarked of its uniformity growing at last tiresome to the ear, will be found to hold true, only when the poetry is in other respects faulty.”

131. *But he, I ween, was of the north countrie :*] There is hardly an ancient ballad, or romance, wherein a Minstrel or Harper appears, but he is characterised, by way of eminence, to have been “OF THE NORTH COUNTRIE.” It is probable, that under this appellation were formerly comprehended all the provinces to the north of the Trent.

See PERCY's *Essay on the English Minstrels*.

145. *Or hags, that suckle an infernal brood,*

And ply in caves th' unutterable trade,] Allusion to SHAKSPERE.

Macbeth. How now, ye secret, black, and midnight hags,

What is't you do ?

Witches. A deed WITHOUT A NAME.

Macbeth, Act iv. sc. 1.

146. *Behold, with berries smear'd, with brambles torn,
The babes now famish'd lay them down to die.]*

See the fine old ballad, called, THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

151. *Thus on the chill Lapponian's dreary land, &c.]*
Spring and Autumn are hardly known to the Laplanders. About the time the Sun enters Cancer, their fields, which a week before were covered with snow, appear on a sudden full of grass and flowers.

SCHEFFER's *History of Lapland*, p. 16.

153. *And where the Atlantic rolls wide continents have bloom'd.]* See PLATO's *Timeus*.

167. " *This praise, O Cheronean Sage,—*] PLUTARCH.

171. " *Then waken from long lethargy to life*

" *The seeds of happiness, and powers of thought,
&c.]* The influence of the Philosophic

Spirit, in humanizing the mind, and preparing it for intellectual exertion and delicate pleasure;—in exploring, by the help of geometry, the system of the universe; in banishing superstition;—in promoting navigation, agriculture, medicine, and moral and political science: from Stanza XLVI to Stanza LVI.

176. *From Nature's beauties variously compared*

And variously combined, he learns to frame

Those forms of bright perfection,—] General

ideas of excellence, the immediate archetypes of sublime imitation, both in painting and poetry. See ARISTOTLE's *Poetics*, and *The Discourses of Sir JOSEPH REYNOLDS*.

177. *When the great Shepherd of the Mantuan plains]*
VIRGIL.

178. *Art thou, my GREGORY, for ever fled!]* This
excellent Person died suddenly, on the 10th of Feb.
1778. The conclusion of the Poem was written a
few days after.

THE END.

